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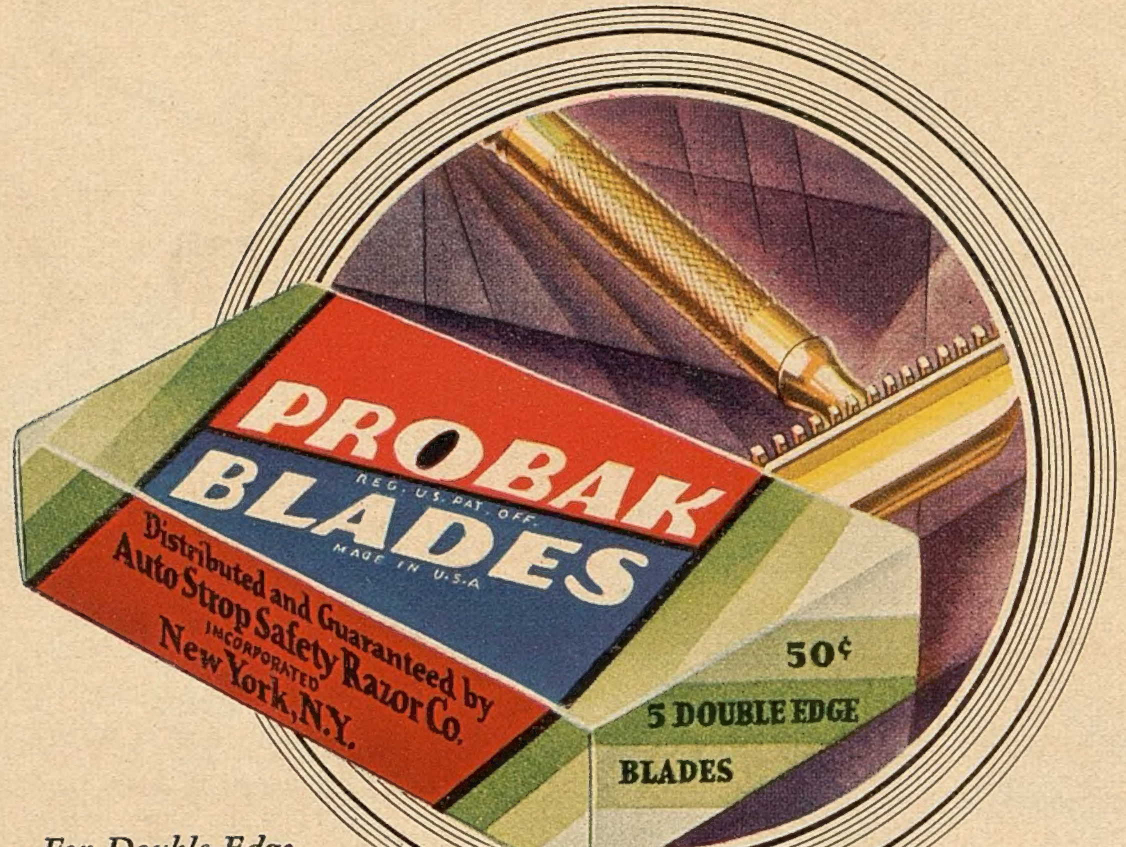

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April 5,
1930

Liberty

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

ATHEISM IS A RELIGION

Atheism is the state religion of Russia.

It is adopting tactics many other religions have adopted in the past, and compelling all the people it can reach with its power to accept its tenets.

Probably it is reasonable to say that the only man who has no religion is the indifferent one. The militant atheist is passionately religious, by a strange paradox. His actual religion is the hatred of all gods, but particularly of the Christians' God.

The Communists in Russia believe in No-God to a pitch of fanatic intensity, and they are willing to persecute those who disagree with them to prove there is no God, just as other religionists have been willing to persecute those who disagreed with them to prove there is a particular kind of God.

It all comes down to this, we think—that there is need in the human breast to believe in something beyond one's self. Few of us are content to think that this is all, and that there are no better times ahead.

There are very few people who, in time of trouble, can be indifferent in this regard. In prosperous times, smooth seas, we are apt to forget. But when we are in trouble or danger, when one we love dies, we look for something supernatural—beyond ourselves—to help and comfort.

And, so far as we know, mankind has always done this. Virtually all savage tribes believe in something superior to themselves.

We are not speaking of exceptional people—scientists and savants and geniuses. We are speaking of people and races as a whole: men, women, and children.

Now, in Russia, the religion is that expounded by Marx and put into execution by Lenin and Stalin.

The chief essential of this religion is the faith that there is no God.

The Communist faith is opposed to our Christian faith or ethic in most particulars. In our ideology thrift is a virtue. So is chastity; so is patriotism; so is family love.

Among the Communists chastity is a negligible matter, and thrift, patriotism, and family love are vices.

But we should never make the mistake of believing that the Communists are not sincere, or doubt that the more fervid of them adhere to their creed more closely than we to ours.

It seems a queer thing to think of, but just as the Christian martyrs were willing to die to prove that God and Christ are realities, so some Communists are willing to die to prove that they are not.

The fetish of No-Godism is their god. Lenin has taken the place of Christ with the Communists. Lenin's relics, his dead body, are worshiped in Russia today just as the bones of the saints were worshiped under the czars.

A strange thing to reflect upon. But we are not sufficient unto ourselves. We must have something to think about outside ourselves, or life has no meaning. If it were no more than sleeping, eating, and having sex relations without any interest in the children that follow, it would be too tough.

One cannot be sure how things are coming out. Our great-great-grandchildren may be worshiping No-God, with Marx for his John the Baptist and Lenin in place of Jesus.

Let us hope not.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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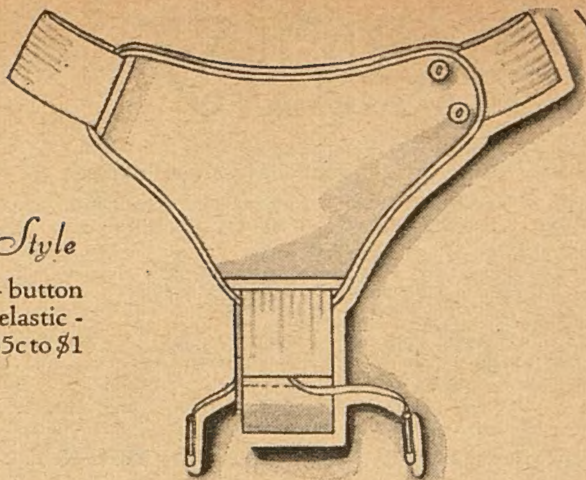

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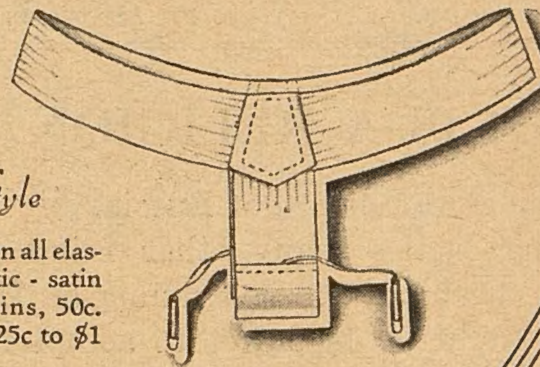

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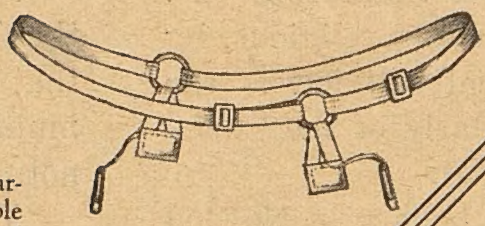

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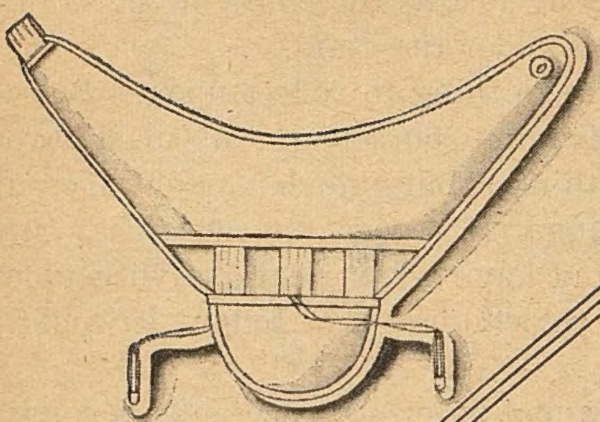

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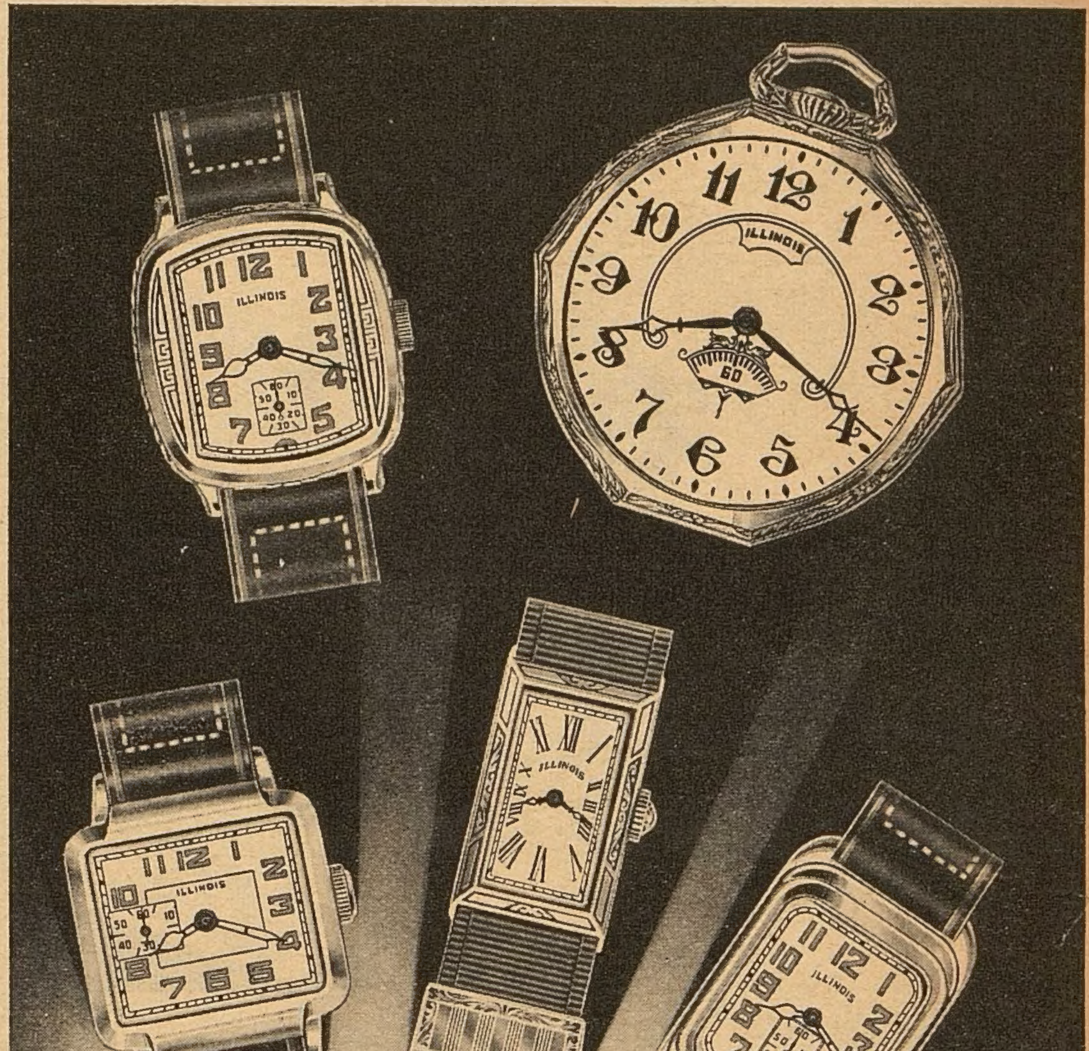

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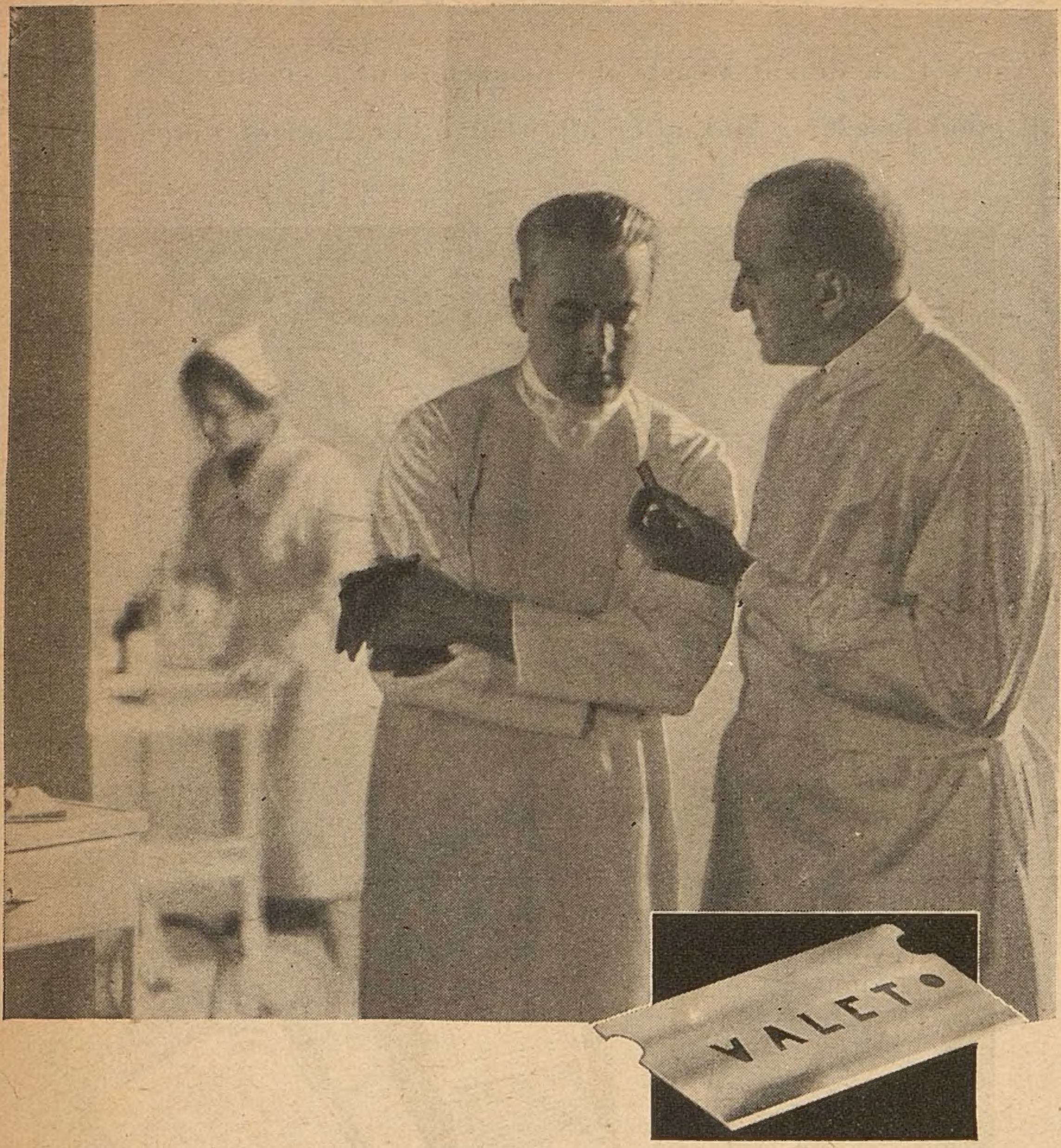

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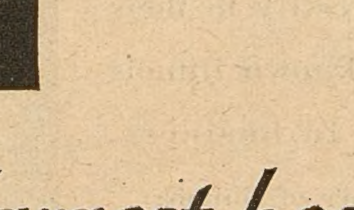

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Dream

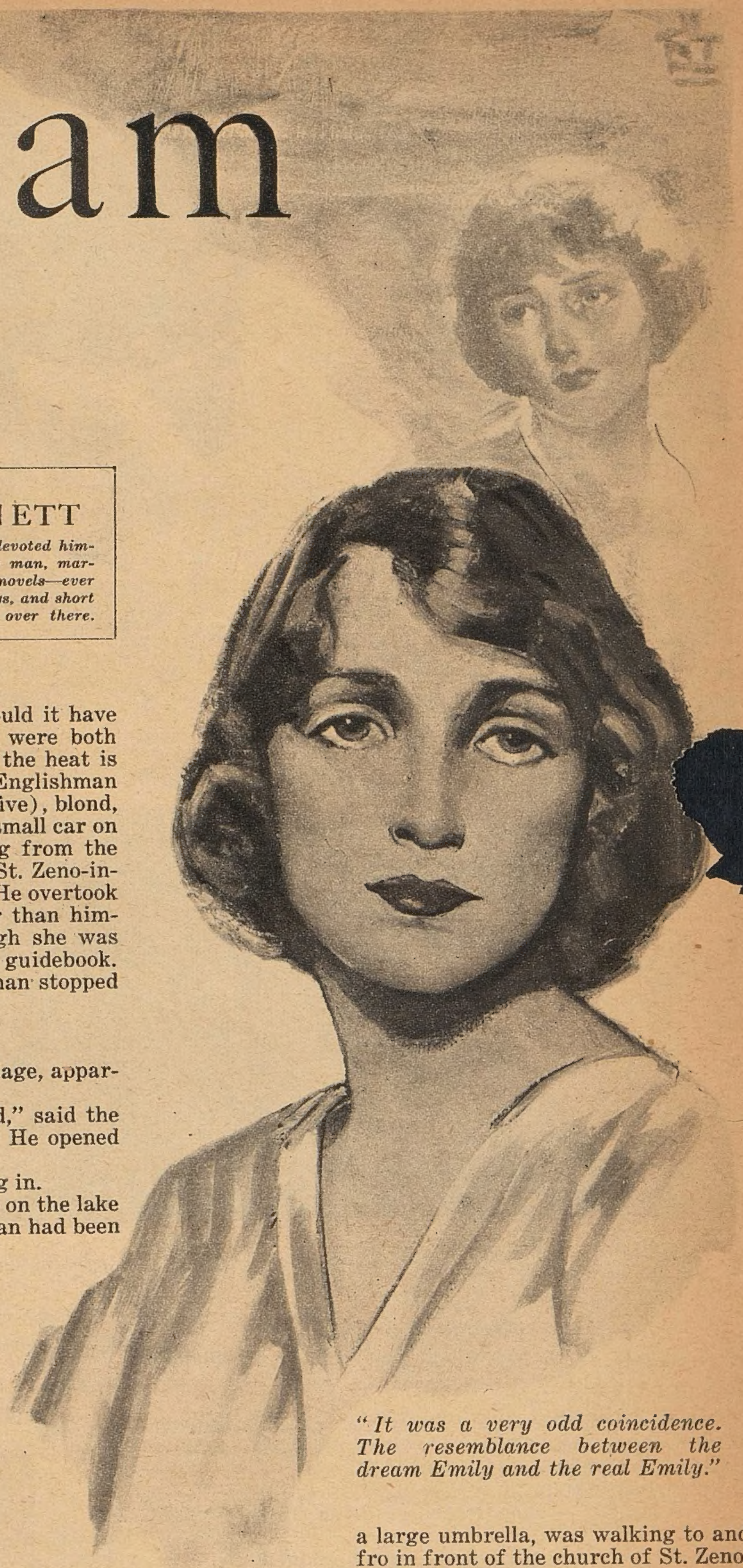
The Story of a Weird Romance

By

ARNOLD BENNETT

who was lawyer and editor before he devoted himself to writing. He is a Staffordshire man, married, and lives in London, but his novels—ever since Anna of the Five Towns—his plays, and short stories are as popular over here as over there.

Pictures by RICO TOMASO



IT occurred in July. In no other month could it have occurred, for solitude and summer heat were both necessary for it. In July on Lake Garda the heat is intense, but the season has not started. An Englishman of about forty (which of course means forty-five), blond, touristic in appearance, was slowly driving a small car on the steep road, full of hairpin turns, leading from the east shore of the great lake to the village of St. Zeno-in-the-mountains, a couple of thousand feet up. He overtook an Englishwoman, blonde, decidedly younger than himself, also touristic in appearance—for though she was dressed in flimsiest white she carried a red guidebook. The woman walked, and she was hot. The man stopped his car, raised his straw hat.

"Let me give you a lift," he suggested.

The woman smiled.

"I'm nearly there." She pointed to the village, apparently a stone's throw above their heads.

"You'd be nearly there if you were a bird," said the man. "But walking, it's still a good mile." He opened the door of the car.

"You're very kind," said the woman, getting in.

These two were guests at a solitary *pension* on the lake shore. They were the only guests. The woman had been staying there for a week, the man for four days. Being very English and socially prudent, they had bowed but not spoken. They ate their meals in silence at separate tables in the charming, empty dining room.

Nevertheless, they knew quite a lot about each other. For in Italy foreigners have to fill up detailed forms for the police; landladies read the forms before delivering them to the authorities; and landladies are communicative. The man knew that the woman was single and that her name was Anna Thistleton. The woman knew that the man was single and that his name was Richard Richardson. The woman had observed that the man received no letters. The man had observed that the woman in four days had received only one letter. Each had observed that the other was addicted to reading, and could swim pretty well. The man had heard the woman remark to the waitress that she was rather afraid of the entirely harmless snakes that infested the warm water of Garda.

Arrived at the somnolent village in the full blaze and glory of the afternoon sun, they descended from the car and stood surveying the scene. The village priest, under a large umbrella, was walking to and fro in front of the church of St. Zeno, reading his breviary.

"It was a very odd coincidence. The resemblance between the dream Emily and the real Emily."

"I suppose that's the village priest," said Mr. Richardson.

"Yes, I suppose it must be," Miss Thistleton answered.

They gazed across the breadth of the lake, upon which a steamer was crawling like a white insect. Huge colored mountains with jagged granitic tops! White villages here and there. Roads looped like long white ribbons on the distant slopes! Hum and whir of insects all around! And the sun pouring down sheets and cataracts of pale

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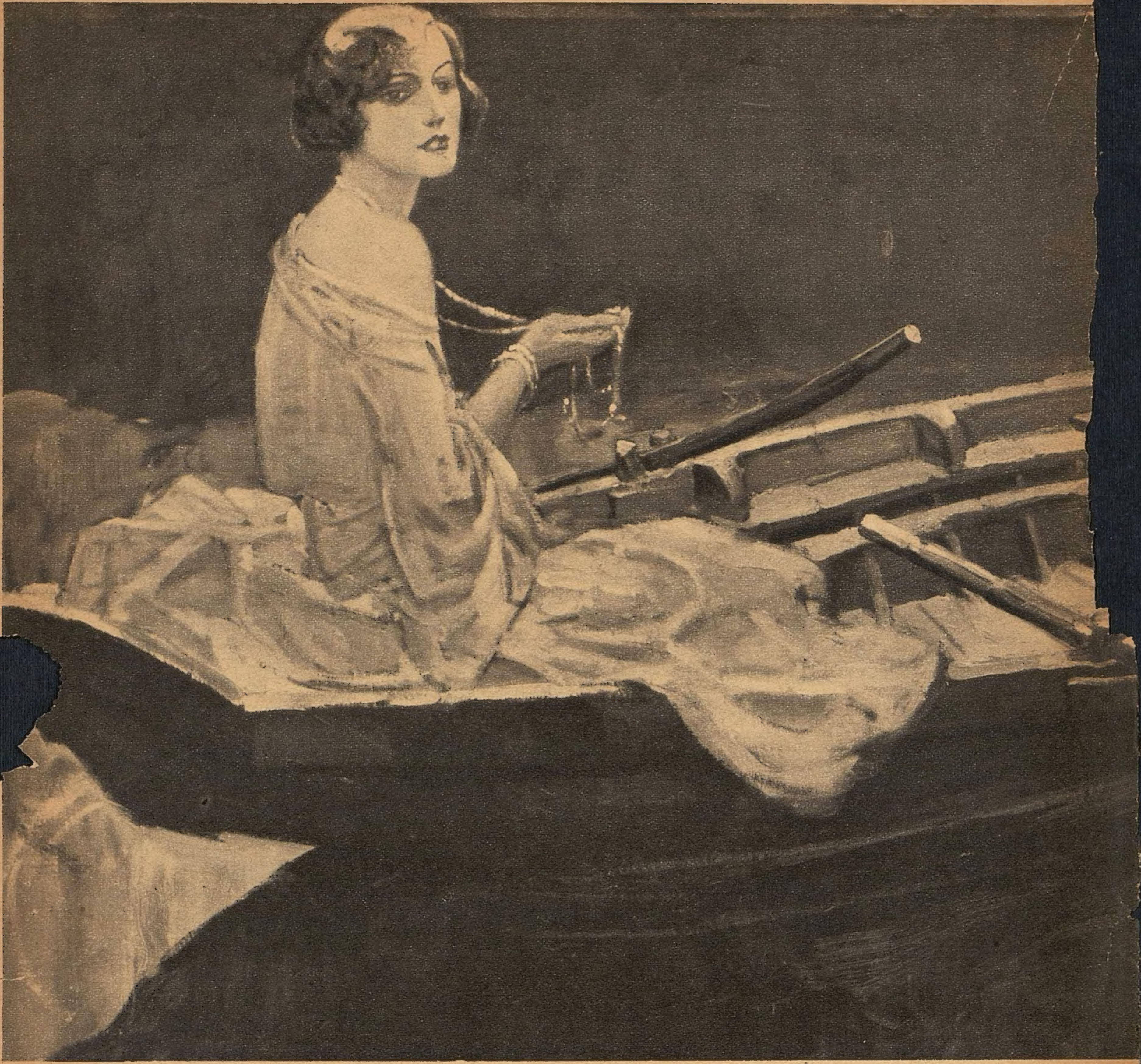


There was nothing but the moon, the heat, the flat, unrippled water, and themselves alone in the rowb

[DREAM
Continued from page seven]

golden light upon the whole panorama! Profoundly impressed, they kept silence.

At last the man said:

" Garda isn't merely the biggest of the Italian lakes; it's the finest too. Como's a picture postcard compared to Garda. And yet everyone goes to Como."

" Yes," said Anna. " Why is it? "

" It's because people are sheep and as silly as sheep," said Richard.

" I dare say that must be the reason," said Anna.

" It *is* the reason," said Richard masterfully.

He did not invite Anna to return to the shore in the car. He got in; she got in; and no word uttered.

Still, at dinner, though they continued to sit at different tables, they conversed freely across the dining room—about nothing. They were aware that the emotion shared on the flank of the mountain had somehow created a certain intimacy between them. And later, in the moonlit, sweltering, lovely night, when a dark moving shadow saw a white shadow moving mysteriously in the terraced garden sentineled by cypresses, both were aware that the intimacy was increasing of its own accord without the help of speech. The white shadow approached the dark.

" I came in your car," said the white shadow with surprising vivacity. " You come in my rowboat."

" Thanks," said the dark shadow.

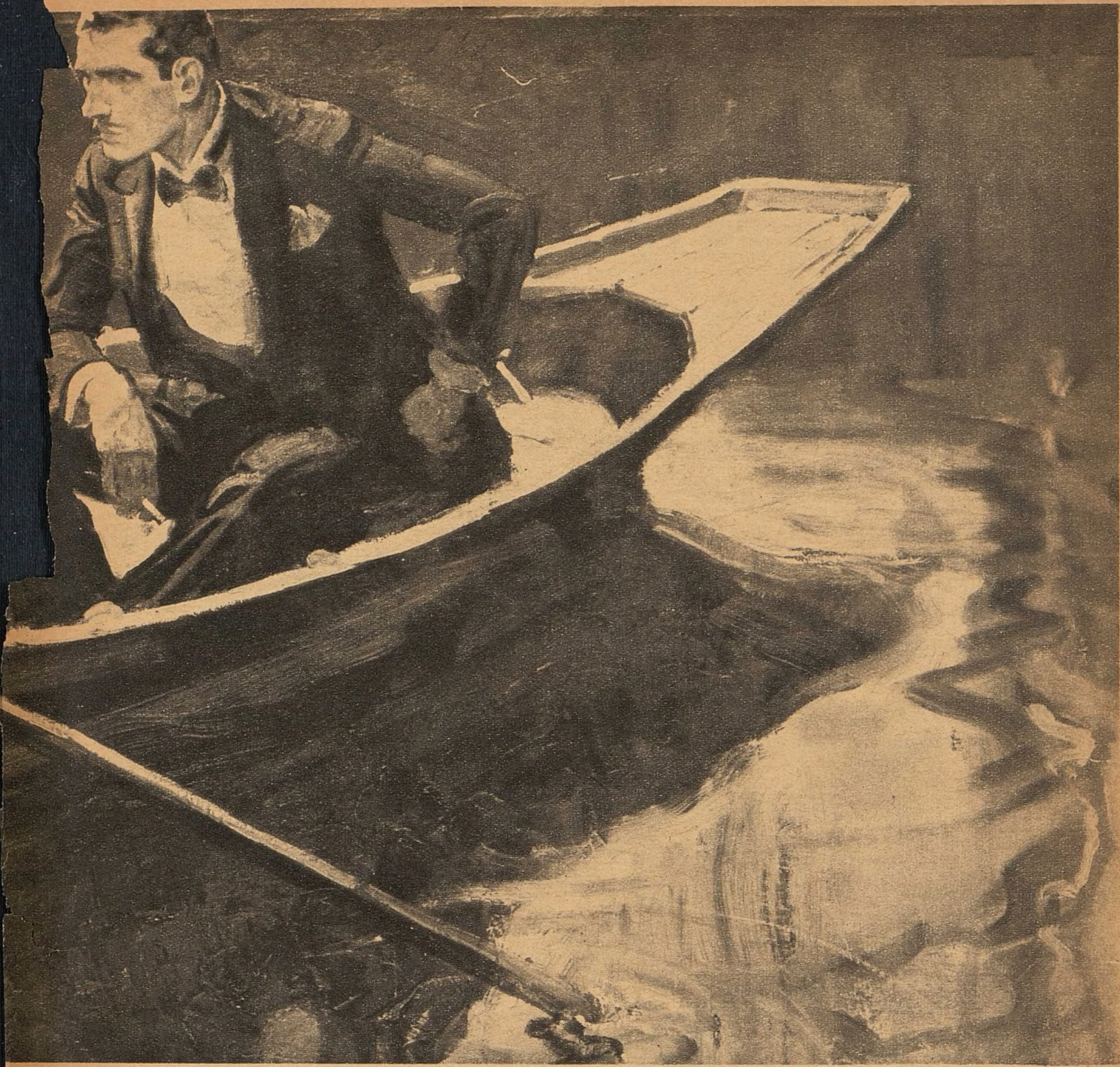
IN ten minutes they were far out on the lake. The *pension* was naught but a line of electric lights. The distant shores, east, west, and south, sparkled with tiny groups of flickering light—villages. Except these, there was nothing but the moon, the heat, the flat, unrippled water, the rowboat alone on the water, and themselves alone in the rowboat. Not the faintest sigh of wind. Anna had ceased to pull.

" I suppose you're here for a holiday," Richard murmured, as it were, confidentially.

" No," Anna replied. " I'm here because a great misfortune happened to me a few years ago."

" Oh! Sorry to hear that."

" Yes," Anna continued. " I used to have an antique shop in Beauchamp Place. It was a struggle to live. Then I came into money. Well, nearly a thousand a year. That was the misfortune. It was too much for me. I



ust warn you, Miss Thistleton," Richard opened, "it's a very strange story. It begins with a dream."

mean for my character. I gave up my shop. My life is all holidays now. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Frightful, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," said Richard curtly, not softening the words with a smile.

"And you?" Anna questioned. "Are you here for a holiday?"

"No," said Richard. "My life is all holidays. Has been for six years. I never have a holiday from holidays. But I'm not like you. I always had a bit of money."

Each examined the other's face and discerned comeliness, sedateness, kindliness, and sense thereon. Both were thrilled. Both knew that the intimacy had multiplied fivefold in half a minute. The next half hour was wonderful.

"A misfortune?" Anna suggested.

"No. Not at all," Richard answered.

Anna, letting the oar blades sink beneath the surface of the lake, would say no more.

"I'll tell you, if you'd care to hear," said Richard.

Anna, silent, gazed at the water.

Richard was thinking: "This is no ordinary woman."

And Anna was thinking: "This is no ordinary man."

II

"I MUST warn you, Miss Thistleton," Richard opened rather formally, "it's a very strange story, very strange indeed. But you'll have no difficulty in believing it. It begins with a dream. I dreamed I saw a beautiful young woman at a party. Dressed in white, same as you. She had tawny hair, and small ears, and brown eyes, and high cheek bones—a bit Russian, in fact, she looked. She was tall and not too thin, and she did not smile much. But when she did— However, I can't describe her.

"I said to myself, I must be introduced to that young woman; but I didn't like to ask. I thought if I did, it would make me feel self-conscious, and I hate feeling self-conscious.

"Later in the evening the hostess came up to me and said she wanted to introduce me to her daughter's friend Emily. Emily was the girl. So I was introduced to her and I sat down close to her. She talked. She had a very quiet, clear voice. I couldn't be sure whether or not I cared so much for her. All I felt was that I'd never met

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DREAM
Continued from page nine]

anybody in the least like her. I won't go on describing my feelings. Might get sentimental. Ass—you know."

In the moonlight Anna, with her fixed, unsmiling stare on him, noticed a glimmer of a smile on his worn, intelligent face.

"Well, my dream broke off there. But it went on again immediately, and the next thing I was sitting on a bench in a park or something, and the girl was beside me. Dressed in green—evening dress. It was night. She was like you—she didn't smile a lot. We'd grown intimate. I didn't know how; but I knew we had. For one thing I was calling her 'Emily'; but she didn't call me by my Christian name.

"Well, in this dream I asked her to marry me. I wondered whether I was doing right. I even wondered if I was really in love with her. I couldn't be certain. But I did ask her to marry me, because— Oh, well, I can't explain. I did. She said she would. Then I put my hands on her shoulders and kissed her, and she *did* smile, and she kissed *me,* and her face and body were very close to mine. She just breathed 'Richard.' I can't imagine why I'm telling you all these details. Yes, I can. You'll see.

"Well, it was all right. I felt about a thousand times happier than I'd ever felt before, and I could feel she was happy. I thought it was all too good to be true. The dream went on all through our engagement. It was tremendously long—I mean my dream was—but there was nothing special about the engagement. It was all smooth, except one thing. The day before the wedding the clergyman fell ill and died, or if he didn't die before the wedding he died soon afterward. The dream was a bit vague here.

"Emily was upset. Talked about it being unlucky and so on. But she soon pulled herself together. We got another clergyman and we were married, and we went off on our honeymoon, and the whole thing was splendid. We didn't have a lot of money, but we had enough, and Emily was full of sense—more than I was.

"And the dream went on and on. And then I was in the bedroom, and Emily was lying on the bed, and the doctor and the nurse were there. And then, suddenly, Emily lifted her head and she said in a loud voice, louder than I'd ever heard her—she almost shouted: 'What a shame! What a shame!' And she dropped back, and I knew she was dead. I didn't need the doctor to tell me she was dead. I knew—in myself. When she said, 'What a shame!' Emily meant what a shame it was she should have to die when we were so happy together. And the child born, too.

"I SAT still for hours—it seemed hours. I was alone in the room, except for Emily. Then the door opened very quietly and the doctor came in again. I knew what he had to tell me. He said, 'They will be buried together.' The child was dead.

"I jumped up and knocked myself against the door, and the latch of the door clicked. And I woke. A servant had come into my bedroom with my morning tea, and she'd shut the door behind her, and it was the click of the door that had wakened me.

"But this dream was so real to me, even after I woke, that for at least five minutes I could hardly believe that it was a dream. It was the most real dream I've ever had, either before or since. Only, of course, by the time I'd drunk my tea I'd recovered from it, and I sort of laughed at it."

"Not easy to laugh at it," said Anna Thistleton, moveless on the thwart of the boat. Her features were stern, because she had been spellbound. "A terrible story, I call it."

"Oh!" said Richard lightly. "That's not the *story.* That's only the dream. I'm coming to the story now."

He spoke without any trace of feeling.

Anna pulled one stroke and then let the oar blades sink again. The rowboat glided a few yards until very gradually it came to rest. No tide. No wind. The ripples due to the stroke smoothed themselves out. The immense moon was climbing with majestic deliberation higher int the sky.

III

RICHARD RICHARDSON continued:

"The next day after the dream—mind you, the very next day—I had a late invitation to a party for the same evening. I didn't expect it, and I had arranged to stay at home and read. I went. I knew the hostess fairly well. About five and twenty guests in the drawing-room. When I shook hands with the hostess she said I seemed very pale, and asked me what I was looking at. I said I felt perfectly all right and I wasn't looking at anything in particular.

"Two fibs, I admit. I had caught sight of a girl who reminded me of the Emily of my dream. She had high cheek bones and tawny hair. She wore white. She was beautiful. I couldn't be sure that she was exactly like Emily, but, anyhow, there was a very marked resemblance. I did my best to think that she wasn't like Emily. But she was. No wonder I'd turned pale, eh? It's not too much to say I was a bit frightened. I thought I'd leave at once.

"However, I didn't, couldn't, because I got involved in talk with friends. Later the hostess came up to me and said she wanted to introduce me to her niece's friend Adelaide. Almost before I knew it I said: 'Your daughter's friend, isn't it?' The hostess said: 'If you choose. You know my youngest daughter is really my niece. You know my husband and I adopted her when her parents died.'

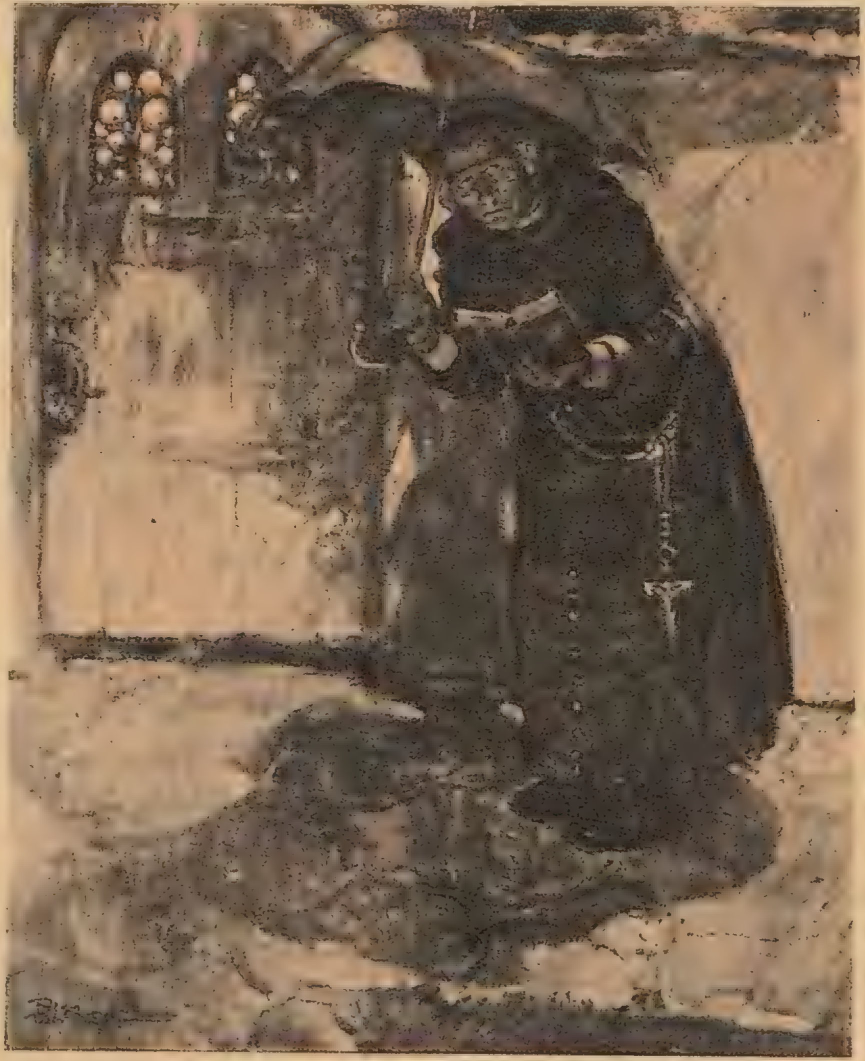
"Well, I was led up to the corner where the girl was sitting and introduced. I remarked to her how carelessly introductions were made nowadays. She had heard my name, but I'd only heard the 'Adelaide' part of her name. She said: 'My full name's Adelaide Emily Britten. Some of my friends call me Adelaide and some Emily.' She had a charming quiet voice. And I'd never met anyone like her before, except the girl in my dream.

"Yes, I tell you I was frightened. And although I was very much taken with her, I said to myself I wouldn't go on with the acquaintance. Not at any price! Well—would you believe me?—I met the girl afterward in all sorts of places. She was a friend of the Gurdons—my hostess. Yet I'd never seen her before. And now I seemed to be constantly running across her. Royal Academy. Theaters. Wimbledon. Restaurants. Even in the streets. It was extraordinary, absolutely extraordinary. Even if I'd tried to avoid her I couldn't have done. But I doubt if I should have tried. You see, I thought she was wonderful. It wasn't anything she said or did. And she probably wasn't the loveliest creature in London. It was just—it was just *her.* We got quite friendly. Once I asked her if she ever had dreams. She said she dreamed a lot, but always forgot her dreams the moment she woke. She didn't ask me why I'd asked her such a question and I didn't tell her.

"I continued to be frightened. But I said to myself it was ridiculous to be frightened. There was nothing in dreams. Couldn't be. It was all merely a coincidence. A very odd coincidence, but a coincidence. Besides, I might have imagined the resemblance between the dream Emily and the real Emily. Moreover, I sort of enjoyed being frightened. Child playing with fire kind of thing.

"One night I went to a concert. I never go to concerts, but I happened to go to one that night. There she was, with her father and mother. In the interval she beckoned to me. Yes. I had some chat with daughter and parents. Delightful people the parents were. We met again in the foyer, going out, and the father asked me to have supper with them at a restaurant. Said they hadn't dined, because concerts always began so preposterously early; fortunately they ended early too! I had a suspicion that Emily had told him to ask me. I ought to have said how sorry I was I couldn't, on account of another engagement. But I accepted—I was so flattered by the notion that she'd told her father to ask me.

"During the supper she called me by my Christian name. She'd never done it before. Of course, I had to respond. I decided I would call her Adelaide, but when the word came out it was Emily. Our friendship was on a different footing after that. I dined at the Brittens' house. I lunched with papa Britten at his club. So it continued for months. But Emily and I were very seldom alone together, and when we were we *never* said anything that anybody mightn't hear.



The village priest, under a large umbrella, was walking to and fro.

"Then one night I was at a grand reception at a swell house in Chelsea. A charity affair. Wholesale affair. I hardly knew the people of the house. About midnight there was a simply terrific crowd in the big drawing-room for a variety performance—juggling, comic minstrels, and so on. The place was dreadfully hot. I was behind about ten rows of people, and I couldn't see. So I went out into the garden. It was illuminated.

"A few couples walking about—and Emily sitting on a bench by herself! First time I'd seen her that night. For weeks I'd been getting less and less frightened. Everything was so real and so nice. Not at all like a dream. But when I saw that garden, I was suddenly frightened again. The garden looked just like a park, and rather like the park or whatever it was in my dream.

"She saw me. I went and sat down by her. I glanced at her dress. I couldn't be sure whether it was green or blue. Artificial light changes some colors. I asked her if it was green or blue. She said it was a bit of both—shot silk. She said it was really electric blue, but it often looked green. Well, she was so soft and melting—if you know what I mean—it made my heart beat.

"I said to myself that I mustn't propose to her. I couldn't be certain whether I was in love with her or not. No. I mustn't ask her to marry me. I mustn't. I mustn't. But I did. I couldn't stop myself. I asked her in spite of myself. She said yes. Then I said to myself I mustn't put my hands on her shoulders. But I did. She smiled, at last. We kissed.

"I knew then I was in love with her. I felt amazingly happy. I was frightened. Oh, very! But I didn't care. She was miraculous, and I shut my eyes to everything else. I said to myself it was absolutely childish to be frightened, and if I confessed to her that I was frightened and why I was frightened, she'd laugh—because, although she was miraculous, she had quantities of common sense and no use whatever for spiritualism or fortune telling or anything queer.

"I drove her home that night and told her parents that we were engaged. Everybody was pleased. The atmosphere of the house became almost uproarious. Yes, I'm sure I was very happy, but outwardly I was the least jolly person there. Well, so that was that."

Richard lit a cigarette.

IV

HE then continued, in a lower voice:

"I was in favor of a short engagement, because I wanted to get the wedding accomplished, over, done with. I wanted it to be something I couldn't go back on. I wanted the business settled, so that I should know where I was. Emily, too, was in favor of a short engagement, and, really, there was no conceivable reason against it. The arrangements went forward with what seemed to me incredible rapidity. Soon I developed a tremendous passion for Emily. 'Passion' is the only word for what I felt in regard to her. I had hours of bliss. I dare say I seemed silly to some people.

"On the other hand, in the night I had hours of fright. What was I doing? I called myself a fool, a scoundrel, a desperado. Yes, and an executioner! Not a murderer, an executioner. These hours passed, and I was in bliss again. I still didn't say a word to a soul about what was troubling me. And who would have listened seriously? Perhaps I ought to have told. But I wasn't capable of it; therefore I didn't try.

"My happiness was intense—and it was terrible. I had to discuss clothes, times, seasons, breakfasts, rings, receptions, trains, honeymoons, new homes. And I did discuss them. And I chose my best man. Once Emily did say to me, in the sweetest way: 'You aren't unwell, are you?' That question gave me a shock. It showed that Emily had a suspicion—no doubt, only a very tiny suspicion—that something was a bit wrong somewhere. But I laughed, easily. I kept my nerve. And I managed to kill the suspicion.

"PRESENTS came in; first one or two, then a lot. The furnishing of our new flat was nearly finished. Then it was quite finished as far as it could be finished until the honeymoon was over and we had got into the place. I'll tell you what I was like. I was like a fly on a pin. Yet, I was happy. I expect no fiancé was ever happier than I was—on my good days; but I'll take my oath no fiancé was ever unhappier. To describe my condition would be impossible.

"Then it was the day before the wedding. I dined with the Brittens. My best man and one of the bridesmaids were the only other guests. Emily was told to go to bed early. Bill—that was my best man, Bill Simpson—said that I must go to bed early. Bill was a regular jailer to me. With a joke or two he left me at the lift to my old flat, which was now half empty of furniture. Everything was organized; everything in perfect order. I undressed and got into bed. I didn't sleep one minute all night, but I smoked a whole packet of cigarettes. When daylight came I did sleep, and I was asleep when Bill came along to take me in charge for the ceremony.

"He cursed me like anything, but he laughed at me. He even congratulated me on my powers of sleep. I got up and dressed myself in the most correct manner. Bill had bought a flower for my buttonhole, and he fixed it himself. For breakfast I had only a cup of tea—and some more cigarettes. Just as I was finishing, Bill said: 'I was forgetting to tell you that you'll have to be content with being married by a timid little curate, and I hope he won't make a mess of it. The old rector's had a stroke, and they say he can't recover. I've had a telephone message. Of course, I've only told the Brittens he's caught a chill and daren't go out. You know what women are.'

"I can hear Bill now saying those exact words. I said 'Poor chap!' in an ordinary tone—casual, too casual. Then I said, 'Half a second, my lad. I won't be late; but

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DREAM
Continued from page eleven

I must just—' I walked out of the room, snatched a soft hat, and ran down the stairs—I wouldn't ring for the lift. In the street the motor was waiting for us. I gave that motor a miss. The chauffeur didn't see me. I think nobody saw me. I threw away the flower. I took a bus to Victoria.

"I had some luck at Victoria—I mean in the way of trains—and it was luck, too, that I had my passport in my pocket and plenty of money, all ready for my honeymoon journey. I reached Ostend that day. I thought of them waiting and waiting at the church. And Emily! I thought what a fearful humiliation it must have been for her. Yes, humiliation! But I'd done the only thing I could do. If I'd gone to the church, it would have been as good as executing Emily.

"The clergyman dying had been too much for me. It finished me, that did! Anyhow, I'd stopped the end of the dream from coming true. It didn't come true. She's married now, Emily is. I saw it in the Times. She has two children. I've been holidaying ever since. I've never felt equal to going back to England, and I never shall. I just wander about. But I've got over it. Oh, yes. I've got over it. You do get over things, you know."

"I suppose you wrote and explained?" Anna demanded.

"Not at once. But after about a fortnight I wrote to Bill. No, I didn't explain about my dream. I simply said I felt I oughtn't to marry. I couldn't put that accursed dream down in writing. I gave no address, so I didn't get any reply."

Richard threw the end of his cigarette into the water.

V

SILENCE.

The moon was now completely hidden by clouds; which indeed had covered the entire hemisphere of the firmament. On the water there was a thin haze, and through the haze the villages twinkled and flickered less brightly than before. The first faint stirrings of the punctual night breeze slightly ruffled the surface of the lake. The boat lay alone on the water, walled in by semi-diaphanous mist that further off thickened into the opaque. The boat seemed to be not merely alone on the water, but alone in the world.

And in the little boat Anna and Richard sat still, one at either end. They could discern each other's faces. Anna's was set, thoughtful, almost stern. Richard's appeared to show an obscure shame, not for what he had done or not done years ago, rather for the intimate candor of his narration.

The cooling breeze strengthened; the ripples made a deeper pattern of ridges on the flatness of the water. Anna thought she saw a vague shape in the haze. It was something; it was nothing; it was something. It moved toward the boat. It grew into the shape of a craft. It defined itself. It bore down upon the rowboat. It drew nearer. It solved itself into a long craft with two sails, one dark, the other light. The upright bodies of three men were silhouetted against the light sail.

The speed of the craft increased. It swept close by the rowboat. As it swiftly passed, cleaving the water with its prow, Anna shivered, and Richard gave a start. It was gone. The sound of its furrowing died away. The apparition was a vague shape again. It vanished. It was nothing; it was something; it was nothing—nothing. Utter silence. The passing of the sailboat was like the visionary passing of a spirit from the unknown into the unknown.

Anna Thistleton, her face unrelaxed, began to pull slowly toward the shore. Richard nervously lit another cigarette, and another match fizzled into extinction on the water.

"It's a terrible story," Anna muttered.

"I beg pardon?" said Richard, not hearing.

"I say it's a terrible story," Anna repeated, a little harshly.

"Do you condemn me, then?"

"N-o," answered Anna, with indecision in her tone. "You do."

"I think either you ought to have kept away from your Emily, or you ought to have told her—and early in the proceedings, too," said Anna acidly.

"I couldn't do either the one or the other. *Couldn't!*"

"Her unhappiness must have been simply frightful. And, as you said, her humiliation!"

"But it didn't last," said Richard. "The proof—she's a married woman now with children. And even without her marriage she'd had more happiness than unhappiness. And I had had happiness. Not as much as hers. But some. And I did save her life in the end. You should remember what I think is a fact—that no man ever before was placed in the position that I found myself in."

Anna, offering no reply, rowed on. The lights of the *pension* grew brighter. The little landing pier became visible. The boat's nose nudged it and recoiled a few inches from the impact.

"THE painter's just behind you," said Anna with curt command. "Make her fast, will you?"

The obedient Richard tied up the boat, and waited.

"No," said Anna, "you're nearest. You get out first."

Richard obeyed and stood high over the boat on the pier and held out his hand. Anna shipped the oars, stood up, and stepped across the thwart on which Richard had been sitting. She took his hand, and sprang lightly on to the wooden pier. She did not loose his hand. She squeezed it.

"Who am I to criticize you?" she said softly, sympathetically, comprehendingly. Her accents surprised him. "You couldn't act till you were forced to act, and when you did act, you acted rightly. It was not your fault. You had an awful experience. But it was very wonderful, too, wasn't it?"

She was still holding his hand in a clasp firm and yet tender. But her features had remained stern.

Richard nodded.

"Thank you," he breathed.

"I'm so sorry for you," Anna added.

Then at last she dropped his hand.

They crossed the white, dusty road in a cloud of thick dust, having waited for the passage of a flying automobile with two huge staring eyes. It was gone, round a corner. The noise of the engine sank diminuendo into silence. The dust settled.

"I think I'll sit down. I feel a bit faint," Anna murmured.

She sat down on the first bench in the gardens. Richard did not sit. Cypresses and the vastness of the night and the mystery of human existence were around them.

"No," said Anna, rising jerkily. "I shan't faint. I think I'll go in. I'm quite capable of walking alone, thanks."

He followed her up the steps and slopes and along the terraces of the dark garden until they reached the front door, which was open and which gave a glimpse of a homely interior furnished with easy-chairs and ash trays. The interior was a different world from the world of the lake below and the lakeside.

Anna kept in the doorway, barring it to Richard. She gazed at him, with a smile mocking, ambiguous, inscrutable, illegible. Richard could not imagine what such a queer smile meant, what it foreboded for him, how far it concealed, how far it revealed, her most secret thoughts.

"*I hope you didn't have any horrid old dream about me last night,*" she said suddenly, with a quite new sort of a smile—a smile, however, which was even more enigmatic than the smile it replaced. And no sooner had she made this notable remark than she scurried away like a young girl through the hot lounge, through the drawing-room beyond, through the corridor to her bedroom. Richard heard her door close.

In such unique, odd manner did a fresh romance begin.

THE END

Doctors and Their Ethics

By

GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by
CLARA ELSENE PECK

"Into whatsoever house you shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of your power."

WHEN the family doctor walks into your home, he becomes the absolute dictator of the destinies of the loved one who is ill, as long as he has charge of the case.

He exercises a Jovelike tyranny over the patient and the family. He may tell the patient what his ailment is, or he may lie to him and call it by another name. He may inform the frightened wife or husband or mother or father as to the true nature of the malady, or he may arbitrarily refuse to enlighten them, letting them imagine any dire possibility that may leap into their fear-crazed minds.

At times the doctor is beneficent and kind, like the Christian conception of God. Then he may turn vain, jealous, or deceitful, like a temperamental pagan deity.

Secrecy, prevarication, jealousy, and protection of one another at the expense of the patient are sanctioned—nay, imposed on physicians—by the code of ethics of the organized doctors of America, the American Medical Association.

These recourses are reiterated and emphasized in their state and county medical societies.

In serious cases, the doctor pulls over his purely human shoulders the mantle of an all-seeing, all-understanding god. He makes himself the judge of what information

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it is wise to dispense to patient and family, and what he, in his omniscience, should withhold.

In many cases, his motives for this strange double-dealing are high. But educated persons, not in the grip of ancient superstition and not imbued with any particular awe of the fraternity of the medicos, resent a treatment which would not be tolerated in any other of the higher ethical relations of life.

A gallant husband might say to a woman, in tears over a new gray hair, "My dear, your hair is beautiful. It is prettier than when you were sixteen."

But the most gallant of bankers would hardly tell a depositor, "You have a large balance," when in reality he had overdrawn his account.

The white lie is excusable in the little amenities of living. But whether it should be employed in concerns of life and death obviously is another matter.

This attitude of doctors had its origin in the early Greek days, when doctors were sons of Æsculapius, the god of medicine. The cult of healing was a priesthood, jealously guarded by its votaries, and surrounded by a picturesque ritual that soothed the æsthetic sense of the Greeks, even when it did not effect tangible changes in body or mind.

Hippocrates, the father of medicine, was born into the family of the Asclepiadæ in 460 B. C. He worked in a surprisingly modern method, considering the age in which he lived, and he is generally credited with separating medicine from priestcraft. He formulated the famous Hippocratic Oath, which, only slightly modified, is administered in nearly all medical schools to students about to receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

As a climax to a long list of solemn vows comes the promise of secrecy on which present-day physicians base their astonishing prerogative: "Whatever in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken of abroad I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret."

The pledge of secrecy increased in popularity as century after century splashed its crimson record of passion and vice over succeeding generations of man. Today the doctor who practices in New York County or anywhere else in New York State is bound by the following air-tight ethical pronouncement:

"Every patient should be treated with attention and consideration, and the confidences which physicians receive should be guarded with the most scrupulous fidelity and honor. The obligation extends beyond the period of professional services; none of the privacies of individual or domestic life, no infirmity of disposition or flaw of character observed during medical attendance, should ever be divulged by physicians, except when required by statute law or by the courts."

The above is from The Principles of Professional Conduct of the Medical Society of the State of New York.

IN an appendix setting forth the society's medicolegal principles, the obligation of secrecy is reiterated and extended:

"A physician shall not be allowed to disclose any information which he acquired in attending a patient in a professional capacity and which was necessary to enable him to act in that capacity, unless, where the patient is a child under the age of sixteen, the information so acquired indicates that the patient has been the victim or the subject of a crime, in which case the physician may be required to testify fully in relation thereto when such matter is the subject of inquiry. This rule applies even though the physician may be a witness under subpœna, unless the privilege which exists for the benefit of the patient be expressly waived by the patient or be deemed waived by operation of the law."

Consider the effects of this Olympian power, placed in the puny hands of men. The distracted wife may not know the nature of the disease which has laid her husband low, if his illness involves an "infirmity of disposition or flaw of character." In view of the fact that her own health, and the health of her prospective children, are intimately concerned with his so-called private diseases, it would seem rather important that the wife should be the doctor's confidante in such a case.

Such instances are by no means rare and isolated. Medical records show that the majority of persons are or have at some time been infected with a social disease.

In every case, if the doctor adhered to the New York medical society's Principles, the wife was left in ignorance — was perhaps told a deliberate lie when her anxiety would not be satisfied with a mere professional pooh-pooh.

THE national group, the American Medical Association, apparently thought such ironclad observance of the secrecy code a bit hard on the health and happiness of certain individuals, for their Principles of Medical Ethics for 1929 provides a loophole:

"Patience and delicacy should characterize all the acts of a physician. The confidences concerning individual or domestic life entrusted by a patient to a physician and the defects of disposition or flaws of character observed in patients during medical attendance should be held as a trust and should never be revealed except when imperatively required by the laws of the state.

"There are occasions, however, when a physician must determine whether or not his duty to society requires him to take definite action to protect a healthy individual from becoming infected, because the physician has knowledge, obtained through confidences entrusted to him as a physician, of a communicable disease to which the healthy person is about to be exposed.

"In such a case the physician should act as he would desire another to act toward one of his own family under like circumstances.

"Before he determines his course, however, the physician should know the civil law of his commonwealth concerning privileged communications."

The appalling numbers of women suffering from "female complaints" the exact nature of which they don't know, and the hordes of babies born blind or dead or with the blight of death upon them, show that the strict, rather than the liberal, interpretation of Hippocrates' Oath too often guides physicians dealing with "infirmities of disposition or flaws of character."

In serious cases the patient may be told exactly what his condition is, or he may be told nothing. It is entirely within the discretion of the attending physician.

The American Medical Association's code says: "A physician should give timely notice of dangerous manifestations of the disease to the friends of the patient. He should neither exaggerate nor minimize the gravity of the patient's condition. He should assure himself that the patient or his friends have such knowledge of the patient's condition as will serve the best interests of the patient and the family."

But no all-wise committee of celestial powers sits on the question of what the "best interests" of patient and family are. That is decided by the finite mind of the attending doctor.

Doctors frequently do not tell the truth to a patient suffering with cancer. A well known New York ear, nose, and throat specialist proudly proclaims the fact that two of his fashionable patients have had cancer and to this day don't know it. The growths were removed successfully, and both persons are apparently cured. He reasoned that the fear generated by knowledge of cancer would minimize their chances of recovery. Perhaps he was right.

A young factory girl on Long Island yielded to the amorous advances of a clerk working for the same firm. She was of good character; it was her first love affair. She soon found she was to have a baby. Her mother declared her incorrigible and turned her out of the house.

After she was arrested on complaint of her loving parent, the probation officer submitted her to the usual

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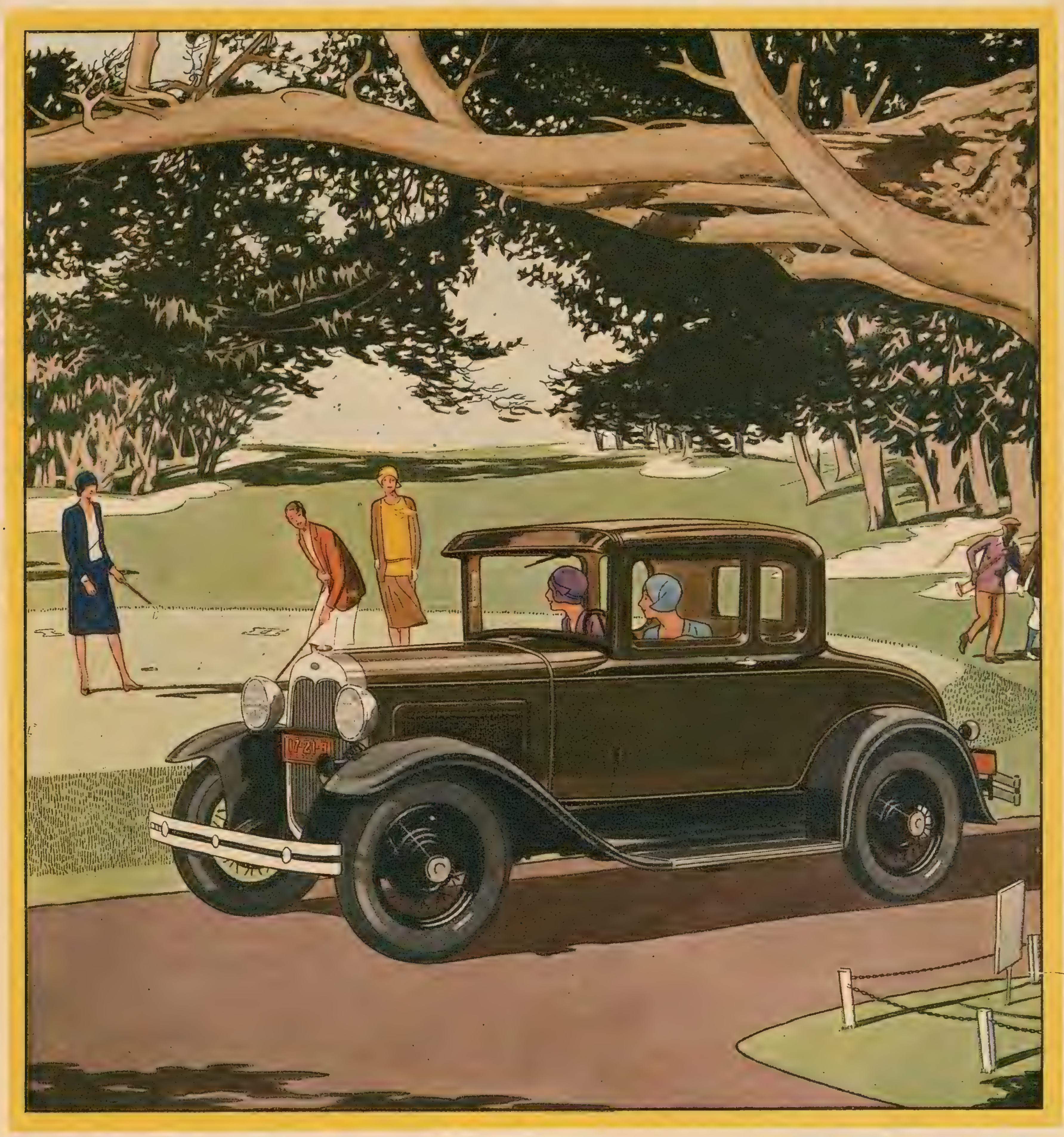

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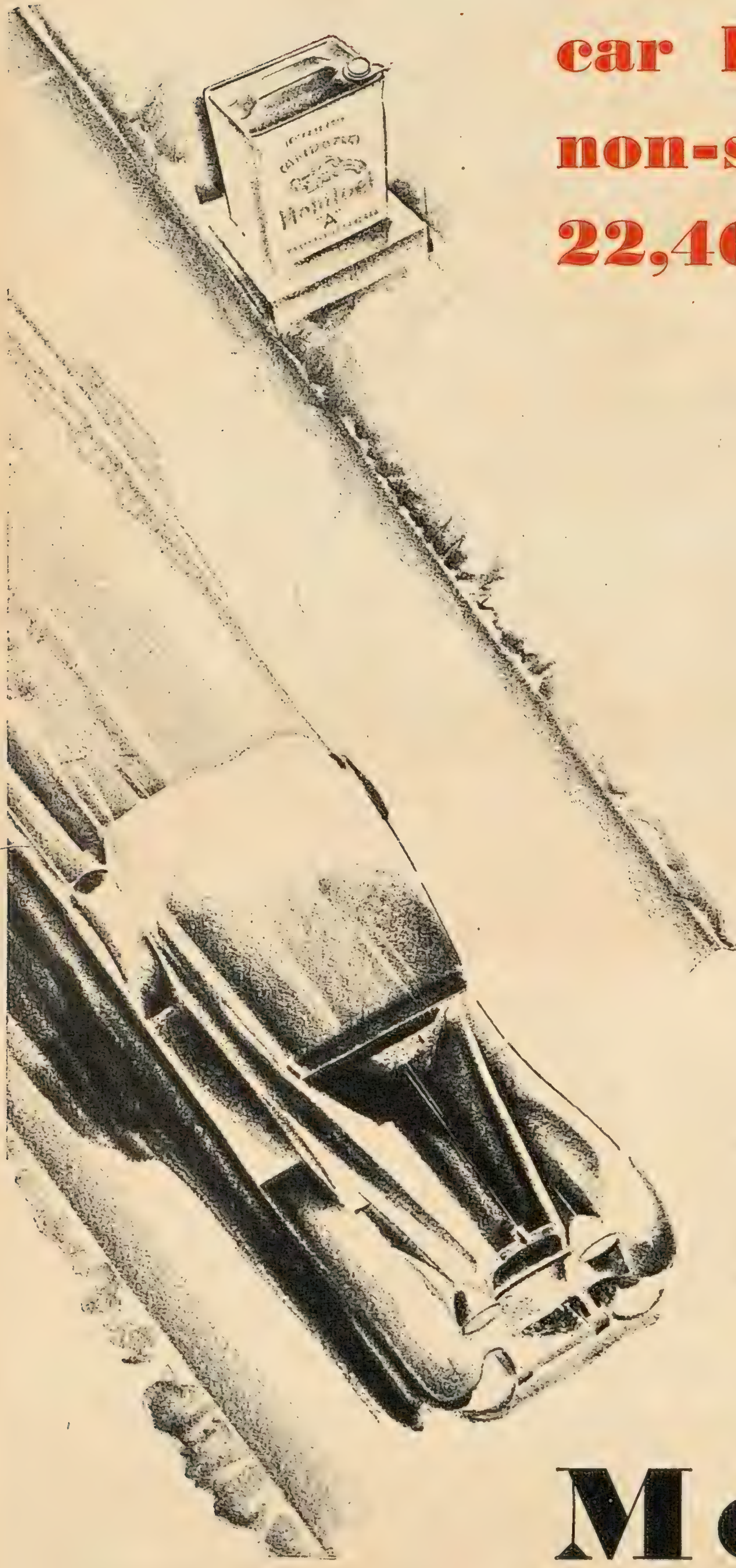

53,711 miles of running without a stop, and still going strong at the finish!

A stock Chrysler 65 recently broke all existing endurance records, after 69 days and 68 nights of continuous running at the Avus track in Berlin. The previous non-stop record was 31,250 miles. This Mobiloil-lubricated Chrysler was still going strong at 53,711 miles, when a heavy fog lowered the visibility, and the car ran off the track.

On dis-assembly after this gruelling run, all mechanical parts of the Mobiloil-protected engine were found in excellent condition.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

physical examination, and found that she was not only pregnant, but afflicted with a grievous disease. She was not told of the latter discovery.

At the prison hospital on an island in New York's East River, she learned that her companions, all habitual prostitutes, were suffering from venereal diseases.

She was horrified. Looking through the bars of her window at the cold, gray waters flowing past, she shuddered and exclaimed, "If I had one of those horrible diseases, I'd kill myself."

Clara Elsene Peck

The world in ancient and medieval times was afflicted with quacks and incompetent doctors just as it is today.

A streetwalker lounging near by laughed.

"Say,kid,whudda yuh think you're gettin' treatments for three times a day? Don't make me laugh. Yuh've got what we've got."

"I have not!" replied the youngster hotly. "I'm here to have my baby."

A listening attendant privately told the head nurse of her conditional suicide threat. Later the patient sought the head nurse.

"TELL me the truth," she begged. "Have I got this terrible disease, too?"

"No, you have not," replied the nurse. "Don't believe anybody who tells you such a thing."

The girl went away relieved.

Later she was cured and took great joy in her baby, which came into the world healthy and smiling.

Tragic consequences followed the case of a certain Milwaukee doctor who didn't tell. He was addicted to the use of drugs, and to a patient suffering from a nerve disease he prescribed dope in generous quantities.

In time she, too, became an addict. She married a young man of good family, who loved her dearly. Discovering that his marriage was a horror because of his wife's habit, he obtained a divorce. The doctor appeared as a witness, and admitted he had never enlightened the husband. It was his professional duty to remain silent.

Several years ago, in one of the big beer cities of the Middle West, a millionaire brewer contracted a blood disease after his marriage. His wife divorced him, and sued the family doctor for damages because her own health had been wrecked as a result of her spouse's indiscretion. The doctor, she contended, should have acquainted her with the nature of his illness. But the doctor had been within his rights, it appeared, for the law refused her a verdict.

The Hippocratic Oath, basis of modern medical ethics, emphasizes the closed corporation idea which has drawn criticism on doctors today. When formulated, it was obviously aimed at preservation of the priesthood of Æsculapius, into which Hippocrates was born. This is the oath:

I swear by Apollo the physician and Æsculapius and Health and All-Heal and all the gods and goddesses that according to my ability and judgment I will keep this oath and this stipulation: To reckon him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents—to share my substance with him and relieve his necessities if required—to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers and to teach them this art if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation—and that by precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction I will impart a knowledge of the art to my own sons—and those of my teachers—and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine but to none others—I will follow that system of regimen which according to my ability and judgment I consider for the benefit of my patients—and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous—I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked nor suggest any such counsel—and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion — with purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my art—I will not cut persons laboring under the stone but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work—into whatever houses I enter I will go into them for the benefit of the sick—and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption — and further, from the seduction of females or males—of freemen and slaves—whatever, in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it, I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken of abroad I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret—while I continue to keep this oath unviolated may it be granted to me to enjoy life and practice of the art respected by all men in all times, but should I trespass and violate this oath may the reverse be my lot.

THE reference to abortion survives, of course, in the well known attitude of doctors on this point, and in the law forbidding such operations.

There is evidence, however, that such procedure was resorted to, as now, when the well-being of the patient required it. Aristotle, who was also an Asclepiad, in his Politica recommends abortion to limit the number of children, but enjoins doing it "before the advent of sensation and life." The ancients didn't know that the embryo was alive from the moment of conception.

Thus we see that the ancients, too, were troubled by controversies about birth control—that question which today can start an acrimonious debate in almost any gathering of civilized people.

The prohibition against "cutting for the stone" is puzzling. Ancient doctors freely practiced operative surgery. Perhaps it was inserted simply to avert the dangers of rude procedure by those not specially trained.

Today, of course, doctors no longer swear by the gods and goddesses, but in other respects the oath is little changed. This is the version administered to graduates

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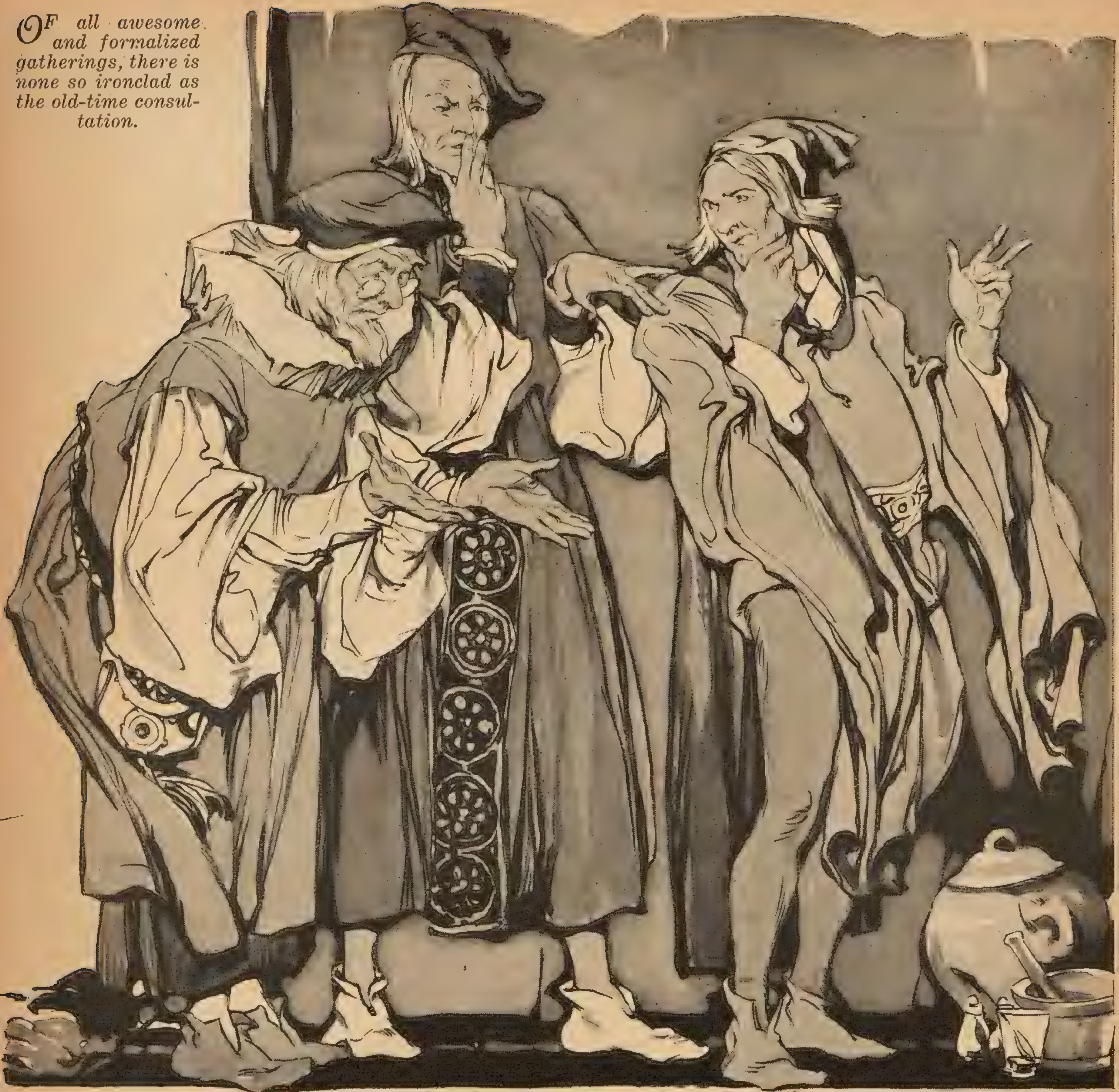


Of all awesome and formalized gatherings, there is none so ironclad as the old-time consultation.

DOCTORS
Continued from page seventeen

of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University commencements:

Candidates for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine: You do solemnly swear, each man by whatever he holds most sacred:

That you will be loyal to the Profession of Medicine and just and generous to its members;

That you will lead your lives and practice your art in uprightness and honor;

That into whatsoever house you shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of your power, you holding yourselves far aloof from wrong, from corruption, from the tempting of others to vice;

That you will exercise your art solely for the cure of your patients, and will give no drug, perform no operation for a criminal purpose, even if solicited; far less suggest it;

That whatsoever you shall see or hear of the lives of men which is not fitting to be spoken, you will keep inviolably secret.

These things do you swear? Let each man bow the head in sign of acquiescence. And now, if you shall be true to this, your oath, may prosperity and good repute be ever yours; the opposite if you shall prove yourselves forsworn.

Despite the high standards laid down by Hippocrates, the world in ancient and medieval times was afflicted with quacks and incompetent doctors just as it is today. Cato the Censor had no use for the medicos and considered himself a better physician. He practiced on his own household and thereby killed his wife.

During the somnolent Middle Ages, the clergy, relying as much on prayers as on physic, were the only ones who practiced medicine with impunity. The lay physician worked under an unpleasant handicap which even a modern, reënforced by today's enormous bulk of scientific knowledge, would not care to encounter. If, under his bleedings and prescriptions, a common man died, the doctor had to furnish another to his lord. If he injured a gentleman, he paid a fine, and if a gentleman patient died the doctor was delivered into the hands of the deceased relatives to work their will.

The Queen of Burgundy, on her deathbed, asked her husband to have her physician executed immediately after her death. The husband did it, next morning.

The Hippocratic injunction against giving a poison drug is suggestive of the hazards of life in ancient and medieval days. It was far from a nominal prohibition then. In the ninth century A. D., Haroun-al-Raschid founded the Academy of Bagdad, where a Christian physi-

Clara Elsene Peck

cian, Honain, translated many Greek medical writings. For each tome he translated he received the book's weight in gold. One day the Caliph asked him for a drug which would kill slowly without revealing its presence.

Honain refused, and was thrown into prison, where he remained for a year. Then the request was repeated and his life was threatened if he refused to comply.

He sent word that " the law of my religion bids me do no evil and the law of my profession commands me solely to help mankind."

" Thy laws are sublime," said the Caliph, and made him court physician, certain he had found a man who would never try to poison him.

TODAY any doctor is likely to become a martyr to the ethics of his profession.

Suppose the doctor, acting on the dictates of his conscience and the " golden rule " conviction of the American Medical Association, reveals to a wife that her consort is suffering from a social disease. In New York State, and in many others, he is liable to a suit for damages, under the law governing privileged communications.

When a man and woman fill out an application for a marriage license in New York, each swears that he has no venereal disease, or that, if he has had one within five years, he is cured. Otherwise the marriage is forbidden by law.

Every day people commit perjury on this score. If the state was in earnest about preventing unwholesome unions likely to produce dead or blind offspring, the marriage bureau clerks would check their applications with the health department records of diseased persons. But no such check-up is made. Indeed, if a health department clerk should inform a marriage license clerk that Mr. So-and-So, who wanted a license, was in no condition to marry, Mr. So-and-So would have beautiful grounds for civil and criminal suits against the public-spirited clerk. Thus does the law forbid its own operation, carrying doctors into a maelstrom of confusion.

Most physicians chart their course in the way safest for themselves—they don't tell.

The clause on ethical secrecy forbids a doctor to reveal privileged communications even when he is a witness under oath. One authority on medical jurisprudence, Brothers, declares a privileged communication is one given the physician to enable him properly to prescribe. Information given by the patient incidentally in the course of treatment, then, does not come within the protection of secrecy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DOCTORS
Continued from page nineteen

Consider, for example, this case from the medicolegal archives. A woman was about to give birth to an illegitimate child. She told her attending physician, "The father of my child never promised to marry me."

The paternity of the child and the question of the father's intentions in the affair became a matter of court dispute. The woman's admission was held not to be privileged, and the doctor was obliged to reveal it.

Criminal communications are not covered by the soft medical blanket of silence. If a woman requests a physician to perform an illegal operation, or to give medicine for the same purpose, he is obliged to bare her request in any lawsuit relating to the incident.

What about the thug who, under stress of pain from a gunshot wound, makes interesting admissions to his attending physician? When the case comes to trial, the doctor may tell, by permission of the patient or by ruling of the judge. Suppose then a higher court reverses the decision of the lower tribunal, making it appear that the communication, after all, was not a criminal one? In such a case the doctor would be liable to a suit. The medical man has no certain protection, either from the laws of his state or from his professional code.

He must step warily and take his own chances.

Even a dead man has confidential privileges, according to rulings which have become part of the law. Suppose an attending physician performs an autopsy on his late patient, at the request of a defendant charged with the negligence that caused the death, and over the objection of the plaintiff. The physician could not relate his conclusions as to the cause of death, because they would be partly based on information given by the patient during life, and therefore privileged.

But a physician who had never known the dead person and performed an autopsy could relate his version of the cause of death, because "a dead man is not a patient capable of sustaining the relation of confidence toward his physician . . . but is a mere piece of senseless clay."

Often a doctor becames a party to a felony by confidence reposed in him. What should he do—observe his ethics or obey the state? Again he must take his own chances. Crookshank, writing on professional secrecy, says the doctor should first stipulate that the matter to be imparted does not involve collision with the law. Otherwise, he's a "fool" if he pledges secrecy.

England frowns on professional secrecy to protect patients. France, on the other hand, with characteristic concern for people's private lives, stringently forbids breach of professional confidence and provides punishment for a physician who violates this rule.

AFTER the death of the painter, Bastien Lepage, several articles appeared in the press carrying insinuations about the disease which caused his death. Dr. Watelet, his physician, sent letters to the newspapers explaining he died of a cancerous affection.

The well intentioned doctor was fined 100 francs for violating the penal code, and the editor of the paper that published his letter was fined sixteen francs for complicity!

Far more absurd, to the average mind, and more irritating to the doctors themselves than the often justifiable secrecy code is the ethical prohibition against advertising. The American Medical Association carries this rule to the point of fanaticism. As applied to the rank and file of medical men, "advertising" includes being quoted or merely mentioned even in the most sedate newspaper article. Every reporter is familiar with the difficulty of persuading doctors to permit publication of their own statements, not through fear of being misquoted, but through fear of their local and national medical societies.

The American Medical Association's Code of Ethics bans advertising in any form, "singly or collectively," or through institutions or organizations, and declares it is equally unprofessional to procure patients "by furnishing or inspiring newspaper or magazine comment concerning cases in which the physician has been or is concerned. . . . All other like self-laudations defy the traditions and lower the tone of any profession and so are intolerable."

"In medicine, as in every other endeavor in a large community where people are not known to one another, publicity and advertising are the soul of success," writes Dr. E. M. Josephson of New York, addressing himself to medical men. "Nevertheless, to the rank and file of the medical profession of the eastern states, both publicity and advertising of the blandest nature are denied. The physician may not inform the public of his presence in the community, of his preparedness to do certain types of medical work, or of his scale of fees, through avenues of the press.

"He may not even specify on his shingle the type of disease which he is qualified to treat. The average physician is graciously permitted to hang out his shingle containing his name and title, provided that the shingle is not too prominent, and he may even have professional cards stating the location of his office, his phone number, and his office hours.

"Such is the curious interpretation of the so-called code of 'ethics,' hidebound and handed down from the days when our eastern cities were villages. One may readily concede that quackish types of advertisement in which claims are made of superior ability in highly self-laudatory terms, in which insinuations are made of ability to cure ailments which are incurable, and which contain other obnoxious matter, are severely to be condemned and prohibited." Dr. Josephson then complains that, due to a standardized method of medical publicity recently adopted, "the political bosses of the profession" are to be organized into committees whose names shall be kept prominently before the public under the guise of medical education work, thus exploiting some doctors and denying needful publicity to others.

THE clinic, so popular in big cities both with the poor and with panhandlers who claim to be poor, is rigid with the stiff garments of medical ethics.

"The clinics," says Dr. Josephson, "are ever on their guard against 'stealing the patient.' Rules are stringent against any attempt to send the patient elsewhere, no matter for what reason. The physician, other than the chief of clinic, who appears to do so, faces instant and dishonorable dismissal.

"A. G., twenty-four, a bricklayer earning $10 a day plus overtime, came to a clinic with an infection of a finger. That surgical clinic meets on alternate days. After the finger was dressed, the surgeon told the man, with some hesitancy, to return on the next clinic day, the second following. He realized that, though the infection was slight, it might extend rapidly or might be checked rapidly. It was not a case which could justifiably be referred to a hospital. Nevertheless, it should be examined twice a day. The surgeon could not refer the patient to his office for observation, even though he might be willing to render that service gratis.

"He would be 'stealing' the patient, if he did so.

"When the patient returned on the next clinic day, he presented an angry infection of hand and arm, which necessitated amputation of the hand at the wrist. This mutilation might most certainly have been avoided had the man had adequate attention during the first two days of the infection.

"This case is one of many which may be found daily in clinics. Such neglect is forced by the nature, rules, and regulations of the clinic."

The closed hospital system, amounting to a monopoly for the doctors lucky enough to have hospital connections, is a strange dictum of medical ethics which often appears to operate toward fleecing the patient out of large fees rather than aiding his recovery. Again we quote Dr. Josephson, not because he is the only rebel against the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

Germs of decay are glued to teeth

This special way removes them

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE... a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Will you accept a free supply of a tooth paste that brings results like none other known? It will reduce dental troubles and make teeth far more lovely.

WHAT causes decay? *Germs.* Germs with tartar, under favorable conditions, are also the cause of pyorrhea. At least 80% of all dental troubles are directly caused by bacterial infection.

Germs on teeth and gums—and there are millions of them—are difficult to reach. A dingy, glue-like film envelops them and holds them in contact with the teeth and tissues. Ordinary antiseptics cannot penetrate this film to reach bacteria and destroy them.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings so stubbornly that even "over-brushing," which your dentist knows is harmful, cannot dislodge film effectively.

So Pepsodent was developed through scientific research to act in an entirely different manner. You will notice that difference by the way it feels.

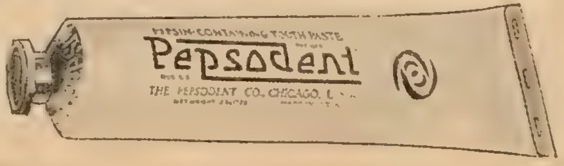
How Pepsodent destroys germs

First Pepsodent curdles film, then removes it with complete safety to enamel. No pumice, no harmful grit, no crude abrasive. But a creamy paste so gentle that it is recommended for sensitive children's teeth and for tender gums.

You will want to try it

No other ways can give the protection to teeth and gums Pepsodent affords. No other way can bring such brilliant whiteness. Simply send the coupon to the nearest address, and receive your free supply to try. Act at once.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

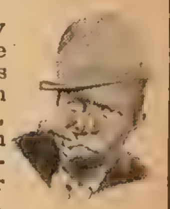


Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

America's Most Popular Radio Feature

AMOS 'n' ANDY

You will enjoy these inimitable blackface artists—the children will enjoy them, too. Tune in every night except Sunday over N.B.C. network.



7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9.30 p.m., Mountain time—8:30 p.m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 224, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name..

Address.. ...

City..

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., **London,** E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3420

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

ethical system which weighs on doctors, but because he happens to have written on the subject.

Although hospitals are supported largely from public funds, and like churches are not taxed, a sick man may not repair to a hospital and be treated by his own family physician, unless the latter happens to be connected with that particular institution.

"It makes no difference," Dr. Josephson points out, "that the patient has a competent physician who has his full confidence, and is willing to make the fee for his services reasonable and within the means of the patient; it makes no difference that the physician in question may be a man of exceptional caliber and standing who holds high rank in another hospital of equally high or higher standards; if the physician is not connected with the hospital in question, he may not operate, or treat his patient, in that institution."

Are Hospitals Human?

WALTON GREEN

(who wrote "Little Solly") begins a remarkable story about them in next week's Liberty. Watch for

Little Brown Nurse

Closed hospitals include nearly all the large and well known institutions, including most of the great city hospitals. Only in a private hospital has an ill person complete freedom of choice of physician.

Doctors, when they take the Oath of Hippocrates, swear that "with purity and with holiness I will practice my art." Their code enjoins utmost care for the welfare of the patient. And yet they permit patients to go to hospitals where conditions are a scandal.

Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn became notorious for the maltreatment of patients, poor food, and antiquated fire protection which a public investigation bared a year or two ago. And yet, in the official listing of the orthodox American College of Surgeons, Kings County was given the highest rating, "Fully Approved." And not one of the physicians on its closed staff had dared to betray the horrible situation of which they were only too well aware, and which was later brought to light.

Cumberland Hospital in Brooklyn was recently ordered evacuated immediately by Dr. J. G. William Greeff, Commissioner of Hospitals. He found the floors sagging and the building in momentary danger of collapse. Yet this institution, too, is marked "Fully Approved" in the American College of Surgeons' list, on which the country depends for accurate information about hospitals.

Perhaps these doctors excuse their remissness toward patients on the ground that they are being "loyal to the profession of medicine and generous to its members."

SOME doctors insist that the orthodox objection to private hospitals, which are free from a secrecy code, is staged because these constitute evasion of a group of medical bosses that are attempting to rule the profession. The rebel medicos hotly deny that abuses are any more frequent in private than in closed hospitals.

No wonder the writer above quoted exclaims, "In many of its phases medical ethics is synonymous with medical hypocrisy, in the present organization of the profession."

The etiquette among doctors, arbitrarily laid down in the American Medical Association code, suggests the rigid and elaborate decorum of a presentation at court. The layman, reading the rules, gets the uncomfortable feeling that the medicos are more concerned with making the proper number of salaams to each other than they are with saving the life of the patient.

A physician in intercourse with a patient under the care of another physician, as in a consultation, should observe the "strictest caution and reserve; should give no disingenuous hints relative to the nature and treatment of the patient's disorder; nor should the course of the physician, directly or indirectly, tend to diminish the trust reposed in the attending physician."

If your best friend happens to be a physician, but is not your attending physician, he must let you die rather than interpose a suggestion that might save you, the code insists.

"A physician should avoid making social calls on those who are under the professional care of other physicians, without the knowledge and consent of the attendant. Should such a visit be made, there should be no inquiry relative to the nature of the disease or comment upon the treatment of the case, but the conversation should be on subjects other than the physical condition of the patient."

Of all awesome and formalized gatherings, there is none so ironclad as the old-time consultation. Nowadays it is merely specified that no statement or discussion should take place before the patient or his friends, except in the presence of all the consultants or by their common consent. The consulting doctors meet outside the sick room to frame their opinion and no prognostications in which they have not concurred may be voiced.

BUT consider the finical decorum prescribed in a Code of Medical Ethics framed by a committee of physicians in 1880. The attending physician was to "precede the consultant into the sick room and retire therefrom after him. The consultant, or senior, if there be more than one, should propose the necessary questions to the patient and make the necessary examinations. Then the others may take their turn."

After retiring to the consulting room "the attendant may request the opinion of the consultant; or of each, if more than one, in the inverse order in which they were called, or the junior first."

This code also suggests that a kind word from the consultant to the family in behalf of the attending physician "may be of great service to all parties."

In 1847 the American Medical Association and the august New York Academy of Medicine shamelessly revealed their trade-union mind when they stipulated that "a wealthy physician should not give advice gratis to the affluent; because his doing so is an injury to his professional brethren. The office of a physician can never be supported as an exclusively beneficent one; and it is defrauding, in some degree, the common funds . . . . when fees are dispensed with which might justly be claimed."

Secret fee-splitting is condemned in the A. M. A. code, as is the giving or receiving of a commission in return for patients steered to a doctor. Nevertheless, doctors admit privately, one of New York's most prominent surgeons twenty-five years ago paid commissions to bartenders and druggists who sent him cases.

Says one critic, "Few of the surgeons prominent in New York City today failed to split fees in the early stages of their career; and to the generosity of their split and the advertisement given it they owe their present reputation; and some of them, eminent members of the American College of Surgeons, still split fees with friends." Consultations in hospitals, costing the patient from $10 to $100 apiece, "constitute a covert form of fee-splitting between the members of the staff of a hospital. The split is often for the purpose of reciprocating favors between doctors."

Although jealousy and rivalry are forbidden by the code, many doctors complain they are barred from coveted opportunities for research by operation of a "boss" system which is blocking medical progress.

Many declare the code of medical ethics is nothing but a despotic agreement by which the ruling spirits may boost their incomes and drum up business for each other, with the helpless patient in the unhappy rôle of football.

THE END

"A gauze bandage ...*hurry!*"

It's not how *much* you want, but how much you *want* it. A worried mother may want only a tiny roll of sterile gauze—but she wants it in a hurry. And the Druggist sees that she gets it.

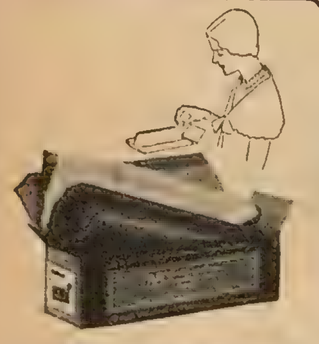
The Druggist renders lots of service like that. It costs him lots of money; but most people take it so for granted that he is seldom repaid even in thanks.

How often do you stop to think how much you owe your Druggist—not his bill, for you try to remember to pay that—but all the things he does *for nothing?*

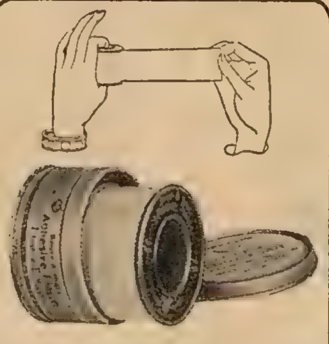
How much easier you are in your mind—especially about accidents . . . about things happening to the children—just because you know that the Druggist is at the other end of your telephone!

Isn't it comforting to know that among the thousands of articles that he keeps always ready for you, are the ever-dependable products of Bauer & Black?

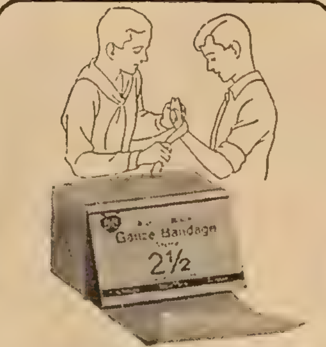
For thirty-five years the name of Bauer & Black has been a warrant of quality. Today this old house is an acknowledged leader in the manufacture of surgical dressings. Your Druggist knows these things. And he sells the products of Bauer & Black because he likes to sell the *best.*



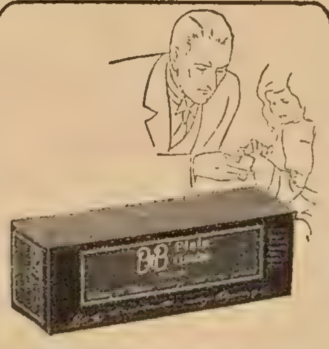
BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent



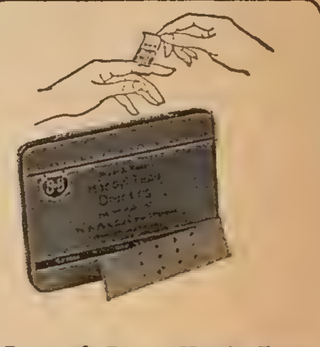
BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy



BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling



BAUER & BLACK Plain Gauze—Surgeon's-quality, for pads and dressings, in handy package



BAUER & BLACK Handy Tape Dressing. Adhesive plaster plus antiseptic gauze, ready to use

© 1930, B & B

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

Chicago • New York • Toronto

Thrills and Giggles

And a Talkie Bootlegged from Britain

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ROADHOUSE NIGHTS

CHARLES RUGGLES, brother of megaphoner Wesley R., has definitely established himself as a most amiable interpreter of semicomic talkie rôles. In Roadhouse Nights he just about steals the show from Helen Morgan—who, nevertheless, has been wisely cast and who does a fetching bit of character work and sings appealingly.

Ben Hecht wrote the script, which smacks of rumrunning, murder, cabaret life, and the Fourth Estate. It is forcefully set to sound cinema—credit going to the able director, Hobart Henley. Recall his The Lady Lies.

It tells of the River Inn, just outside of Chicago, and how its boss is mixed up with a booze gang. This Sam (Fred Kohler) is a vicious sort. He commits murder on the least provocation, if he feels that the victim intends to interfere with the doings of the River Inn.

A serious little scene in Roadhouse Nights, as played by Charles Ruggles and Helen Morgan.

And so a certain newspaper man is bumped off. And another unsuspecting reporter, unaware of his buddy's fate, is sent to cover the rumrunning story. How he gets his little piece for the paper and how he phones it in to the city editor, at the very point of the murderer's pistol, is thrillingly, intriguingly depicted.

You'll find giggles, suspense, and drama in Roadhouse Nights.

★ ★ THE BIG PARTY

The Big Party breathes a certain spirit of youth—its cast is cute and good to look at—but it is neither fresh nor spontaneous in theme or treatment. Nothing new about this one, except a few songs pleasing in tune and lyrics.

Dixie Lee, as pretty an ingénue as has made talkies her goal, is the feminine lead. Frank Albertson is the young man who's just goofy over Dixie. Both principals have agreeable singing voices.

Sue Carol, who used to shine brightly on the Fox lot, is now dimmed to second lead. But she makes her charm known. So does Richard Keene who plays opposite Sue.

It all revolves around a pretty girl's desire for fine clothes: how she becomes a hostess to out-of-town dress buyers, and how the firm's backer tries to get fresh with her—only to be outfisted by her loyal window-trimmer sweetheart. Sue portrays Dixie's chum, and Richard is Frank's buddy.

Director John Blystone has given us worthier screen pieces than this. It is just fair program fare.

Just among us girls: winsome Sue Carol and ingenuous Dixie Lee as the chums in the tuneful talkie-singie, The Big Party.

★ ★ OFFICER O'BRIEN

William Boyd gets his man again! Bill is a bluecoat this time: a big, burly guy who is as tender-hearted as he is stern and true to the police force.

Officer O'Brien, directed by Tay Garnett, offers a few thrilling moments. Yet it isn't quite convincing material. Can't make its audiences—especially womenfolk—warm up to its plot.

It has to do with father and son, but not in a human-interest fashion. Lieutenant Bill

O'Brien's father, you see, won't mend his crooked ways even for the sake of his son's career as a copper. Eventually papa gets killed by a gangster who himself is wiped off the map. Which makes for a fresh start for Bill and his girl friend. Dorothy Sebastian is the girl: a telephone operator in the police department. Ernest Torrence plays Bill's father interestingly but not agreeably. There's no bond of sympathy for him.

An eyeful from the back-stage film, Chasing Rainbows.

White Cargo comes to the screen with Maurice Evans and Gypsy Rouman.

William Boyd and Ernest Torrence in Officer O'Brien, a gangster and blue-coat thriller.

★ ★ CHASING RAINBOWS

Here's the back-stage angle all over again. Only, for a change, it's not the two-a-day, nor the Broadway musical comedy stage. It's a road-show company. It plays one-week stands at various stops throughout the country instead of settling down to a stationary run.

Otherwise Chasing Rainbows is similar to a hundred and one talkie-singies with back-stage background. And, indeed, it isn't so different from Broadway Melody, the very picture which gave Bessie Love and Charlie King their claim to film plaudits.

Handsome Charlie King's voice is in good form, and Bessie has been well treated by the camera. She looks extremely pretty, and acts pleasingly. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran pull some funny stuff.

Charles F. Riesner directed the movie. He did as well as he could with it, considering that there wasn't a new angle in the script.

★ ★ WHITE CARGO

Mr. Will Hays, dean of the movie industry, wouldn't allow them to film White Cargo in Hollywood. But here it is for the perusal of American audiences anyway. And the dialogue comes almost straight from the play based on Ida Vera Simonton's story of the African Congo.

The talkie was made in Great Britain by the W. P. Film Company, Ltd. It's nothing to get all worked up over. Will Hays couldn't possibly object to this almost tame version.

Gypsy Rouman, who is now in Hollywood, we understand, portrays Tondeleyo, the half-breed girl. The late Leslie Faber does the finest acting in the piece.

The picture suffers, as is usual with British output, from not-so-good photography and poor lighting.

Do you know that—

Charles Ruggles will reënact his original stage rôle in the musicinema version of Queen High? . . . The Warner Brothers are going to install theaterphone devices, enabling the deaf to enjoy talkies, in all their movie houses throughout the country?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

Three stars—The Vagabond King, Happy Days, Not So Dumb, So Long Letty, The Rogue Song, Son of the Gods, Seven Days Leave.

Four stars—Puttin' On the Ritz, Street of Chance, Anna Christie, The Green Goddess.

“Almost DEWEY”

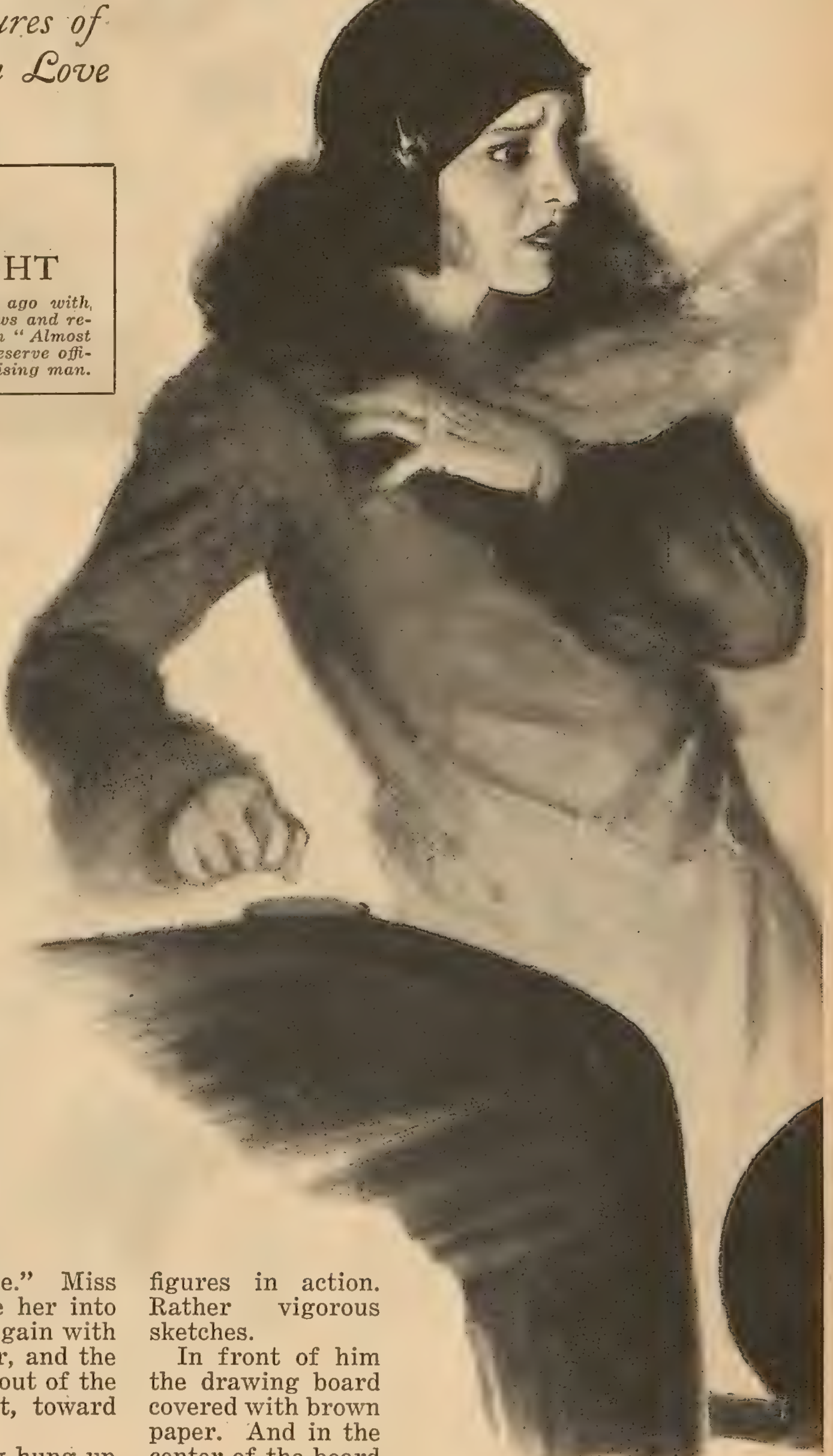
The Adventures of a Laggard in Love

By

SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT

who began fiction writing ten years ago with stories of the far north, which he knows and revisits every vacation. He is himself an “Almost Dewey,” is six feet three, married, a reserve officer in the Signal Corps, and an advertising man.

Pictures by W. F. SOARE



TOMMY DUNNE was waiting for the elevator when Peter came dodging through the revolving door.

“Morning, Tommy,” Peter nodded, stamping his feet and shaking his big woolly overcoat to free it from the clinging snow. “Some storm!” He was still a little breathless from his two-mile fight with the wind and snow.

“You ape! Walked, I suppose?” derided Tommy as they crowded into the elevator.

“Sure! All the way. I like a good storm now and then.”

“Then what you panting for?” Tommy, who wrote beautiful English as a copy man, was notoriously careless in speech.

“I'm not panting,” said Peter vigorously, as they stepped out of the elevator at the seventh floor.

“No? You joined the deep-breathing school, then, or something?” chuckled Tommy. “You should take the bus, Peter, like I do. We're getting too old for brisk, two-mile struggles with the elements. Aren't we, Miss Steadman?”

Miss Steadman was down on the pay roll of the Tollwicke Advertising Agency as Beatrice Steadman, but she had reached an age and a state of mind that precluded the possibility of anyone calling her Beatrice.

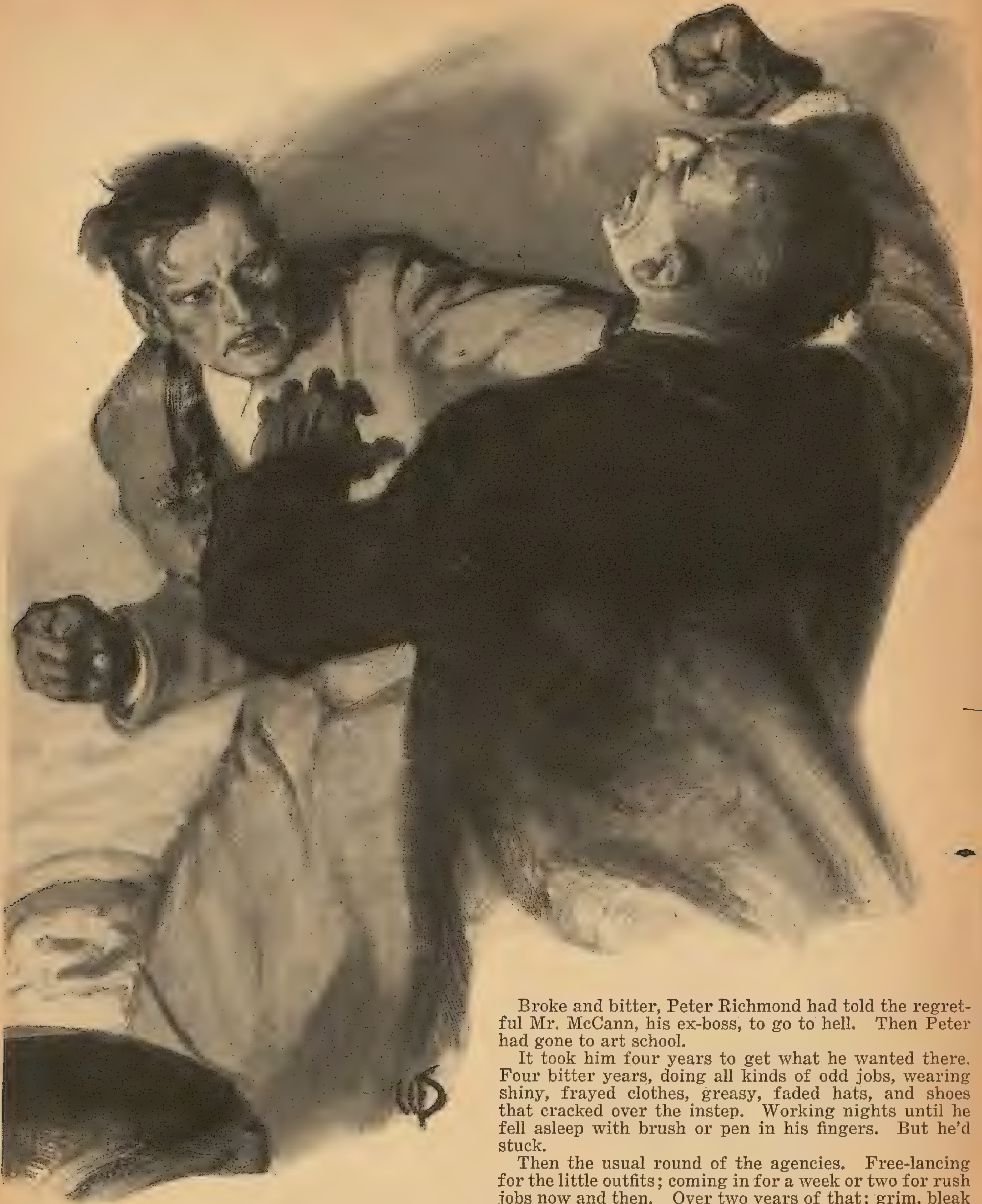
“I'm sure,” said Miss Steadman in her silver-voiced contralto, looking up from her switchboard, “that I don't know, Mr. Dunne.” Miss Steadman never permitted anyone to inveigle her into personalities. She turned to her instrument again with a little gracious nod of good morning to Peter, and the two men parted, Tommy turning to the right, out of the reception room, and Peter going to the left, toward the rear of the building.

Peter entered his little cubicle and carefully hung up his coat and hat. Then, lighting a cigarette, and putting both cigarettes and matches on the little table beside his drawing board, he seated himself and studied his little cubicle incuriously. Window on his left, door on his right; ground-glass panel in the door with his name in the lower right corner, reversed. The partition in front of him spattered with sketches thumb-tacked to the thin, soft, brown wood. All sorts of sketches, done in pencil, pen and ink, dry brush, water colors, distemper; all of figures in action. Rather vigorous sketches.

In front of him the drawing board covered with brown paper. And in the center of the board a big sheet of white paper, with a slender, nearly nude female figure, standing tiptoe, both arms reaching upward, smiling face tilted joyously toward the sky. The Spirit of Youth—personifying the appeal of Winch's Wonder Chocolates.

“Hell!” grunted Peter and picked up a brush.

Getting old, eh? He dexterously washed in a high light over one swelling breast of the Spirit of Youth, and



Peter's fist landed full in the throat. The larger man made a strangling sound. His face was ghastly.

squinted to observe the effect. Well, he'd often said the same thing himself. The war was eleven years old. And he'd been in it, a man grown then. Eleven years! It didn't seem that long.

He had come back home to find his job on the Courier neatly—and more economically—filled by a young lady with a nice smile and a thoroughly competent air.

Broke and bitter, Peter Richmond had told the regretful Mr. McCann, his ex-boss, to go to hell. Then Peter had gone to art school.

It took him four years to get what he wanted there. Four bitter years, doing all kinds of odd jobs, wearing shiny, frayed clothes, greasy, faded hats, and shoes that cracked over the instep. Working nights until he fell asleep with brush or pen in his fingers. But he'd stuck.

Then the usual round of the agencies. Free-lancing for the little outfits; coming in for a week or two for rush jobs now and then. Over two years of that; grim, bleak years of shapeless Palm Beach suits in the summer, and threadbare overcoats in the winter. But he had learned a lot—about life and about art. Art with a lower-case a.

An ad in Printers' Ink Monthly had brought him his present job. The Tollwicke Advertising Agency was in a smaller city, but it had some nice fat accounts. The ad said they wanted a good figure man. Peter sent them some samples, and they clicked. He'd been here ever since. Over four years.

Yes, a lot had happened in those eleven years. And he was getting old. He was thirty-three.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Peter dropped his brush in the water bowl and took time out to light another cigarette.

Sometimes he didn't feel any older than he had when he marched out of Mr. McCann's office. And sometimes, when he listened to a crowd of young men and women talking on the corner, or in a restaurant, or in the lobby of a theater, he felt like Methuselah the day before he died.

They were of another generation. And his own generation had gone on about its business, somehow, during the ten or eleven years he had been too busy getting his feet placed to pay any attention.

His own generation had married and settled down. Like Tommy. Tommy had a wife and a youngster. They had gone on—and left Peter behind.

Peter picked up his brush, dried it on a very dirty rag, and twirled it thoughtfully in the darkest of the shades of gray in his little porcelain mixing slab. He put in an entirely too stiff and emphatic fold in the scanty Grecian drapery of the Spirit of Youth, and had to white part of it out. Peter hated that, and muttered under his breath as he laid on the covering white.

About ten o'clock, Tracy strolled in. Tracy was the art director, a big, moody six-footer who looked more like a football coach than an artist.

"Just talking to the chief about that Pierson stuff," he commented casually. "Dicky just got back this morning, and he said Pierson was all pepped up about those sketches."

Dicky was the ace of the Tollwicke contact men, and Pierson was the third largest and absolutely the most ticklish account on the Tollwicke books.

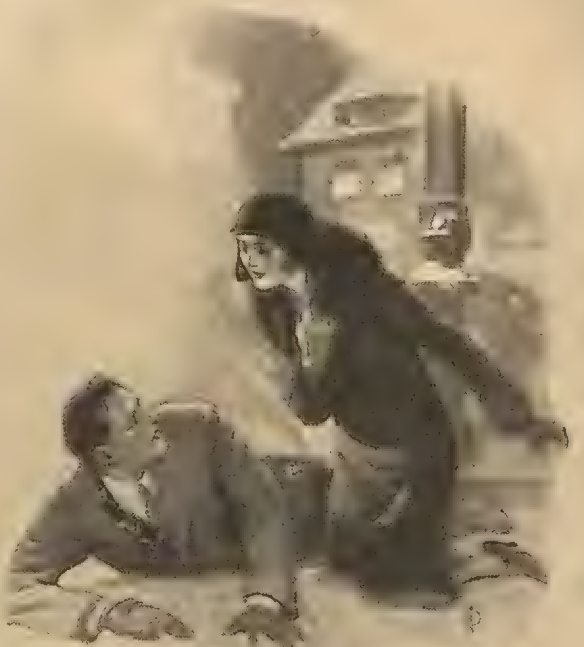
Peter looked up and offered Tracy a cigarette. Tracy took it absently, and waited for a light.

"So he liked the sketches?" said Peter. "It's a wonder." The Pierson outfit had a bad name in the art department.

"I'll say," nodded Tracy. "Nice going, Peter. Thought you'd like to know. Going to run them as is; shoot them Bassani process, see? Kind of a new note; Dicky's idea, I guess. You may want to touch them up a bit; I'll bring them in later." He strolled out, leaving the door ajar. Peter got up and closed it.

So he'd hit old Pierson, eh? Well that *was* nice going. Worth a raise—and he'd get it, too. The chief—that was Tollwicke himself—was quick to fire and quick to reward. It had taken time, but Peter was getting ahead.

It was strange, but he was scowling, instead of smiling, as he went to work again on the Spirit of Youth.



Peter struck the pavement with a grunt. Somebody bent over him. A young, slim thing with a flushed face.

THE noon whistles bleated more or less in unison, and Peter put down his brush, squinting at his work as he got up and stretched.

It was all right. She looked as if she were ready to go.

Tommy tried to come through the door without opening it—his usual procedure.

"Hurry up!" he exclaimed. "There won't be a table left." What he meant was that their favorite table, presided over by Marie, Tommy's favorite waitress, would be occupied if they didn't hurry.

They made it just in time. Marie came hurrying up, smiling, a mighty cute little figure in her abbreviated gray dress, ridiculous, frilly white apron, and tiny, high-heeled pumps.

Tommy didn't bother to glance at the menu. It was Wednesday, and from long experience he knew what would be on the "Ready" list for a Wednesday. He rattled off his order, and when he had finished, Peter nodded. "On two," he said cryptically.

Their table was in a corner. To Peter's left was another table, occupied by four young people. Two of them were sleek-haired collegiates; the type that Peter, in his antiquated way, thought of as sheiks. The girls were very young, very attractive, very slim. They wore expensive-looking fur coats.

It was a noisy, animated foursome. Peter, watching them idly, felt suddenly old and lonesome.

"My God!" commented one of the girls casually. "If that waitress doesn't place food before me soon, I'll faint in somebody's arms."

"Mine!" shouted one of the young men enthusiastically, reaching across the table. The girl pushed back her chair in mock alarm and crossed her knees.

Peter hastily shifted his gaze, feeling much as he had felt the first five minutes of his first life class. If he'd had pencil and paper—and the nerve—he could have made a sketch that would have been about the snappiest thing the Enticement Hosiery people had ever put out.

"Lord preserve my eyesight!" said Tommy reverently, in a stage whisper. "Them limbs!"

The girl glanced legward in a bored fashion, and mechanically drew her dress down nearly to her knees.

UNDER cover of the hilarious conversation at the next table, Peter spoke earnestly to his companion.

"You can't tell me," he said seriously, "that girls acted like that when you and I were running around, Tommy! This bunch that's growing up right behind us are different. Nice girls—girls as nice as those two seem to be, from their looks—didn't act like that."

"Well, don't get sore," chuckled Tommy, buttering a fragment of crisp French bread. "You had your fun. Don't be envious!"

Peter merely grunted in disgust, and busied himself with his lamb chop.

"Boys will be boys," Tommy continued expansively. "And girls will be girls. Youth will be served. You're only young once. All that sort of thing. We've just forgotten, that's all. The trouble with us is, we're growing old."

There it was again. Growing old! Peter studied Tommy almost balefully.

The mouse-colored hair on Tommy's head *was* growing thin; in places his pink scalp shone through. And there were the beginnings of crow's-feet at the outer corners of his alert blue eyes.

Peter's own black hair, he knew, was not thinning noticeably, although it was beginning to run back from his forehead on either side in two little horns, leaving a widow's peak in the exact center. And there were the vague beginnings of lines at the outer corners of his eyes, too.

"Hell!" grunted Peter. "Speak for yourself; you're an old married man with a family. I'm just a young bachelor, full of wim, wigor, and witality."

"Wim, wigor, and witality my eye!" returned Tommy unkindly. "But that reminds me. Molly told me to have you out to dinner tonight. Can you come?"

"Sure!" Peter brightened up a bit at the prospect. He liked Molly, Tommy's brisk, efficient little wife, with her mannish bob and her frank, Bohemian ways. Thought a lot of Doris May, too. Doris May was their big-eyed four-year-old. "Mighty nice of her to think of a decrepit old fool. Usual time?"

"Oh, she likes 'em mature," grinned Tommy. "That's why she ran me ragged. You can go out with me."

"Thanks, but I've got three or four letters I've just got to get off tonight," said Peter as they rose and picked up their checks. "You eat at such ungodly hours I'll have time to write them and still be out by seven-thirty." That was the usual dinner hour at the Dunne home; sometimes it was eight and after.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

"Why should I be so tired?"

"It used to be fun to go shopping"

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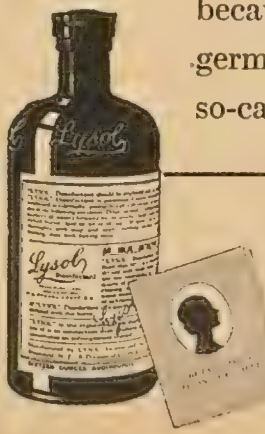

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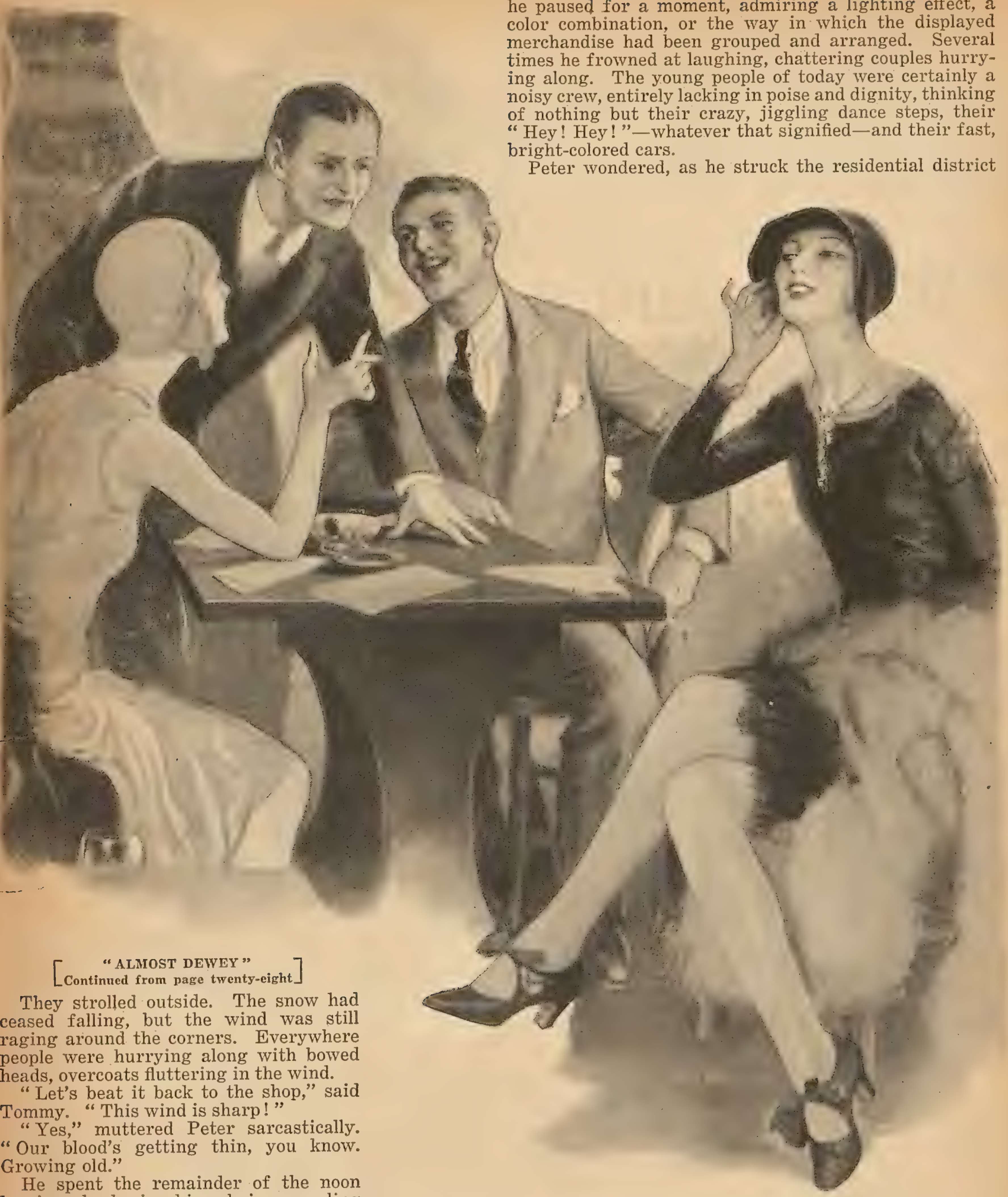

The girls were very young, very attractive, very slim. It was a noisy, animated foursome.

"ALMOST DEWEY"
Continued from page twenty-eight

They strolled outside. The snow had ceased falling, but the wind was still raging around the corners. Everywhere people were hurrying along with bowed heads, overcoats fluttering in the wind.

"Let's beat it back to the shop," said Tommy. "This wind is sharp!"

"Yes," muttered Peter sarcastically. "Our blood's getting thin, you know. Growing old."

He spent the remainder of the noon leaning back in his chair, scowling through a thick gray haze of cigarette smoke at the nearly finished Spirit of Youth.

Peter dropped the letters in the corner box and paused for a moment to debate with himself the question as to whether he should ride or walk.

It was over two miles out to Tommy's place, but it was only a quarter to seven, and the weather had cleared up beautifully. The walk would blow the cigarette fumes from his brain, and sharpen up his appetite. The bus would be stuffy and bumpy. He decided to walk.

He took his time going through the business district, studying the people he passed, admiring or disapproving of the brilliantly lighted shop windows. Once or twice he paused for a moment, admiring a lighting effect, a color combination, or the way in which the displayed merchandise had been grouped and arranged. Several times he frowned at laughing, chattering couples hurrying along. The young people of today were certainly a noisy crew, entirely lacking in poise and dignity, thinking of nothing but their crazy, jiggling dance steps, their "Hey! Hey!"—whatever that signified—and their fast, bright-colored cars.

Peter wondered, as he struck the residential district and picked up the cadence of his stride, where all the women of his own age were. Married apparently. Just three ages of women in the world, so far as he could see; wild-eyed flappers, nice married women, like Molly, and old hens.

Well, that was all right, too. Girls rattled him. Especially these young, pretty ones. They made him feel old; a lot older than he was. They seemed to know so many things he hadn't even heard of. These last ten or eleven years things had got away from him; his own generation had hurried up and got married, and all that was left were these flippant, self-assured, competent young creatures that—

Peter, crossing a dark street, had a sudden impression of two cars rushing down on him. One was coming from the south and the other from the west. The car from the south was traveling, apparently, at top speed.

It was difficult to say how it happened. Peter jumped for safety, and as he did so, the car from the south struck a hobbling figure on the other side of the intersection.

There was a single, sharp cry of terror and agony, a prolonged shriek of brakes. The speeding car swerved sharply, side-swiped the second car, and caught Peter a glancing blow with a front fender.

Peter struck the hard brick pavement with a grunt. For a second things were not quite clear. He heard feet running, people calling excitedly. Crowds gather by magic after an accident.

Somebody bent over him. A girl. A young, slim thing with a flushed, excited face. Fine features, beautifully proportioned, Peter noted automatically.

"Oh, are you hurt?" she cried softly. "He struck you so hard—"

Peter shook himself, his head clearing. There was a sizable crowd on the other corner, where the hobbling figure had fallen. Somebody was shouting excitedly, over and over, "Why don't they call an ambulance? Why don't they call an ambulance?" People were still running up; men in their shirt sleeves, women in bungalow aprons, leaving behind them open front doors through which the lights streamed out across their porches.

"Hurt?" snapped Peter. "No. Not much. How about the old chap? And where's the other car?"

THERE was only the one car, a little coupé, in sight. This was a quiet, residential district, and there was very little traffic at that hour.

"He's hurt rather badly, I think," said the girl, her lips crinkling for a moment, so that Peter thought she was about to cry. "They called an ambulance. And the other driver drove right on."

"He did? Whose car is that? Which way did he go?" Peter started running toward the coupé, snapping out questions at every step. Hit-and-run driver, eh? Peter had always held they were one of the lowest forms of animal life. "Damn it, whose car is that?"

"Damn it, it's mine," replied the girl, trying to keep up with Peter. "I tried to tell you, and you kept right on talking."

"All right. All right," rapped Peter. "I'm going to use it—if he didn't wreck it?"

"Fender and one light," said the girl. "But I'll drive. I'm used to the car."

She was down behind the wheel before Peter had time to reply; before he slammed the door behind him, the rear wheels grunted and the car plunged forward.

"I think that's his tail light just turning the corner down there," said the girl. "Count the corner arc lights; how many blocks is it?"

Peter counted rapidly.

"Eight," he said. "Seven now."

"Count as we go," nodded the girl. Peter's first count was five, for the little coupé was fairly flying now.

"Four . . . three . . . two . . . *next corner!*"

The girl nodded again. The brakes squealed for an instant, then the car leaned over as the girl took the corner.

"There he is!" snapped Peter. "At least, there's only the one car in sight. Get going!"

The girl glanced sideways at him; a swift, appraising glance.

"Sit tight," she said grimly and jammed the accelerator pedal all the way down.

The little car growled as it felt the gas, and picked up speed. Intersections shot by as Peter had never seen intersections shoot by before. Once a big old touring car lumbered across their path, and for one sickening instant Peter thought they would crash. The girl merely swung the coupé toward the right-hand curb, darted behind the plodding peril, and shot out toward the middle of the street again.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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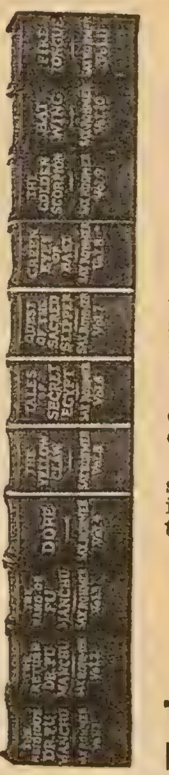

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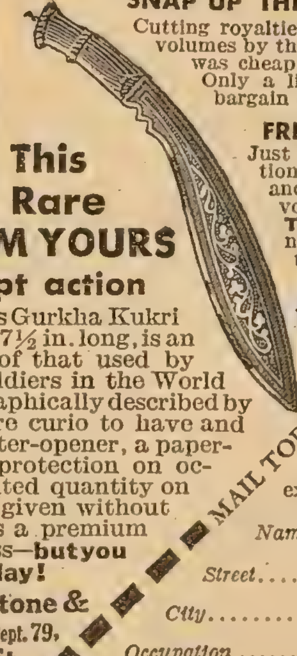

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"ALMOST DEWEY"
Continued from page thirty-one

"Rather close," said Peter calmly.

"Rather." The girl cast another swift, rather admiring glance toward her companion. It had been rather close, and he had made neither move nor sound.

They were gaining on the tail light, but slowly. In a few seconds, now, they would be out of the city; out on the open road. Traffic would be heavier there; there would be a better chance of losing their quarry.

In the dim, reflected light from the instrument board, Peter had a chance to study the girl more closely. He found his first impression confirmed.

Her features were altogether charming; set now in determined lines as she crouched over the wheel. Her eyes gleamed with the spirit of the chase, and her face was flushed prettily by the whipping wind. A few soft wisps of hair fluttered around the smart, snug little felt hat. The face of a feminine Mercury—a Winged Victory, grown young and modern and—fascinating.

"The hard road," commented the girl, nodding.

They were close enough now to hear the prolonged, crescendo shriek of the other driver's brakes as he slowed down to make the sharp, right-angle turn. They could see his tail light bounce and swing as his locked wheels skidded in the light, dry snow that covered the pavement.

"Get set," said the girl through clenched teeth.

Their own brakes sent them skidding for a second, then, as they came to the road, the girl stepped hard on the gas, and they took the turn building up speed as they went, the rubber groaning on the wind-swept concrete.

The girl could drive. She had gone into the turn like a race driver, feeding the car gas. And she had made a better job of it than the other driver, for, as they straightened out, the tail light was closer by a hundred yards than it had been before, and they were picking up speed quicker than their quarry.

"Got him!" shouted Peter. "Atta girl!"

HE surprised himself by this youthful outburst. He glanced quickly at the girl, and it seemed to him that, for one brief instant, a smile hovered around her tense lips. A strange, happy thrill tickled Peter's spine.

They darted in and out of the light traffic with uncanny skill, their one headlight boring through the darkness defiantly. And all the time they drew closer to the sinister, Cyclopean red eye that watched them from ahead.

Their quarry braked down again. They could make out the outline of the car now. It was a sedan, a big, expensive job with gleaming paint. They could even see the white smoke flash from beneath the locked rear wheels as they painted their crooked black lines on the white concrete. A sign flashing by on Peter's side explained the move.

"Side road!" he exclaimed. "He's turning off!"

It was a left turn, and there were two cars, headlights shining like angry eyes, coming toward them. Peter wondered if they would have time to make it. He saw the girl's lips set in a do-or-die grimace, and she cut across the road directly in the path of the first of the onrushing monsters of roaring metal.

The light coupé thudded off the shoulder of concrete and skidded toward the deep ditch on the right side of the crossroad. A man's voice behind them was raised in a profane shout of angry inquiry. The right rear wheel seemed to hang for an instant over empty space; then, as it plunged down, it struck soft dirt beneath the thin layer of snow and they shot toward safety.

With a sickening jounce the car leaped onto the dirt road and thundered into a ghostly, glittering cloud of snow dust, through which, very close now, shone the tail light of the big sedan.

THE side road was rough. Frozen ruts wrenched at their wheels, thumped the body on the axles, shook the car as though in a rage. But, somehow, they managed to hang on.

Sudden sharp curves sent them skidding toward ditches they could only half see. They thundered over the loose planks of bridges, and leaped, bouncing, over culverts. Mile after mile thundered behind. And then, suddenly, the tail light stood still.

"He's stopped!" exclaimed Peter. "He—what's he doing?"

The driver of the other car had leaped from his machine the instant it came to a halt, and was bending over his tail light, working desperately on something. As the coupé skidded to a halt but a few feet away, the man turned and faced them defiantly.

"Listen!" he snarled, as Peter jumped out of the car. "You just turn around and keep on going. Or you'll get hurt!"

Peter studied the man silently. He was big and he was angry. His face was flushed, and his rather conspicuous hands were balled into hard, bony fists. As he took a couple of steps toward Peter, Peter saw what he had been doing. He had hastily bent his license plate so that the numbers could not be distinguished.

"Sorry," said Peter, "but we came all this way for a passenger. You're the passenger. We'll turn around and go back any time you say—but you're going with us."

Peter saw the man's angry gaze travel from himself to the girl. Peter wished she hadn't hopped out of the car. This was no place for a woman. The man looked at Peter again.

"That's sweet of you," he sneered.

"Not so sweet," replied Peter,

shaking his head. "You see, we're taking you to the police station."

"Yeah? Just how come all that?"

"You're just wasting time asking foolish questions," said Peter. "I haven't any answers to give you—except this." Peter's voice was hard and crackly now. "You hit—probably killed—an old man, a few minutes back, by your reckless driving. You banged into this young lady's car, and rolled me in the street. And then you ran away. We just thought the police might like to have a little chat with you. That's why we came after you."

"Well, you've got another think coming! Listen! You two clear out before you get hurt! I'm telling you. An' I don't know anything about your old man getting bumped, and all the rest of it. I run out of gas, and was just lookin' in the tank. You just chased the wrong guy, that's all."

"Maybe," said Peter. "I think not, however. If you're not the guilty party, why did you try to get away, and why try to hide your license plate?"

"None of your damned business where and how I drive! An' the license plate got bent like that a coupla weeks ago."

"Get the number from the front plate," said Peter, with a swift glance at the girl. "I'll—"

As the girl started around the big sedan, the owner reached out and grabbed her arm. It was at that instant that Peter gave up speech in favor of action. Rather violent action. His right fist smacked so hard on the jaw of the larger man that Peter was thankful he had on gloves. He would have split the skin instead of the leather over his knuckles.

The man dropped the girl's arm and heaved himself at Peter with a grunt of rage. Peter dodged under a mighty swing, and got in a short but stinging left to the midriff that brought a curse from his opponent. Peter promptly smashed a right to the mouth, and took a numbing blow on his left shoulder as he leaped away.

DESPITE the difference in size, they were not so badly matched. Peter realized almost instantly that he was the quicker and the more skilled—he had not forgotten all Sergeant McDowell had taught him—but his opponent was the more powerful and had the reach on him.

They sparred for a moment after Peter's smash to the mouth, their breath hanging whitely in the radiance of the headlight. Peter did some quick thinking. Somehow, he must stay with this big chap. For the girl's sake. He had got her into this; he must get her out of it. From the corner of his eye he noted that she had followed instructions; she was coming back from the front of the sedan, her lips moving as she memorized the number on the license plate. Good kid! She nodded to him, smiling. Her eyes were dancing with excitement, and her face seemed rather pale—but she smiled at him. Encouragingly. She was depending on him!

Peter tried to dodge a whistling left, but he was a shade slow. He took a jolt on his ear that set his head ringing. He came back with a left and right, and both of them missed. He ducked just in time to avoid collecting a blow to the jaw that would have lifted him off his feet and dropped him stiff and cold in the road.

"Get—in the car!" he snapped out of the corner of his mouth, without daring to glance at the girl. "Clear out—while—you can!"

"No!" The girl shook her head stubbornly. From the way she said it, Peter knew he would be wasting valuable breath arguing with her.

Somehow, he hated to have her see him get a licking.

The larger man landed a short one to Peter's ribs. It seemed to Peter his ribs gave like rubber. He gulped down the pain of it and tried a hook to the jaw. The man dodged clumsily, and Peter's fist landed full in the throat. He could feel the cartilage of the Adam's apple crunch beneath his fist. It was a good feeling; Peter was all primitive savage at the moment.

The larger man made a strangling sound and lifted both hands to his throat. His face was a ghastly sort of gray.

"*Now!*" cried the girl.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

She made my shaving what it is to-day..and Oh! boy! am I satisfied

THE other dawn—after a large evening—I'm bending the elbow—shaving. As usual the slaughter is complete—the air blue—and the cat's hiding under the refrigerator.

When in walks the wife with a bottle, which she hands me, saying—"Douse this on your grouch."

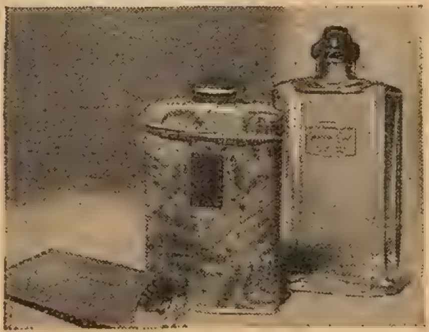
Well, I did. And man—in ten seconds I'm cuckoo with joy. A few drops on my face and the old epidermis is as supple as a babe's, fresh and cool—exactly like a half hour massage by my favorite barber.

"How come?"—chortles I.

"Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion," whistles she, "by Houbigant, maker of the finest women's preparations. There's only one difference between our faces—big boy—and that's the scraping you give yours with a razor."

P. S. I forgot the Shaving Cream and the Talc—Fougère Royale, too. One's a lather mine—non-irritating, non-caustic. The other's the smoothest blend of invisible, he-man powder that ever finaled a shave.

Note to wives: If you want to break your spouse of his habits of grouching, profanity and other shaving evils, just mail the coupon below for free, generous samples—mildly perfumed with that wholesome outdoor fragrance Fougère Royale (Royal Fern).



Shaving Stick, 75c After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25 Shaving Cream, 50c
Facial Soap, 50c Talcum, 50c

Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion

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PARIS
CREATOR OF TOILETRIES
FOR THE ELECT

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539 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me without charge, trial containers of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

"ALMOST DEWEY"
Continued from page thirty-three

Peter took her at her word. His right fist crashed into the solar plexus with a force that brought a grunt from Peter, and a long, quivering sigh from his opponent. The man's hands dropped to his sides; his eyelids fluttered over his surprised and staring eyes.

Then he crumpled up on the frozen mud, twitching.

. . . . .

"How's our fair passenger?" asked the girl as they entered the city limits.

Peter turned and glanced through the rear window. His victim was lolling in the rumble seat, tenderly feeling his throat.

"Just fair," said Peter rather grimly. "He'll stay put until we find— Look! There's a policeman on the corner."

"It's a miracle," murmured the girl, cutting in toward the curb. "Fancy finding a policeman when you wanted him!"

They turned over their prisoner with a few hasty words of explanation regarding the accident, the location of the man's car, and their own names and addresses.

The girl's name, it appeared, was Nan Lee. It seemed to Peter he had never heard a prettier name. Nan Lee! Flapperish-sounding name, but sweet.

"Nice work, I'll say," replied the patrolman. "I just gotta flash to look out for this bird. I'll have the wagon out here in three jerks. The box is across the street."

They drove on, the girl watching the policeman conduct his prisoner, none too gently, to the box he had mentioned. The man was still groggy.

"You certainly laid a Dempsey on him," commented Nan approvingly. "He's still not sure what hit him."

"I thought he had me for a couple of seconds," replied Peter modestly, but with a certain amount of satisfaction in his voice. "I'm rather soft now."

Nan glanced at him from under her long dark lashes.

"You don't look it," she commented—approvingly, it seemed to Peter.

"I am, though." Peter felt it was rather a pleasant thing to argue about. "When I was about your age, in the army, he wouldn't have given me much trouble."

Nan laughed softly; a thrilling little sound in Peter's ears.

"Well, grandpa!" she chuckled. "How young do you think I am?"

AGAIN the swift, provocative glance from beneath the lowered lashes. Peter knew better than to venture a guess on the subject.

"You're a lot younger than I am," he grumbled—wondering, at the same time, why the obvious truth of his words gave him such a pang.

"I never can resist the temptation," said Nan Lee, "to prove to a superior male that he's wrong. The fatal truth of the matter is that if I had been a boy, my parents were set on calling me—*Dewey!*"

"My God!" cried Peter involuntarily. "I missed that myself by only a couple of years. They hung it on my younger brother. He arrived just in time to suffer from that epidemic of hero worship. He's hated Admiral Dewey all his life."

He paused, considering. Peter's brother Dewey was thirty-one. That meant— He looked at her again, amazement in his eyes.

"That's right," she smiled. "I'm over thirty—an old maid." Peter could have hugged her for that. So she wasn't married! "We're growing old, you and I." Her laugh was infectious.

"Say, that reminds me of something," exclaimed Peter. "Will you wait a second while I phone, here in the drug store?"

Peter called Tommy's number rather breathlessly. The line buzzed and clicked and sputtered maddeningly. Finally there was an ear-splitting crash, and Tommy's voice in the receiver.

"Commence," invited Tommy breezily.

"Nan Lee," said Peter, startled.

"Wrong number," said Tommy and hung up.

Peter dropped in another nickel, his face burning. These damned booths were certainly stuffy.

“Tommy? Peter speaking.”

“Oh, yeah? Where you been the last hour or so we been waiting dinner for you?”

“Say, I've been doing plenty,” said Peter happily. “I got hit by an automobile, almost licked in a fist fight, and—”

“You're getting old,” accused Tommy. “You—”

“Never felt younger in my life!” interrupted Peter emphatically. “Now, if I'd just missed being called Ulysses S. instead of Dewey, it might be different, but—”

“Did you say your head was injured?” broke in Tommy disgustedly. “Or are you tight? Molly, see if you can make any sense out of what he says.”

THERE was a clicking over the wire, and Molly's soft, mocking voice sounded in Peter's ear.

“I've been listening in with Tommy—to make sure it wasn't any of his girl friends talking,” she chuckled. “And he just told me about the wrong number he got before you called; somebody asking for Nan Lee. Sounded like your voice, he said. The poor dear—he still doesn't understand. Men are so dumb, Peter!”

“Eh?” That booth was certainly hermetically sealed and steam heated. “Er—how was that, Molly?”

“I haven't time to explain it now, Watson,” giggled Molly—and Molly very seldom giggled—“because I've got to warm over the meal. You come right on out—*and bring Nan Lee with you, Peter!*”

Peter stared at the ugly black mouthpiece of the telephone, wondering just what words to put into it. Certainly he could think of nothing to fit the occasion.

“Hello! Still there, Peter?” Molly's laughing voice again.

“Yes,” said Peter, nodding to the mouthpiece, and feeling like an idiot.

“I knew she'd find you one of these days,” said Molly. “Hurry right on over, Peter—and be sure and bring Nan. I'm just dying to meet her.” She hung up, and after a few dazed seconds of hesitation, Peter did likewise.

“Nan Lee,” he said as he came up to the little coupé with its one good light and its one crumpled fender, “you're going to dinner with me. We're both invited out.”

Nan looked at him and smiled. Such a flushed and appealing, such a good-looking and earnest young man could hardly be refused.

“A perfect ending for a perfect adventure,” said Nan.

“Perfect,” agreed Peter earnestly, as he seated himself a little farther from his side of the car than was, perhaps, really necessary—“is no name for it!”

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What does the Latin phrase *ante bellum* mean?
2—What African people once ruled much of Spain?
3—Who was Richelieu?
4—To what cities does the title of Dickens' novel, Tale of Two Cities, refer?
5—What was Rembrandt's nationality?
6—What is the last book of the Old Testament?
7—What is an osprey?
8—What was Stonewall Jackson's correct given name?
9—What Washington city has a name of two words which are identical?
10—What is the literal meaning of myriad?
11—Where is the Dead Sea?
12—What is the source of “As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean”?
13—What territory in Africa is named for Cecil Rhodes?
14—What is the birth stone for April?
15—Between what cities was the telegraph first operated?
16—What is a subpœna?
17—What is a great gross?
18—What Shakespearean play includes the character Mistress Page?
19—What constellation frequently is called the Big Dipper?
20—Who recently was deposed as Dictator of Spain?

(Answers will be found on page eighty-four)

Look Years Younger

Sallow, Dingy Skin made Lovely—Coarse Pores become Fine—Stops oily skin—Removes blackheads

Cremed magnesia beautifies the skin in the same easy way that milk of magnesia purifies the stomach

The newest discovery in beauty culture is that cremed magnesia beautifies the skin instantly, in the same easy way that milk of magnesia purifies the stomach. This is because skin impurities are acid. Doctors treat acid inside the body with milk of magnesia. And now, dermatologists are getting amazing results in banishing complexion faults with cremed magnesia. All you do is anoint your skin with it, massage and rinse with water. It's as simple as washing your face.

It reduces enlarged pores to the finest, smoothest texture. Being astringent, it drives away the telltale signs of age. It rejuvenates the skin so quickly that any woman can look lovely tonight, years younger.

And because it is so mild, it certainly is a blessing for fine, sensitive skins that soap so easily irritates and coarsens. It removes make-up and extracts impurities deep-set in the pores better than soap or cold cream. It changes dull, sallow skin to radiant clearness and fades out freckles better than a bushel of lemons.

Test it on those clogged nose pores that stand out so boldly. Let it whiten your neck. It will also keep your hands soft and white.

Until recently, cremed magnesia was used only by New York doctors' wives, and nurses. But now the large druggists everywhere find it hard to keep enough on hand to supply the demand.

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To get genuine cremed magnesia, ask for Denton's Facial Magnesia. The regular price is sixty cents and one dollar. But, if you act promptly by using the Trial Offer Coupon below at once, a large demonstration size will be mailed you for only fifty cents. So, wrap a fifty-cent coin in paper with the coupon and mail it today. When you see the startling improvement in your complexion, after using magnesia only once, you will understand why millions of women are adopting this new magnesia treatment. Remember, every bottle is sold on a money-back guarantee.

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Please send me prepaid a large demonstration bottle of Denton's Facial Magnesia on your money-back guarantee of satisfaction. I enclose fifty cents in full payment.

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RASP...?

WHEN APRIL SHOWERS BRING NOTHING BUT A RASP IN YOUR THROAT... AND STILL YOU'D LIKE A PUFF OF TOBACCO SMOKE... GO GET THAT ONE GREAT CIGARETTE... WHICH SOOTHES THE WAY TO OLD-FASHIONED TOBACCO ENJOYMENT

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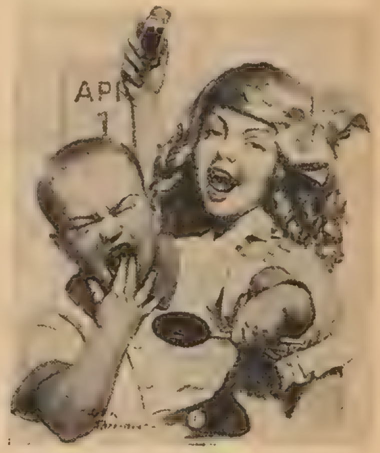
VIBRAPHONES

APRIL FOOL!

A New For the Love o' Lil

"HEY! Who put flour in me sugar bowl?" Tess demanded, nearly gagging on a powdered slice of banana. "When I get me breath, I'll skin you alive! You, you—" But she was too busy choking to find a bad name for Gwendolyn, the domestic pest and smart inventor of annoying pranks.

"What a dumb Dora," Gwen whispered to little Ulysses. "She don't know what today is. She knows the dif between flour an' sugar, but she don't know today's April Fools' Day! Tee-he! Bet you don't neither, stupid porcupine." And she rubbed her hand over U.'s sprouting hair.



This week's cover picture.

"No, I don't know," he said. "Is it a birthday an' do we get things?" He didn't dare move. They were hiding in the hall closet and every time he turned his head a cold rubber coat flopped against him.

"Sure you get things," she told him. "You get tricks played on you. An' if you cry, d'you know what'll happen?" She couldn't see U. in the dimness, but she knew he was there in the shadowy corner behind an auto robe. "Witches will come an' get you. They'll grab you and take you to their land where they eat boys. They fry boys with—with potatoes an'—an' gravy."

"I like potatoes. I like gravy," he said, shifting his position so that a riding boot didn't prod him in the ribs.

"You nitsie-witsie!" Gwen giggled. "No matter how much you like potatoes an' gravy, you won't eat 'em in the witches' land. The witches will be eatin' YOU!"

"I'se scared of witches," U. blubbered.

"Food for witches or April fool?" she asked.

"April fool," he whined, kicking aside the robe.

"April fool?" she laughed. "April? You're a May fool, June fool, July fool, March fool—" She stopped because she knew only five months. "You're a April fool all the year from Christmas to Christmas."

"I don't care," U. told her. "I don't care. The witches won't get me. The witches won't get me."

She clamped one hand over his mouth, and held his lips together. They could hear Tess in the kitchen.

"Who cut the heads off me matches? How kin I light me oven? You'll go without y'ur supper. That's what you'll do. I sit right here until you bring me a box o' matches. Right here I sit, supper or no supper. Whoever cut the heads off me matches will starve."

"She means me," Gwen whispered. "Come on!"

"It's lucky you're not deaf," Tess told her in a mad voice as she entered the kitchen. "I'd dentcha with me rollin' pin."

"I'm sorry, Tess," Gwen said, handing her another box of matches. "I'm so sorry that I'll give you one of my lollipops." She ran to the cupboard.

"Me, too?" little U. piped up.

"Yes, copy-cat. You, too." She was very busy at a lower shelf. She rattled cans, rustled paper, giggled, and sneezed. Then she wheeled around. "Here, U.," she invited, holding out an enormous red lollipop.

He grabbed it at once and took one gluttonous lick. Then he grabbed his tongue, which felt like a hot coal.

"April fool!" she yelled, holding aloft the red-pepper shaker. "Hurray for the April fool!"

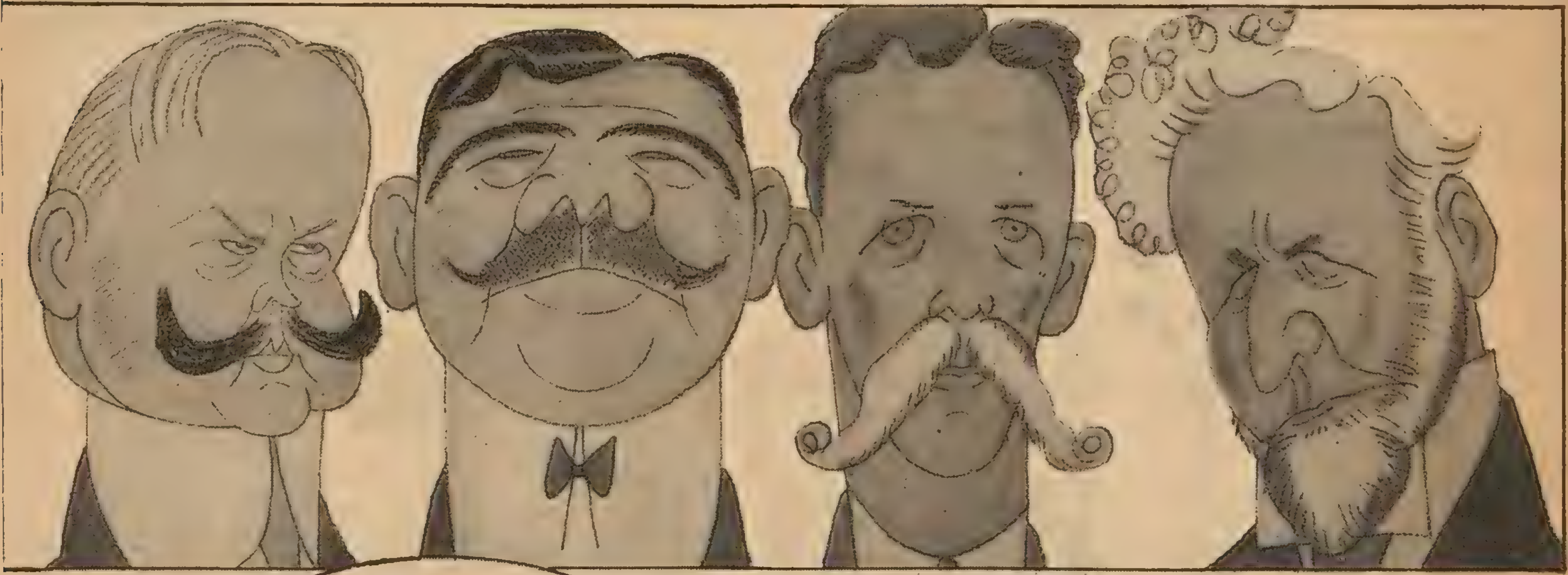
(Next week's cover adventure: Indians)

COMING SOON
For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater

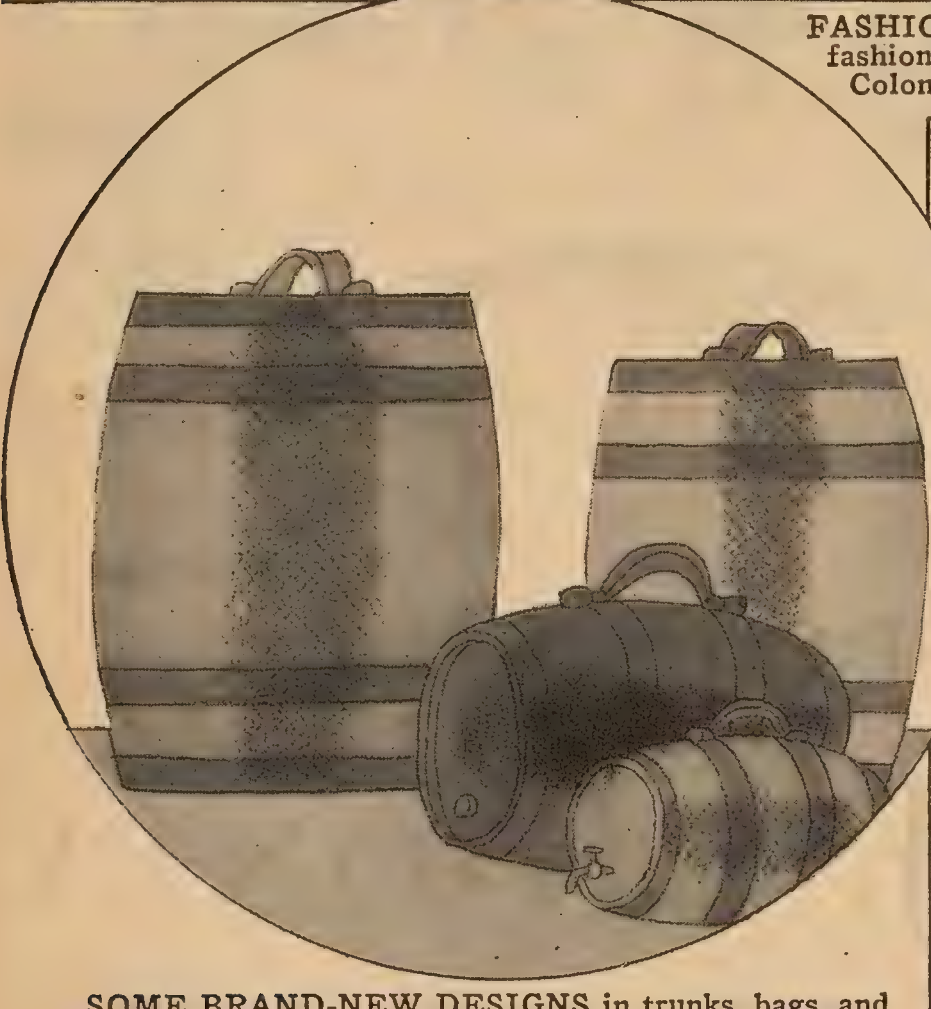
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

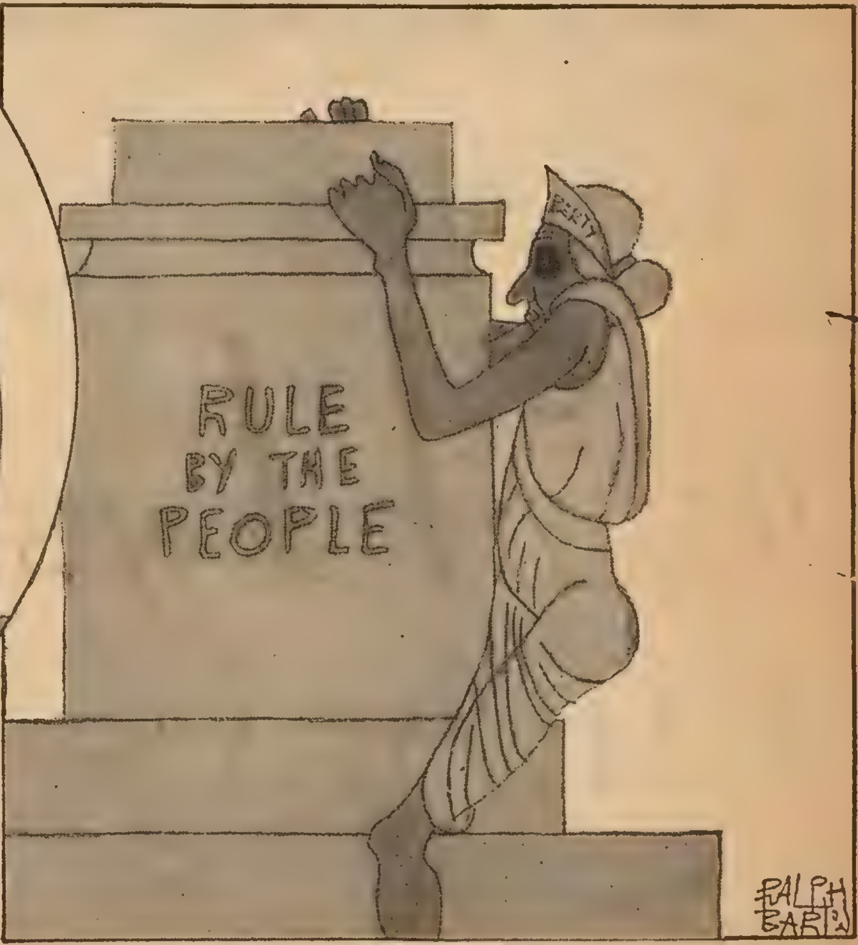
By RALPH BARTON



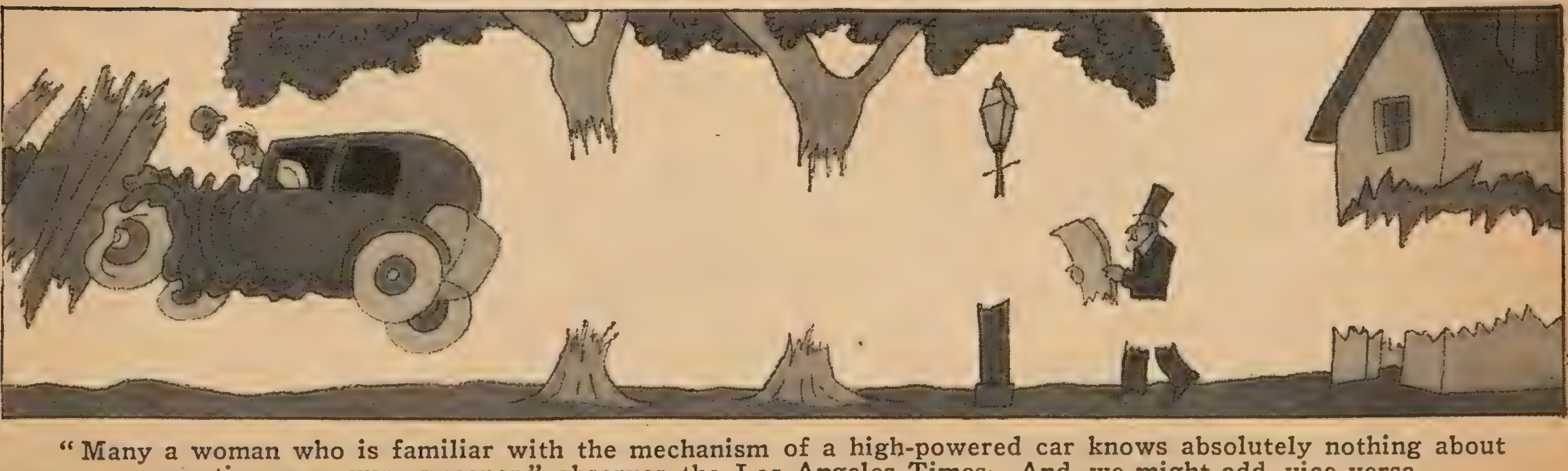
FASHION NOTE FOR MEN says that the mustache is to become fashionable again. Left to right: President Hoover, Babe Ruth, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, and William Hohenzollern.



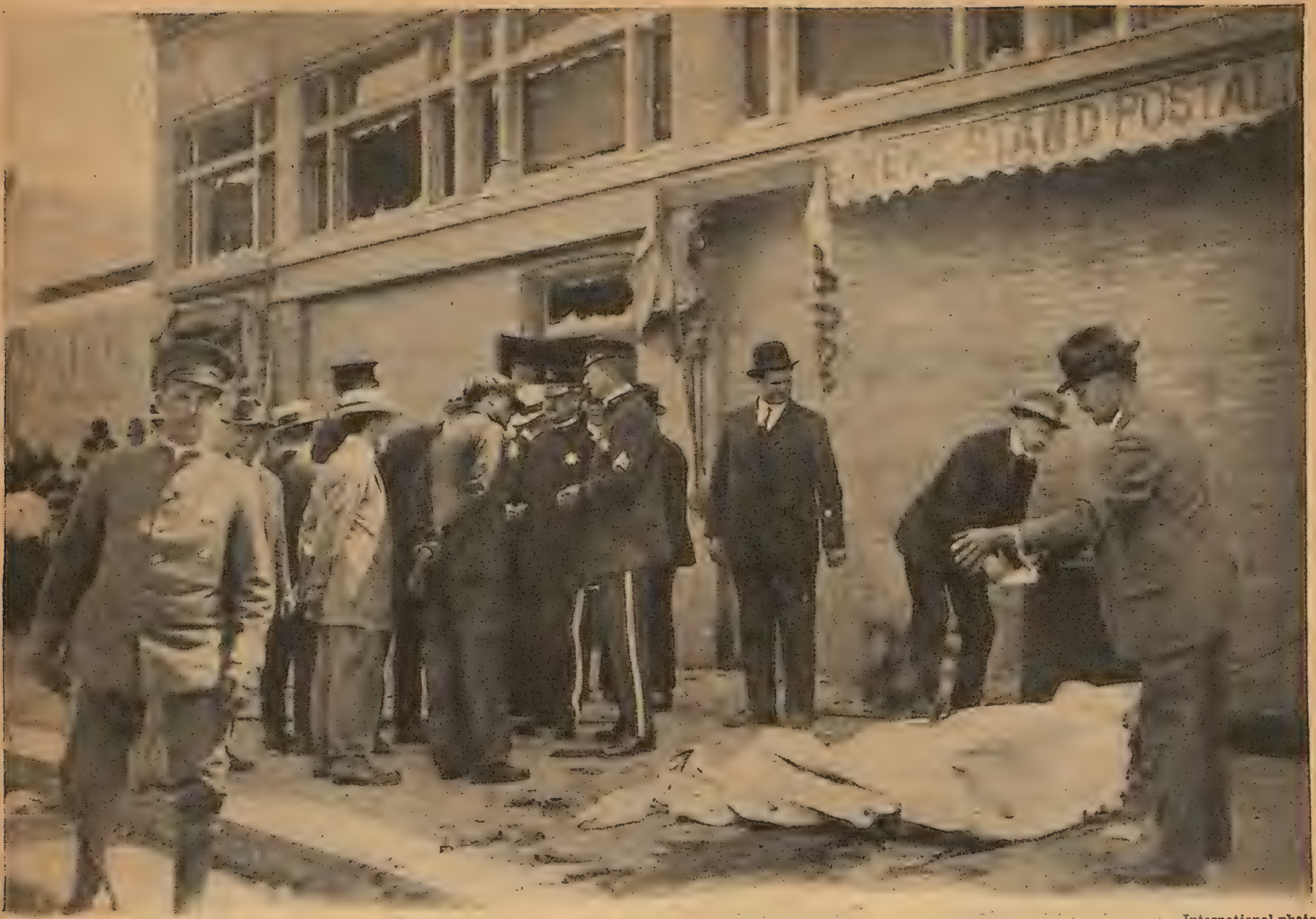
SOME BRAND-NEW DESIGNS in trunks, bags, and suitcases for traveling Congressmen are put on the market by a smart New York luggage firm.



CHICAGO'S FINANCIAL CRASH has at last been traced to a plot of King George's to prove that democracy is a failure.



"Many a woman who is familiar with the mechanism of a high-powered car knows absolutely nothing about operating a vacuum sweeper," observes the Los Angeles Times. And, we might add, vice versa.



International photo

The scene of the bomb explosion among San Francisco's Preparedness paraders, as it looked right after the bomb went off and before the first ambulance arrived.

The Mystery of THOMAS J. MOONEY

Who Exploded the Bomb in the Preparedness Parade?

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

A CLOCK bomb went off at the corner of Market and Steuart streets, San Francisco, in the midst of a unit of the Preparedness Parade of July 22, 1916. Six persons were killed outright.

The hunt for their murderers resulted in arrests of Tom Mooney, his wife, Warren K. Billings, and two others. Mooney was convicted, but his sentence to be hanged was commuted to imprisonment for life. Billings got life; the rest of the quintet were acquitted or freed without trial.

World-wide efforts to procure the release of Mooney have been made ever since.

Mr. Sutherland began the story of this famous case last week, first reciting the undisputed facts, and then commencing an outline of the contentions of the prosecution. He now completes that, gives a similar outline of those of the defense, relates developments in the case since the trial, and brings his account to a conclusion.

THE man who identified Warren K. Billings and Thomas J. Mooney as having placed the Preparedness Day bomb was John McDonald. McDonald was forty years old, a waiter, a sort of tramp worker who drifted across the country. He had just come out of a hospital and had no money.

McDonald testified that he was walking around aimlessly that afternoon and he was standing on Steuart Street, watching the parade form, when he saw a man walking north on the west sidewalk. The man, so McDonald said, carried a suitcase, and put it down at the spot where the explosion occurred. He then walked to the corner and talked to another man who came out of the saloon.

They spoke nervously for a moment or so and then the first man (who, McDonald said, was Billings) crossed Market Street through the parade, reached the other sidewalk, and turned to his right toward the Embarcadero.

The second man (Mooney, according to McDonald), crossing the street to the other curb, turned to his left, or southwest, on Market.

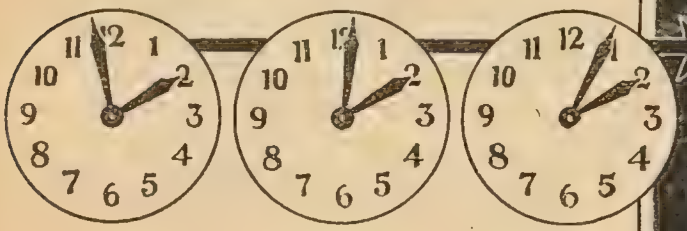
McDonald appeared before the grand jury and at each of the four trials. At the trial of Billings he said the defendant had put down the bag about 1:50 o'clock. At the trial of Mooney he said it was about 1:40; and he stuck to this at the trials of Rena Mooney and Weinberg.

The state's coup was sprung when it produced Frank C. Oxman in the Mooney trial. It caught the defense unprepared, and it resulted in Mooney's conviction.

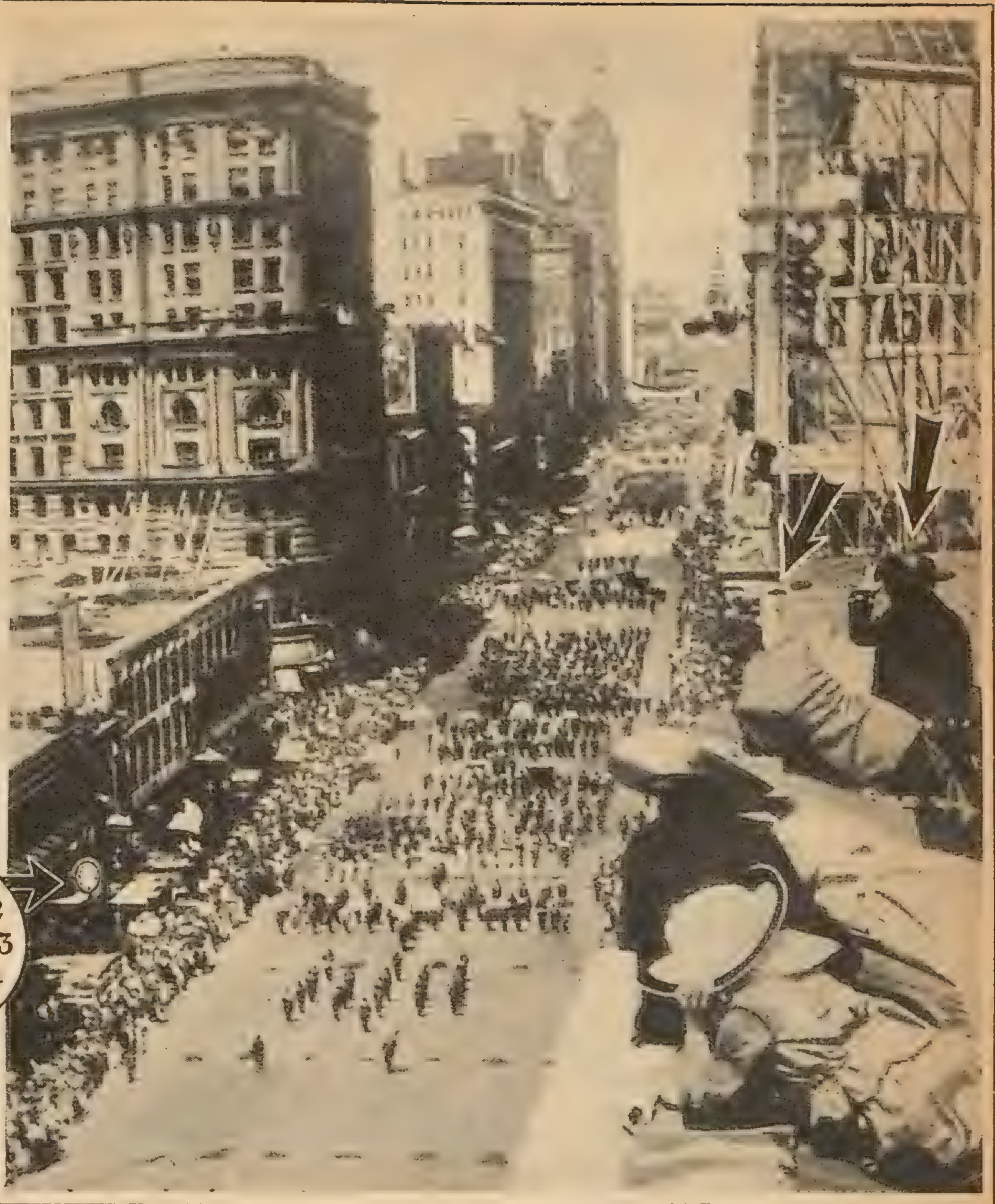
OXMAN lived at Durkee, Oregon, where he had dealt in cattle and sheep for thirty-five years. He bought from and sold to dealers throughout the West, and a lot of his business was transacted in San Francisco.

Oxman testified that he reached San Francisco on the fatal Saturday in July; that he registered at the Terminal Hotel, on Market Street almost directly across from the corner of Steuart; that, strolling around, he happened to be in front of the saloon about 1:40 P. M., when a Ford jitney came down Market and stopped at the corner.

In the jitney, Oxman said, were five persons, four of whom he identified as Rena and Tom Mooney, Warren Billings, and Israel Weinberg, driving. Mooney sat in the front seat, according to Oxman, holding a suitcase on the outside of the machine on the running board.



A street clock, with its hands in these positions, appears in three photographs that show the Mooneys more than a mile from the scene of the bomb explosion.



International photo, by permission of San Francisco Examiner

One of the three photographs showing the Mooneys on the Eilers Building roof, the street clock, and the parade. Arrows point to the Mooneys, and to the clock (left). These pictures became the trump cards of the defense.

WHEN the machine stopped, Oxman said, Mooney got out and walked toward the saloon entrance, while Billings and a man described as having a sandy mustache (and never otherwise identified) alighted. The stranger took the bag and hurried down Steuart. At a point about fifty feet from the corner (Oxman continued) Billings overtook him, took the bag from him, and walked back north—which would bear out McDonald's story.

When Billings reached two iron doors flat in the sidewalk, Oxman testified, he put the bag down, and the two hurried back to the corner where Mooney awaited.

As quoted by Oxman, Mooney said to Billings, "Give it to him and let him go. We must get away or the bulls will be after us."

Whereupon Billings handed the stranger something, probably money, and the latter vanished in the crowd. Then Mooney and Billings leaped back in Weinberg's jitney, which dashed down Steuart to Mission Street, the first street to the south, and turned west. Such was the conclusion of Oxman's story. A half dozen persons vouched for such a maneuver of such a cab at Mission and Steuart.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of Thomas J. Mooney is the third of ten stories of famous crimes and mysteries about which I am writing in my new $10,000 mystery contest series. Here, for the first time, the principal characters and known facts, clews, and motives will be mobilized and related in complete stories.

Everybody loves to find his own solution to an answerless riddle—and it will be much more entertaining to be paid real money for reaching a solution! Liberty therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten puzzles. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, decide for yourself what happened, and mail your conclusions to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It isn't necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and their relatives. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. A limit of 500 words is suggested but not required.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your entry. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners will be published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

STOP TEETHING PAINS WITHIN 1 MINUTE

NO matter how swollen, inflamed or tender the little gums may be, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion will end baby's pain and cries within 60 short seconds.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

is the actual prescription of a famous baby specialist which has been used by mothers for over 40 years. It contains no narcotics and can be used as often as needed with perfect safety. Babies like its cooling taste.

Mrs. H. W. Hutchins of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I had heard that teething was the most disagreeable stage in a baby's journey to childhood. This, however, proved false, for my husband, who is a druggist, brought home a bottle of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion and we used it on our little baby with results unbelievable. He is always so contented now and never cries."

How to Prevent Teething Troubles

Don't wait for the aches and pains of teething to start. At the first sign of cutting teeth begin the Dr. Hand treatment. Thousands upon thousands of mothers have followed this plan. It means no trouble at all with teething and a happy, contented, smiling baby from beginning to end.

Your druggist has or can easily get Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for you.

Mail This Coupon for FREE TRIAL Bottle

Hand Medicine Co.,
109 No. 5th St., Dept. 69, Philadelphia, Pa.
I am enclosing 2 cents for postage, with the name of my druggist. Please send sample of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

Druggist's Name__________
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State__________

THE MYSTERY OF THOMAS J. MOONEY
Continued from page thirty-nine

Oxman said he thought the occupants of the car had stolen something, because of their furtive conduct, and so he jotted down on the back of an envelope these words: "Ford No. 5187. Think stolen grip. S. F. July 22."

The way the prosecution got in touch with Oxman was somewhat complicated. Briefly, a railway station agent in Durkee heard Oxman say he had witnessed the placing of the bomb, and in the hope of getting some of the big reward got in touch with District Attorney Fickert. After considerable correspondence an agent of Fickert's went to Kansas City, where Oxman had gone with a trainload of cattle, saw him there, got his version, and persuaded him to come to San Francisco and appear as the surprise witness against Mooney.

P. & A. photo
John McDonald

Oxman simply nonplused the defense. Other witnesses, supporting him and McDonald, told of seeing the abandoned suitcase. Indeed, one or two added a touch of grim comedy to the trial by saying that in the hot July sun they had decided to sit on the suitcase while waiting for the G. A. R. veterans to fall into the parade.

There were other strange angles to the case. When it became known that a suitcase was involved and certain men had been arrested, witnesses appeared to say that such individuals with such a suitcase had been seen a little before 1:30 o'clock at 721 Market Street. It is well to remember that No. 721 is exactly 4,066 feet west of the corner of Steuart and Market.

This lead was developed, and Mrs. Alice Kidwell and her daughter, Estelle Smith, and Lewie Rominger, who lived at No. 721, said that around 1 or 1:30 Billings carried a suitcase into this address, a two-story building between taller edifices, told them he was to take pictures of the parade, and went to the roof. While he was there, they said, Mrs. Mooney and a swarthy stranger came into the building, and presently Billings, still carrying the bag, came down and the three went away.

F. C. Oxman

A POLICEMAN said that Weinberg's jitney was parked in front of the building and that he talked to Billings about it. The state's theory was that the conspirators met at 721 Market Street, planned to place the bomb there, changed their minds, and rode to Steuart and Market in the Ford, left the suitcase there, and disappeared.

Two other witnesses were a Mrs. Mellie Edeau and her daughter Sadie. They lived in Oakland but were in San Francisco to watch the parade. They testified that they saw Billings, Mrs. Mooney, and Weinberg in front of 721 Market Street.

It was, then, on the testimony of Oxman, McDonald, and the Edeaus that the jury found Mooney guilty.

Let us now consider the response of the defense, and see what happened to Fickert's witnesses.

The chief shield of each of the defendants was an alibi. Nolan was never tried. He was picked up because somebody said he had seen Billings the morning of the explosion. The materials for making bombs which the state said were found in his cellar turned out to be flour instead of plaster of Paris, Epsom salts instead of saltpeter, and welding powder instead of gunpowder.

Weinberg said he was paying his bill at the gas company's office at the time of the blast, and witnesses said he was there. He had driven passengers around that morning and "let the last one off at Market and Third," near 721 Market. Then he corrected himself and said he hadn't been near that spot; and then explained the confusion by saying he didn't know the town well, though he had driven a jitney for years. Weinberg was an illiterate and the jury regarded him as guilty, if guilty at all, of being merely a tool. He was freed.

THE defense produced a witness who said it was he and not Billings who talked to the policeman who said he saw Weinberg's car at 721 Market.

Mrs. Mooney was picked up simply because she had been identified with her husband's labor activities. Her denial that she was in the Ford at the site of the explosion was corroborated by friends and relatives. The jury acquitted her, although it took fifty hours to reach a verdict.

Billings said he had not been farther east than Sixth and Market that day, three blocks west of No. 721. At his trial he said he was going to Market and Second, but later corrected himself. His account of his movements failed to convince the jury, because his witnesses, like Weinberg's, could remember the exact hour and minute they saw him elsewhere than at the locality the state's witnesses placed him at, but could remember nothing much else that happened that day.

The most potent cards played by the defense were certain photographs. Mooney and his wife lived in the Eilers Building, 975 Market Street. This is exactly 6,088 feet west of Steuart and Market. While the parade was marching up Market Street, a young man named Wade Hamilton took three pictures. He was several yards higher than the roof of the Eilers Building and he pointed his camera downward to focus on the paraders.

Each picture showed Mooney and his wife and several other persons on the Eilers roof watching the parade.

Before the Billings trial began these negatives were turned over to the prosecution and the defense heard of them. Fickert did not produce the original pictures, and when he rested his case the defense demanded them. This was refused, though blurred enlargements were turned over, and in those a large clock on a sidewalk far down below could not be clearly seen.

After Billings was convicted, the films were handed to the defense and upon microscopic examination the clock showed 1:58, 2:01, and 2:04 P. M. Enormous enlargements of these pictures were made, and the defense triumphantly proclaimed that they incontrovertibly exonerated the Mooneys, and, of course, the other defendants, because they couldn't have been on the roof, 6,088 feet from Steuart and Market, at those moments and also have placed the bomb.

To this the state replied that Oxman and McDonald weren't necessarily lying, because the plotters could have planted the bomb at 1:40 and still have got back in Weinberg's jitney up Mission Street by 1:58.

To test this contention, while I was investigating this story, I myself, last December, got a taxicab, had it stop at Steuart and Market, then drive to Mission, then west on Mission to the side street nearest the Eilers Building. I left the cab there and hurried to that building. I made this test three times, under different traffic conditions—and traffic today is denser than it was in 1916, with stop-and-go lights to contend with—and the longest trip took me fifteen minutes and the shortest ten minutes.

THE defense now began to imply, and then to insist loudly, that the state's whole case was built, first, on a vindictive persecution, and second, on perjuries. It was shown, for instance, that at the Billings trial McDonald said he had seen the plotters at between eight and ten minutes to 2. When the Hamilton pictures precluded such a situation, he changed the time to "about one-forty" when he testified against Mooney.

This dovetailed with the prosecution's claim that the radicals were first at 721 Market Street, then drove down Market to Steuart and left the suitcase, departing in time to reach the Eilers Building roof by 1:58.

The defense, somewhat dazed at this time, maintained that the bomb never was in a suitcase, but was thrown from a roof. This seems simply to conform to any lawyer's policy to deny everything. The defense could not know at the time about the wealth of evidence it was presently to acquire that most of the prosecution was a frame-up.

The four witnesses who told about the bomb being thrown quickly reduced this defense to absurdity, since they had it coming from different roofs, landing in different spots, falling in different ways. The defense never did really pin much faith in this theory.

The defendants had other defenses,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MYSTERY OF THOMAS J. MOONEY
Continued from page forty-one

equally untenable, and inconsistent with the thrown bomb idea: it had witnesses, and later it had affidavits, to describe the man who did plant the suitcase. Here, too, they showed a groping strategy and a failure of preparation, for the one thing on which all these witnesses and affidavits agreed was that the man wasn't Billings.

But the defense did pound heavily on the remarkable inconsistency of the stories told by the state's chief witnesses, Oxman and McDonald. The former had the plotters arrive in an automobile, place the bomb, and depart in the Ford. The latter had Billings and Mooney there alone and afoot, placing the suitcase under circumstances different from those described by Oxman, and then separating and leaving in different directions on foot.

The strongest weapon which came to the Mooney defense, however, was placed in its hands on April 11, 1917, when it received three extraordinary letters written by Oxman. These letters are reproduced here verbatim, the first mailed December 14, 1916:

Int. photo P. & A. photo

Tom Mooney in 1916, and at the right, last year. The later picture is reported to have been taken after he had been on a self-imposed diet of cottage cheese and buttermilk, to cure what he thought was a case of appendicitis.

Mr. Ed Riggall,
Grayville, Ill.

Dear Ed; has been long ttime since I hurd from you. I have a chance for you to cum to San Frico as expurt wittness in a very important case. You will only hafto answer 3 & 4 questiones and I will Post you on them. You will get mileage and all that a witness can draw Probly 100 in cleare so if you will come ans me quick. in care of this Hotel and I will mange the Balance. It is all ok but I need a witness. Let me no if you can come Jan 3 is the dait set for the trile. Pleas keep this confidential. Ans hear. Yours truly,

F. C. Oxman

The second letter says:

Dec 18, 1916

Mr. F. E. Rigall, Grayville, Ill.

Dear Ed:

Your Telegram Received. I will wire you transportation in plenty of time allso expce money. Will Route you by Chicago, Omaha, U. P. Ogden S P to Sam Frico. I thought you can make the trip and see Califerna and save a little money. As you will Be alowed to collect 10¢ Per mile from the State which will be about 200 besides I can get your expences and you will only hafto say you seen me on July 22 in San Frico & that will Be easey dun. I will try and meet you on the way out and talk it over The state of California will Pay you but I will attend to the expces. The case wont come up untill Jan 3 or 4 1917 so start about 29. off this month. You know that the silent road is the one and say nothing to Any Body. The fewer People no it the better. When you arrive Registure as Evansville Ind little more mileage. Yours truly

F. C. Oxman

Will you want to Return by Los Angeles. Can Route you that way.

The third letter, to Mrs. J. D. Rigall, mother of F. E. Rigall, is as follows:

Mrs. J. D. Riggal,
Grayville.

12/25/1916

Dear Mrs. Rigal: As I am sending Ed transportation tomorrow, 26, it might be that I can use you allso about the 10. If so I can obtain you ticket that you can see California if you would like the trip addrees me care Hotell. Tell F. E. see nothing untill he see me. Can probly use a extry witness. Been a long time I dont see you. Yours truly,

F. C. Oxman

On April 22, Rigall made an affidavit in Illinois, that he had known Oxman for years. He reached San Francisco on January 6, the affidavit goes on, after receiving the expense money from the ticket agent at Grayville.

The affidavit then states that he met Oxman, who had him register at the Terminal Hotel as L. O. Charles of Evansville, Indiana. It adds that he told Oxman that on July 22 he had been at Niagara Falls, but Oxman said that that was all right, that he was simply to swear he had been in San Francisco and had seen Oxman that day. It also appears in the affidavit that Oxman offered him $250 and part of the reward later.

Rigall said that he then moved to the Hotel Sutter under his right name, and that Assistant District Attorney Edward A. Cunha called on him there. They talked over the case and finally decided not to use him. Fickert also called on him, he said, and they talked at length about his testifying. They agreed, though, not to risk it.

Rigall said he then asked for $150 for his expenses, but all he ever got was $50. He went back to Illinois and after the Mooney verdict came in he wired Cunha: "Congratulations on your conviction. I believe my testimony will secure party a new trial." Whereupon Cunha sent him a long telegram saying he didn't understand and to wire what it was all about. Rigall finally decided to get in touch with the defense, and did so.

Meanwhile, Mooney had been refused a new trial and had been sentenced to hang. The defense rushed to Judge Griffin with these letters, but the judge could do nothing. They were then shown to Attorney General U. S. Webb, and he went before the state supreme court, explained the situation, and stipulated with the defense that the supreme court should reverse the judgment and remand the case for another trial, since it was patent that Mooney had been convicted on fraudulent evidence.

The supreme bench replied that because of the law it could only consider the record as it came up from the lower court and could not consider new matter of any nature. On that record it affirmed the verdict, and Mooney was at the end of his rope in more ways than one.

THE letters were then taken to Judge Dunne in San Francisco and a warrant was asked for Oxman's arrest for subornation of perjury. Judge Dunne read them, said he thought they were perfectly honest letters, and flatly refused to issue a warrant.

Judge Brady, however, did issue a warrant and Oxman was arrested. He was tried and acquitted. The defense then asked Judge Griffin to arrest Oxman for perjury, but the charges were dismissed. Oxman did not appear in any of the subsequent trials.

As told last week, President Wilson intervened, and Governor Stephens commuted Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment. Then the defense got busy on a drive to have the two men released from prison.

Judge Griffin became convinced that Mooney had been framed, and he wrote to Governor Stephens that Mooney ought to have a new trial. The foreman of the jury and the ten surviving jurors fell in line, agreeing with the judge that without Oxman's testimony Mooney could not have been convicted.

The impeachment of the testimony of Mrs. Edeau and her daughter by police officials who tangled them up in their stories after Mooney was convicted, and the action of the witnesses at No. 721 Market Street in admitting that they had either lied or been mistaken in placing the conspirators there, were added to the appeals.

The pressure became terrific. It must be noted and recorded that prior to the time the judge and the jurors and the witnesses fell into line, one by one they were subjected to most strenuous attacks by defense partisans.

Thus, it was not until February, 1921, that anybody had a kind word for McDonald. At that time McDonald was working as a waiter in the Central House in Trenton, New Jersey. On February 7 he went to New York City, to the office of Frank Walsh, celebrated attorney, who had picked up the Mooney torch where Bourke Cockran had dropped it when that silver-throated lawyer had died.

There McDonald signed an affidavit that he had committed perjury. He said he had mentioned to somebody, the day of the explosion, that he was near the scene. A

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

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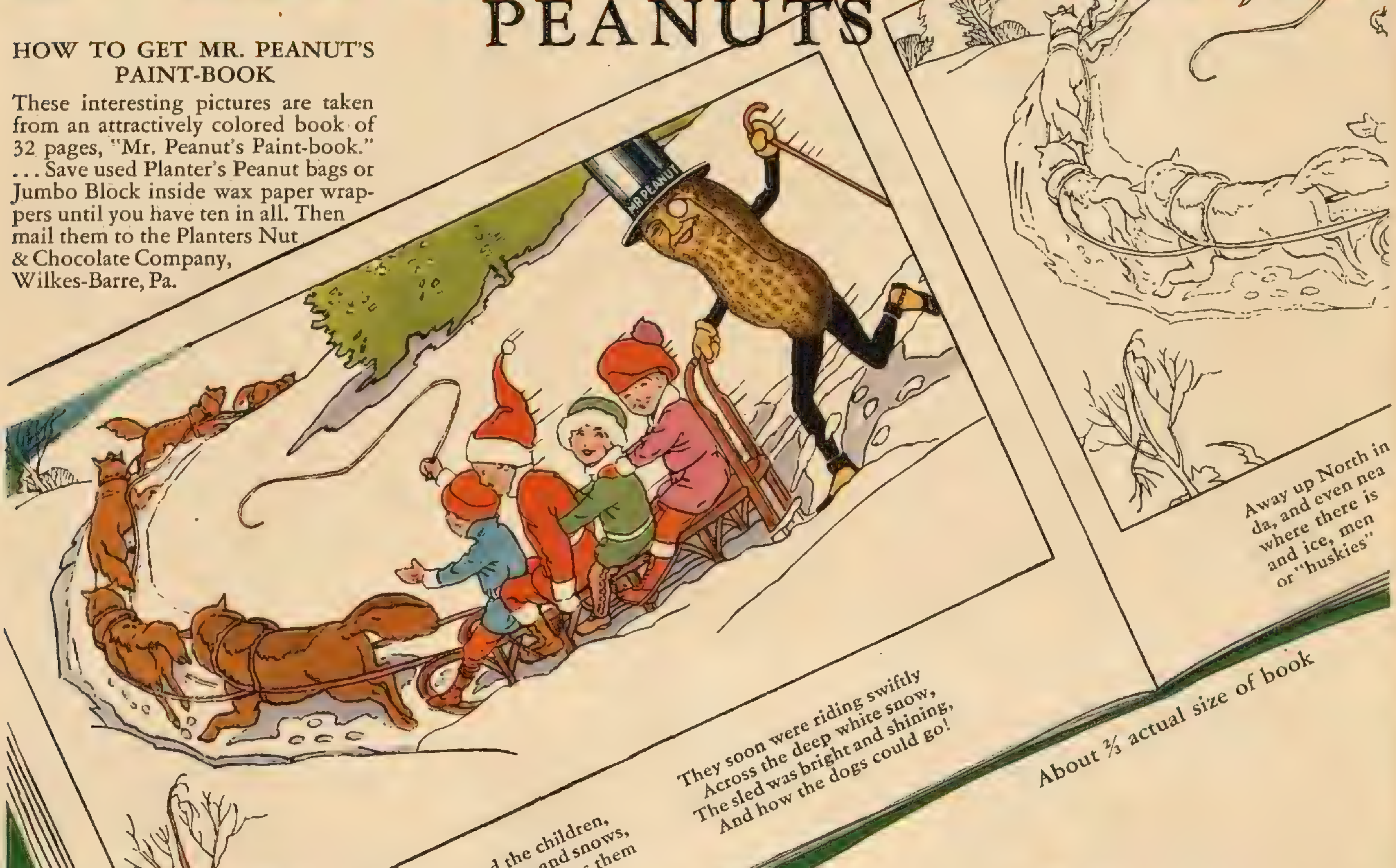

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They soon were riding swiftly
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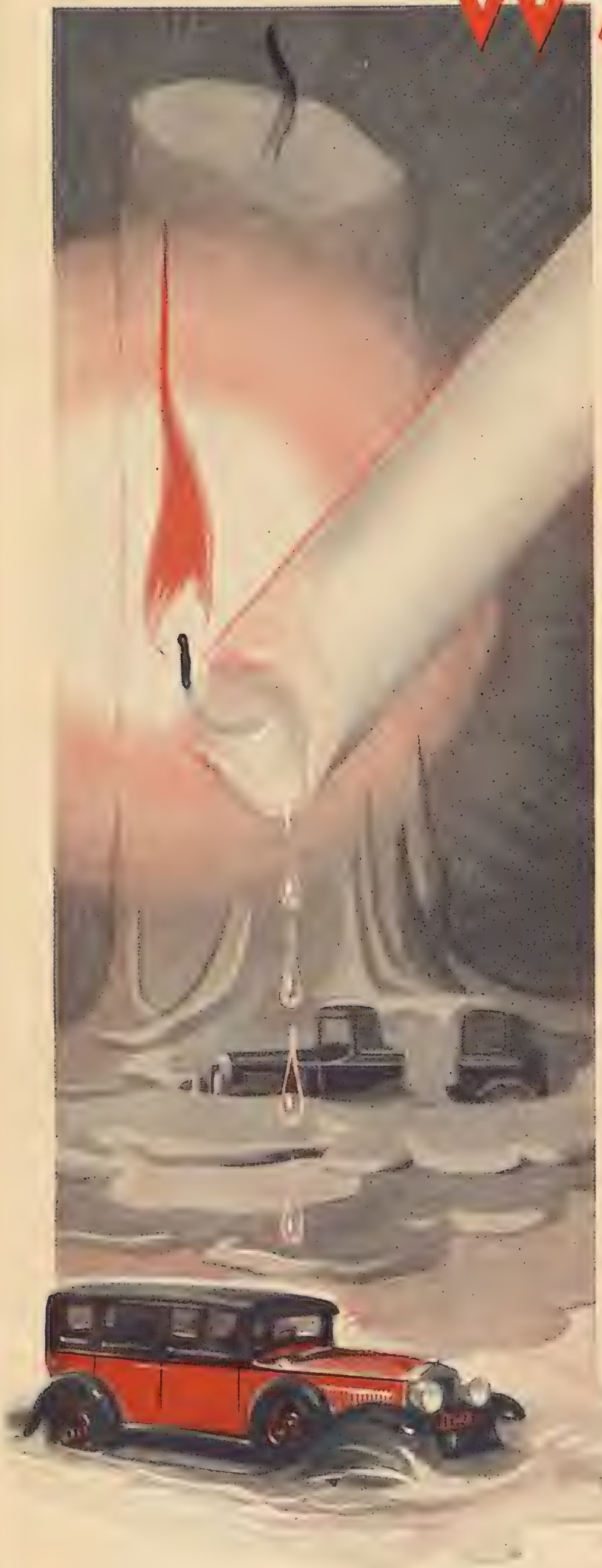

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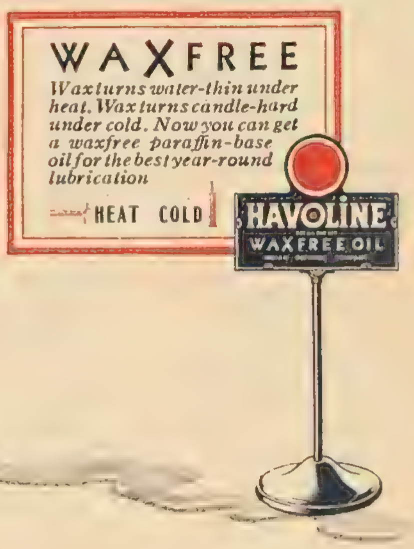
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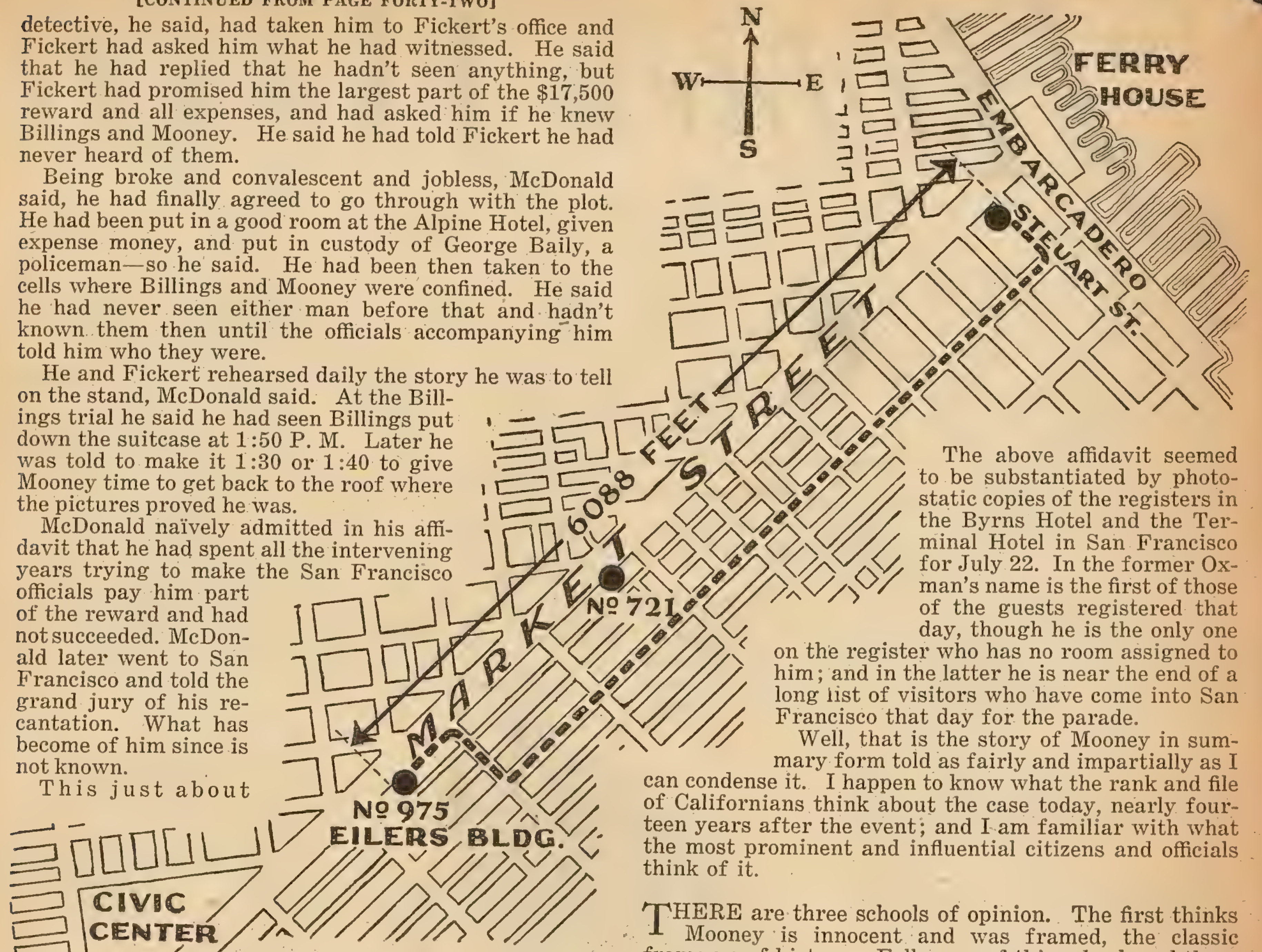
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

detective, he said, had taken him to Fickert's office and Fickert had asked him what he had witnessed. He said that he had replied that he hadn't seen anything, but Fickert had promised him the largest part of the $17,500 reward and all expenses, and had asked him if he knew Billings and Mooney. He said he had told Fickert he had never heard of them.

Being broke and convalescent and jobless, McDonald said, he had finally agreed to go through with the plot. He had been put in a good room at the Alpine Hotel, given expense money, and put in custody of George Baily, a policeman—so he said. He had been then taken to the cells where Billings and Mooney were confined. He said he had never seen either man before that and hadn't known them then until the officials accompanying him told him who they were.

He and Fickert rehearsed daily the story he was to tell on the stand, McDonald said. At the Billings trial he said he had seen Billings put down the suitcase at 1:50 P. M. Later he was told to make it 1:30 or 1:40 to give Mooney time to get back to the roof where the pictures proved he was.

McDonald naïvely admitted in his affidavit that he had spent all the intervening years trying to make the San Francisco officials pay him part of the reward and had not succeeded. McDonald later went to San Francisco and told the grand jury of his recantation. What has become of him since is not known.



Market and the other streets of San Francisco that figure in the Mooney case. The dot near the corner of Steuart Street marks the scene of the explosion; it occurred at 2:06 P. M. Witnesses, who later recanted, placed Billings with a suitcase at 721 Market Street about 1 to 1:30. Photographs proved that the Mooneys were at 975 Market, on the roof, from 1:58 to 2:04. The dotted line marks the route by which, according to the prosecution, they could have got there by 1:58 from Steuart Street.

This just about cleaned up the prosecution, according to the defense, which now was able to inform the governors of California —the highest courts in the state and in the nation having declined to give Mooney any relief—that there was no vestige of a case left against the prisoners.

This contention was reënforced mightily in May of 1921, when Earl Hatcher and his wife appeared on the surface of the case. Hatcher, who lived in Woodland, California, ninety miles from San Francisco, made affidavit that on July 20, 1916, he was selling some sheep for Oxman. The buyers wanted 10,000 more, so he wired Oxman in Portland, Oregon, and Oxman came down. He reached Woodland about 7:30 o'clock the morning of Saturday, July 22, and registered at the Byrns Hotel.

Hatcher met him there and they talked till about 11 o'clock. Then they went to Hatcher's home. After eating lunch there, Oxman lay down for a couple of hours on Hatcher's bed; and at 2:08 o'clock he took the train for San Francisco, Hatcher going to the depot with him.

This would have Oxman arrive in San Francisco about 5 o'clock. That night, Hatcher said, Oxman telephoned to him in Woodland about the sheep deal, and casually mentioned that there had been a bomb explosion earlier in the day.

The above affidavit seemed to be substantiated by photostatic copies of the registers in the Byrns Hotel and the Terminal Hotel in San Francisco for July 22. In the former Oxman's name is the first of those of the guests registered that day, though he is the only one on the register who has no room assigned to him; and in the latter he is near the end of a long list of visitors who have come into San Francisco that day for the parade.

Well, that is the story of Mooney in summary form told as fairly and impartially as I can condense it. I happen to know what the rank and file of Californians think about the case today, nearly fourteen years after the event; and I am familiar with what the most prominent and influential citizens and officials think of it.

THERE are three schools of opinion. The first thinks Mooney is innocent and was framed, the classic frame-up of history. Followers of this school, and there are many, are pretty rabid, unable to discuss the case calmly and unwilling to see any side of it but their own.

Another school thinks Mooney was guilty and was convicted by due process of law; and that witnesses repudiated their stories because of bribes or intimidation or sympathy. McDonald, for instance, waited five years to get part of the reward and, when he failed, impeached himself. This school says Rigall's exposure could have resulted from his failure to get money from Fickert and his ability to get it from the Mooney defense funds.

The Edeaus may have been intimidated into confusion by a group of officers and newspaper men whose sympathies lay with Mooney. Other witnesses, some of them women, may have been prevailed on to change their stories by threats to dig up old scandals. So this school of opinion contends, at any rate.

There isn't a single person who changed his mind who couldn't have been induced to do so; and those whose good faith cannot be impugned, such as Judge Griffin and the jurors, could have been deceived. The jurors, for example, after the trial, were quoted in the press as saying they'd have convicted Mooney even without Oxman's testimony.

This school believes that a defendant always is innocent until proven guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt, an axiom in Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. But, once found guilty by due process of law, the defendant thereafter always is guilty until proven innocent beyond the shadow of a doubt.

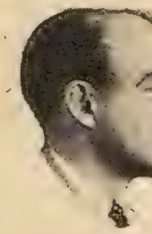
The third school cynically believes that Mooney was guilty of the massacre; that the state couldn't prove it, and therefore framed him. This school holds that since the right man is in prison, what difference does it make what steps were necessary to put him there?

The story of another unsolved real life mystery will be told by Mr. Sutherland in next week's Liberty.

Hidden Hands

The Story of a Careful Killer

By



GUY GILPATRIC

who is in the advertising business in New York, his birthplace, after five years as professional aviator with a low-numbered pilot's license, two years of war service, and various spells of traveling about to see things. His latest hobby is pistol practice, he tells us.

Pictures by ROBERT W. STEWART

THE Flynns came from Clammarty, which you pass on your way to Belfast, and where circles are trodden in the turf by fairies which dance at dawn. Every soul in the village, except the priest, has heard the banshee wail in the stillness of the deathwatch—though of course one doesn't hear it as often now as in the lean old days when hunger stalked through the valley in the wintertime, and landlords were shot from behind the drifted hedges.

Catalfano, where the Cordonis hailed from, lies in the sun on a hillside back of Palermo. Though piously they plant black crosses at the roadside to mark where men have fallen to carabinieri's bullet and vendettista's knife, they nail living hawks by the wings to barn doors and hang goat's horns in the chimney corners to ward off the evil eye.

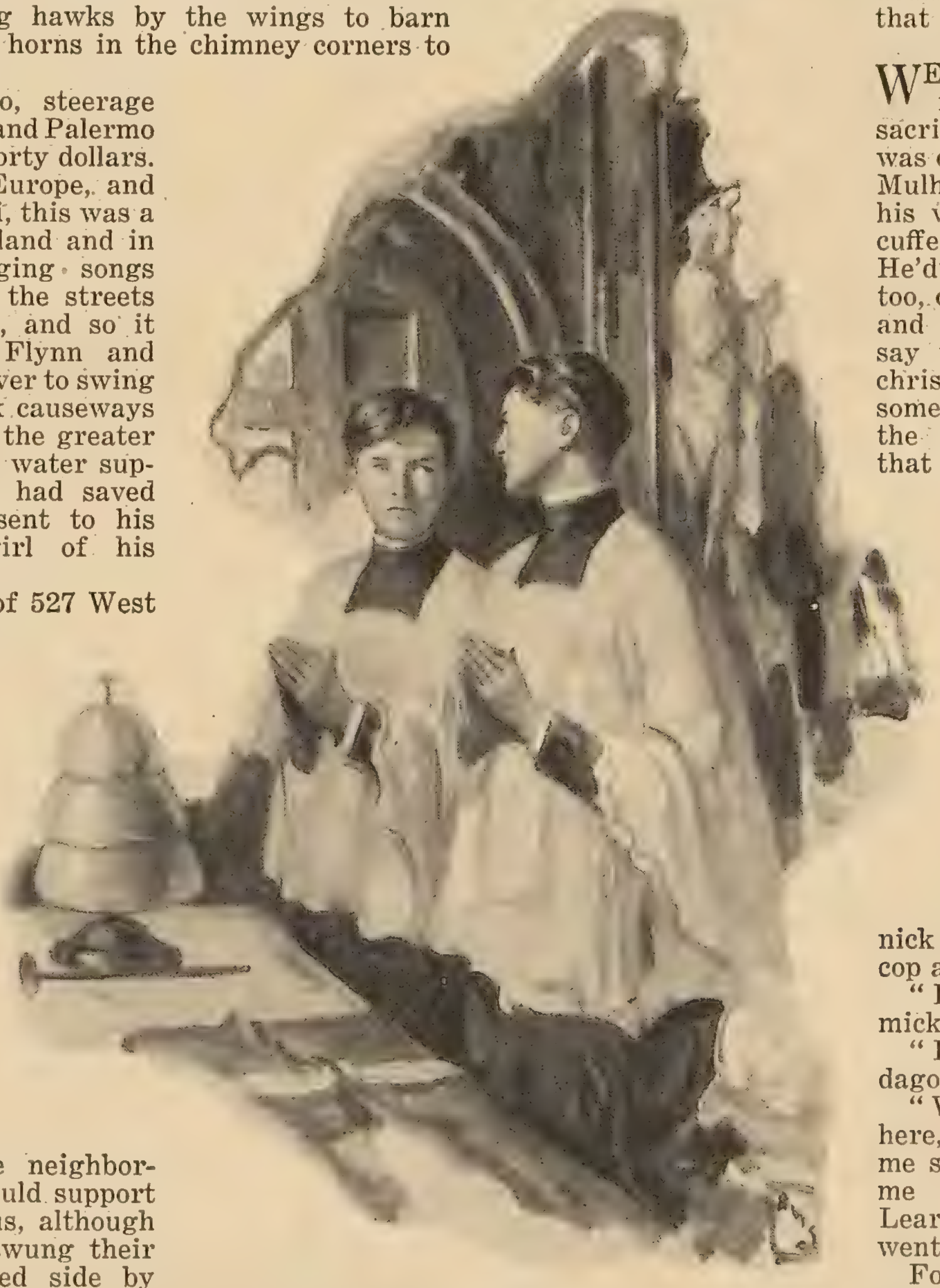
Sixty-odd years ago, steerage passages from Belfast and Palermo to New York sold for forty dollars. Times were hard in Europe, and to a Flynn or a Cordoni, this was a vast sum. But in Ireland and in Italy they were singing songs about the land where the streets were paved with gold, and so it befell that Bernard Flynn and Fidelio Cordoni came over to swing picks in the New York causeways for a dollar a day and the greater glory of the municipal water supply. And when each had saved sufficient money, he sent to his homeland for the girl of his ambition.

Hence, Mrs. Flynn of 527 West Forty-eighth Street, and Mrs. Cordoni of 422. And hence, eventually, little red-haired Peter Flynn and little black-haired Dominick Cordoni, both aged twelve, and both altar boys in the Church of Our Lady of Campostella, around on Eleventh Avenue.

In those early days of the melting pot, the Irish and the Italians didn't mix socially, but the neighborhood was so poor it could support only one church. Thus, although Peter and Dominick swung their censers and genuflected side by side, they had never spoken. But one Sunday when old Father Mulholland was intoning Mass, little black Dominick leaned over to little red Peter and whispered: "Hey, you thick mick! Your cassock's unbuttoned in the back."

And Peter had whispered to Dominick: "Shut up, you dirty dago!"

Now that doesn't sound important, does it? Just a scrap between a couple of kids, which a slap in the mouth should have settled once and for all. There they were in the dark little church; there was old Father Mulholland droning his "*Dominus vobiscum. Et cum spiritu tuo*"; and there was a murder all signed, sealed, and waiting to be delivered. It waited thirty-six years, but then, of course, it was a pretty good murder. It's usually the second-rate ones that happen in a hurry.



One day Dominick whispered: "Hey, you thick mick! Your cassock's unbuttoned." And Peter had whispered to Dominick: "Shut up, you dirty dago!"

WELL, Peter and Dominick went at it in the sacristy that day, and Peter was on top when old Father Mulholland hobbled out in all his vestments and soundly cuffed the pair of them. He'd have sent them home, too, only it was early Mass, and seven Masses more to say that day, besides five christenings and probably some last rites on account of the scaffolding falling on that Fifty-first Street job. So he just told them to forget it.

But they didn't.

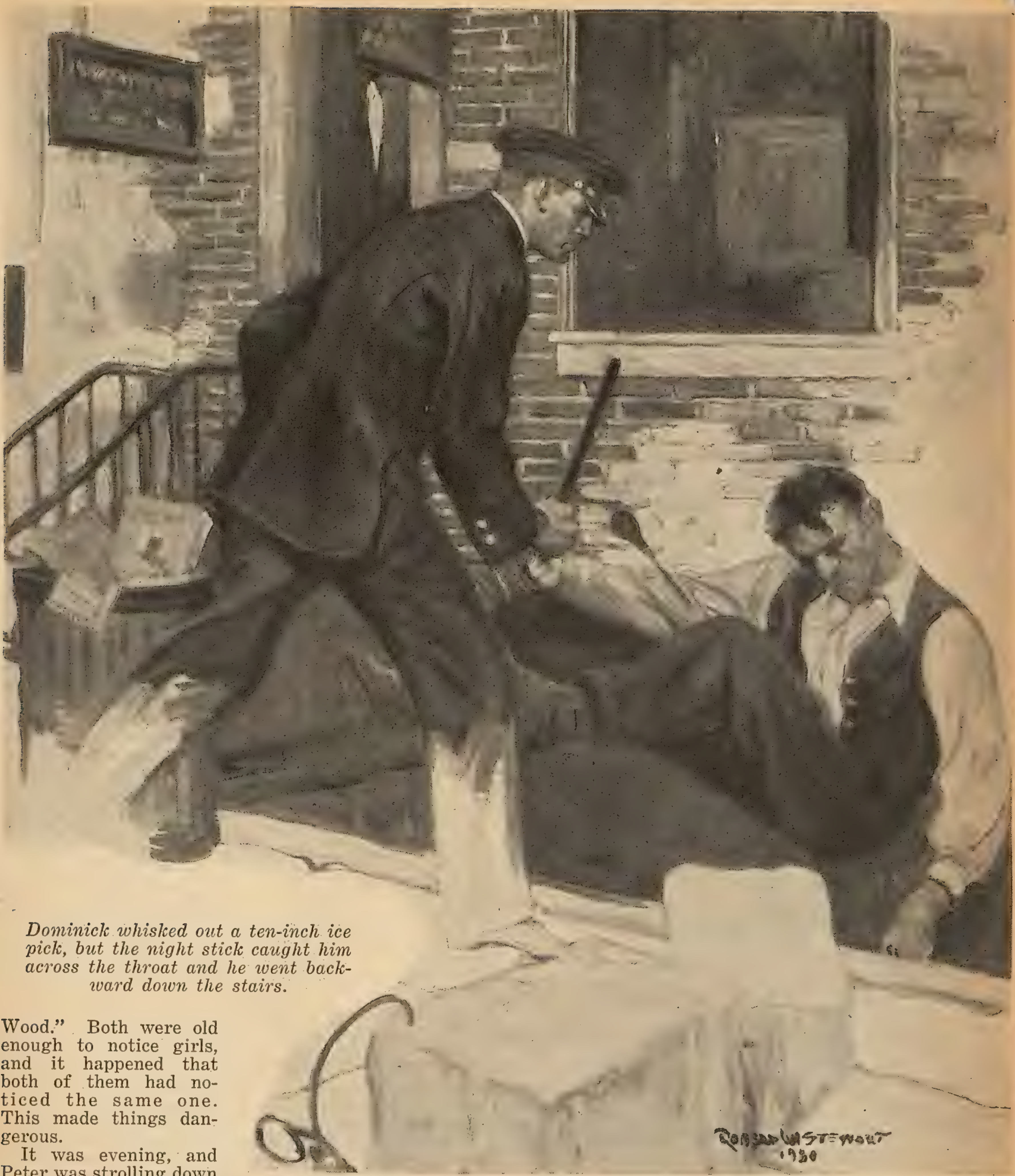
Four years later, when Peter was working at the news stand under the L and Dominick was shining shoes in the barber shop, they tangled teeth and toenails right out on Ninth Avenue. There was a crowd around, and Peter had Dominick well bloodied up. The cop arrived.

"He called me a thick mick!" protested Peter.

"He said I was a dirty dago!" sniffled Dominick.

"Well, git the hell outer here, the both of ye, and let me see no more fightin' on me beat!" And Officer Leary, night stick swinging, went grandly on his way.

Four years again, and Peter was a truckman, while Dominick was assisting his uncle in a cellar labeled "Mike—Ice, Cole, and



Dominick whisked out a ten-inch ice pick, but the night stick caught him across the throat and he went backward down the stairs.

Wood." Both were old enough to notice girls, and it happened that both of them had noticed the same one. This made things dangerous.

It was evening, and Peter was strolling down the block toward her house. Dominick, headed in the other direction, stood squarely before him on the sidewalk.

"Where do you think you're going?" he inquired menacingly.

"Git the hell outer my way!" returned Peter, butting him with his shoulder.

"Why, you thick mick, I can lick you with one hand tied behind me!"

"Yair? Let's see you do it!"

Dominick put his right hand behind him and led off with his left. Peter clipped him experimentally on the chin, chuckled, and was gloatingly preparing to uncork the haymaker, when, *crack!* the lights went out. Old Man Shanley, who had witnessed the *rencontre* from his tenement doorstep, picked him up and brought him to.

"I heard him call ye a thick mick, and, be jaze, ye certainly are!" he told the groggy Peter. "Let it be a lesson to ye nivver to foight a dago widout yez can see both of his two hands at once."

"What happened?" asked Peter dully.

"He hit ye wid a blackjack! Wha'd'ye think it was, a cream puff?"

Peter said nothing. He rubbed his skull, turned, and walked unsteadily home. From somewhere down the block he heard a derisive voice chanting, "Thick mick Flynn! Thick mick Flynn!"

Thick? Well, yes, Peter was thick. But he had learned

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

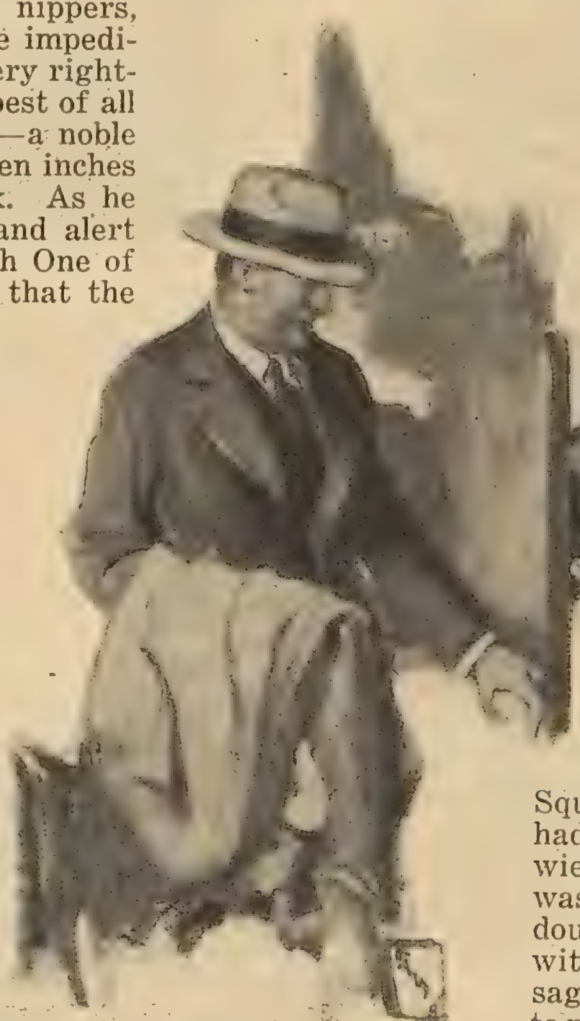
HIDDEN HANDS
Continued from page forty-nine

something—always keep your eye on the other guy's hands. It stood him in good stead more than once, in his many years as copper in some of the toughest precincts in the city. But his first night out on a beat was a time of bitter humiliation.

His uniform fitted him well. On his breast was his shield. Around his waist was belted his new pearl-handled .38, gift of the boys of the Antrim Club. In his pockets were handcuffs, chain nippers, blackjack, and the various police impedimenta so dear to the heart of every right-thinking young Irishman. But best of all was the night stick in his hand—a noble baton of lignum vitæ, full eighteen inches long and weighted to fell an ox. As he strolled along in the dignified and alert manner prescribed by Paragraph One of the Patrol Regulations, he felt that the night stick was the true symbol of his authority. And he wished that Dominick would happen along, in order that it might have its baptism of ivory.

Old Officer Leary, he remembered, had always twirled his club as he walked—a deft yet nonchalant flourish imparted by tumbling it out of his hand, spinning it on the thong, and catching it again at just the proper instant. It had lent him no end of poise. . . . Peter spun his club forward and slightly sideways. The end of it struck the rim of an ash barrel, rebounded, and caught him squarely on the mouth. Off snapped a tooth.

Quickly he put up his hand. There was blood on his white glove and red rage in his soul. Fortunately, he thought, no one had seen him. But next day, when he called on the girl, the first thing she did was to lift his lip with her forefinger and peer curiously within.



Peter halted before Room 761 and knocked. "Come in, Flynn!"

"Oh!" she giggled. "It's true!"

"Sure," he lied. "I pinched a couple of Gophers last night, and one of 'em sloughed me with a set of knucks before I stretched him with my night stick. Who told you?"

"Mary Paluso. Only she said Dominick Cordoni was telling everybody he seen you knock it out yourself."

Peter's face went redder than usual, and he squirmed in his chair. There was a long silence while he steeled himself to the confession.

"It's true," he said. "But I'll fix that dirty dago for tellin' it around. You wait!"

A PIVOT tooth filled the void, but for a year people chided Thick Mick Flynn, the copper who clubbed himself in the mouth. Then, one morning, Peter handed Dominick a summons for obstructing the sidewalk with certain cakes of ice piled outside his cellar emporium. To the copper's delight, Dominick tore up the summons.

"Ye're under arrest!" declared Peter, never losing sight of Dominick's hands. "Come on, now! You gotter come with me."

Dominick whisked out a ten-inch ice pick, but the night stick caught him across the throat and he went backward down the cellar stairs. Damages: four ribs and a collar bone.

The case was simple: refusing summons, resisting arrest, and felonious assault. It looked, thought Peter happily, like a two-year stretch at least. But Peter had overlooked one thing. Dominick's uncle, who had formerly owned the ice business, now owned a saloon. He controlled Italian votes. Nine witnesses swore that Peter had clubbed Dominick without provocation and then kicked him down the stairs. It was, they said, an affair of jealousy—and they mentioned the girl. Peter was lucky to get off with a thirty-day suspension without pay, and a transfer to Astoria.

In those days, of course, Astoria was banishment—the cemetery of policemen's hopes. It was a dreary waste of vacant lots in which goats wandered and trucks dumped garbage. There was no petty graft for a copper, no chance to make a spectacular pinch and thus get ahead in the world. Half your off-duty time was used up in getting home and coming back again.

Many a winter night, when the wind swept across the lots and Peter stood gazing westward at the lights in the city, he could feel the hate burning within him—burning, and then, suddenly, becoming icy cold. He had so much time to think about it! Nolan was a sergeant now, and McGuire a detective, second grade. And here he was, five years on the force, still a flatfoot, and no prospects of anything better.

THE night after his wedding he reported forty minutes late for duty, and then hurried out to relieve Quillan on his post. It was very dark. He found Quillan lying on his face on a garbage pile, with an ice pick between his shoulders.

To the dicks of the Homicide Squad he explained his certainty that the ice pick had been meant for him and that Dominick had wielded it. A week later they told him that he was right—that there wasn't the shadow of a doubt about who had done it, and why. Only, with much nodding, winking, and mouth-corner sagacity, they explained how impossible it was to prove anything. Sure—an alibi! . . . Powerful connection! . . . Wise wop! Git it?

Peter got it. Also, on the dick captain's recommendation, he got a transfer back to the city. Mourning Quillan and nursing his hatred, he rejoiced at the turn of his fortunes.

By the time Peter had become a sergeant, Dominick was by way of being a pretty smooth criminal. His political affiliations kept him out of jail, and his good judgment kept him out of Peter's precinct. Then an election went sour, and Dominick left town. Some said Detroit, some said Buffalo, but Peter said good riddance and to hell with him, anyway.

A lieutenancy was in sight. For nine years he wore the gold bar on his collar. Then another one joined it; he was a captain.

He was a good precinct commander. He was fat, forty-eight, prosperous, and still a trifle thick, but he made up in tenacity what he lacked in brilliance. Once each week, in plain clothes, he drove the length and breadth of the mile-square area which was his domain, viewing the speakeasies with the warm affection which a farmer feels toward his fertile green acres. The rest of the time he would sit at his desk in his great bare room, with the flyblown proclamations of the commissioner-before-last pasted on the wall, and roar at people. Life, he felt, was good.

Then, one spring day, he heard that Dominick Cordoni was back in town—Cordoni, the big shot of the Detroit beer racket, come out of the west to show New York how!

Captain Flynn did not sleep for three nights. He was thinking, and, to him, thinking was difficult.

On the fourth morning he did not go to the station house. Instead he walked downtown to a drug store one block from the Manhattan-Remson Hotel, phoned the hotel, and asked for Mr. Cordoni.

"Hello!" came Cordoni's voice. Peter would have known it anywhere.

"Hello," said Peter. "This is Flynn speaking—Captain Peter Flynn, One Hundred and Fourth Precinct. I'm down in the lobby. If you're alone, I'd like to see you."

There was a pause, and then a sneering chuckle.

"Flynn? Sure I'm alone, Flynn. Room seven six one. Come on up, Flynn."

It was hot in the phone booth. Peter removed his topcoat and draped it over his arm. He crossed to the hotel, went up in the elevator to the ninth floor, and walked down to the seventh. He halted before Room 761 and knocked.

"Come in, Flynn!"

Dominick Cordoni, too, was fat, forty-eight, and prosperous, but you could see at once that there was nothing thick about him. Somehow he combined the flavors of Wall Street, of Saratoga, and of a dirty postcard. Clad in a purple satin dressing robe, he sat at a table, facing the door. On the table was an unfinished letter.

Peter closed the door and stood with his back to it.

"Hello, Flynn," Dominick said, not unpleasantly. "What do you want?"

"I wanted to see you," said Peter awkwardly.

"Meaning just how much?" and Dominick winked knowingly. Then, as Peter maintained his silence:

"SAY, copper, listen! You needn't be bashful with me! There's been four of you boys around already, and we had no trouble talking business. Why, hell, Flynn! Naturally I don't expect to muscle in here in this territory without it costing me something!"

"Yair?"

"Yair. Say, Flynn, I hope you aren't still sore about—oh, about—you know!"

"Yair?"

There was something strange in Peter's voice. This copper wasn't acting right! Dominick glanced him up and down. Just beneath the edge of Peter's coat, at the belt line, he saw a spot of white. It was the pearl butt of a revolver.

"Well, say," and though he smiled his eyes never left that spot of white. "Sit down, Flynn. Chuck your overcoat over there on the bed, and let's talk this out." Very slowly his right hand disappeared beneath the table.

"I'm gonter stand," said Peter. "I just came to ask you a question."

"Yair?" Dominick didn't look up.

"Yair. I can't make you answer it, but I don't see why you shouldn't. Did you croak Officer Quillan?"

There was a pause, during which the muscles of Dominick's right arm seemed to tense.

"Yair," he said at length. "Why, sure I croaked him! You and everybody knew I croaked him. But you micks was all too thick to prove it on me. It was you I meant to get, of course, but it was so dam' dark that . . ."

"Yair. I know the rest," said

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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HIDDEN HANDS
Continued from page fifty-one

Peter. “I just wanted to make sure.”

“Well, now that you know, what are you gonter do about it?”

Peter considered in his thick way. “I don't know exactly,” he said. “I haven't just made up my mind. Say, what have you got in your hand under the table there?”

“What've I got in my hand? Why, I got a gun in my hand, that's what! And I got it pointed at your fat belly right above where that rod of yours is hanging.”

“Oh, yair?” and Peter glanced down at his own pistol in embarrassment. “I didn't know it was showing.”

Dominick chuckled nastily.

“Well, it is, and I got my eyes on it. And now, Captain Wise Guy Thick Mick Peter Flynn, before you get the hell outer here, I wanter remind you of a lesson I taught you once before. Never let the other guy's hands get out of sight. Remember?”

“Yair. You mean that time you socked me? Sure I remember,” said Peter. Beneath the topcoat, very gently, he squeezed back his trigger finger. There was a flash, a roar. Something heavy thudded on the carpet under the table. Very slowly Dominick wilted over the arm of his chair. Where his right eye had been was now a gory cavern.

“H'M,” said Peter, shifting his topcoat to his left arm, tucking an automatic into his pocket, and shoving his pearl-handled service pistol out of sight along his belt. “Well, I guess that fixes that.” He smelled something burning, and with his moistened finger extinguished the glow around a hole in his topcoat.

“Gee!” he murmured, surveying the damage. “Well, I guess she can darn it so's it won't show.”

Then, leisurely, he strolled down the hall, walked up two flights, and took the elevator.

Back at the station house he settled into his chair, sighed comfortably, and considered the pile of morning reports upon his desk. Across the great bare room, Clerical Policeman Ryan was laboriously picking out something on the typewriter. From the hall came the tramp of heavy feet as the traffic detail went out for the day.

Lieutenant Costigan came hurrying in.

“Say, what do you think?” he exclaimed. “Cordoni was just found shot at the Manhattan-Remson!”

“Yair?” said Peter absently. “Well, I'm glad it ain't in our precinct. Who bumped him?”

“They don't know. I was just talking to Berger on the phone. Well,” and the lieutenant puffed his cigar and nodded his head wisely, “it just goes to prove that old gag about ‘him who lives by the sword dies by the sword.’”

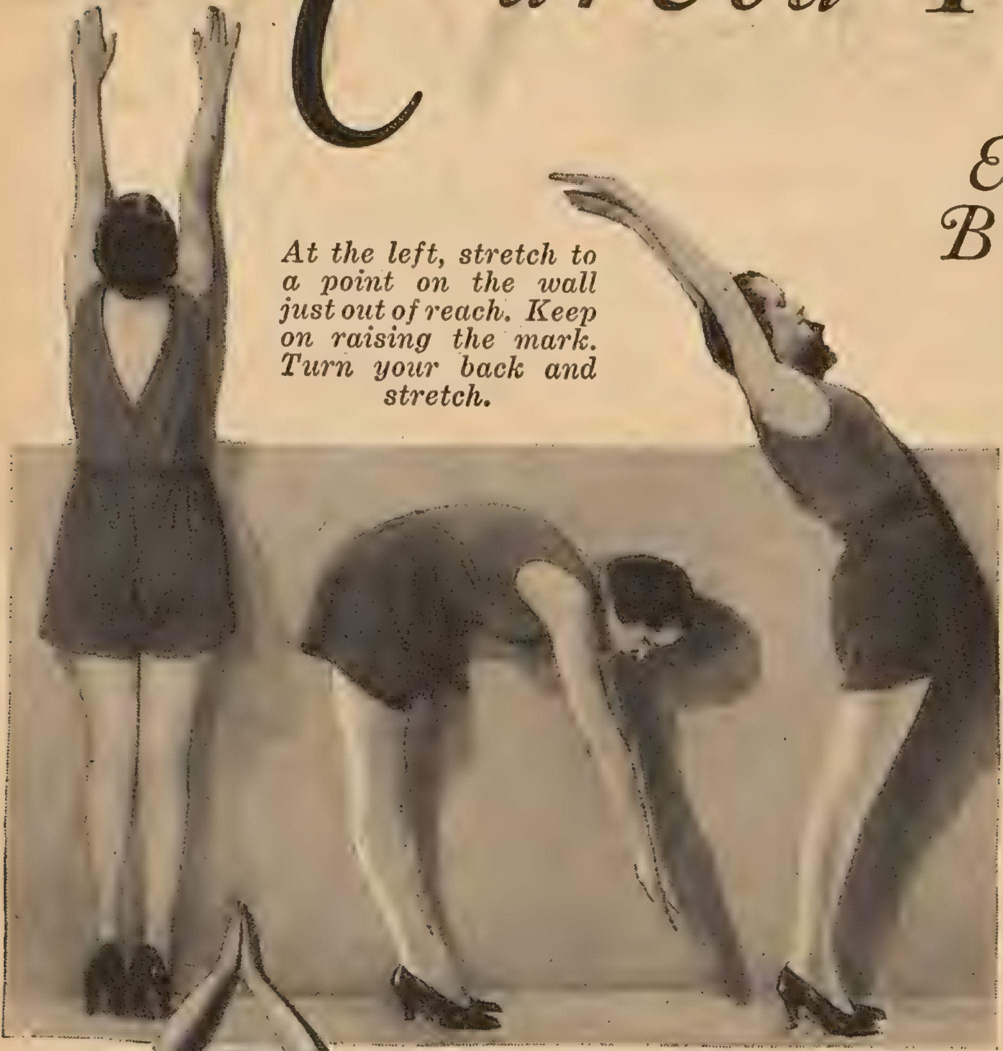
“Sword?” repeated Captain Flynn in his thick way. “Why, I thought you said somebody shot him?”

THE END

The Curved-In Waistline

By
EILEEN BOURNE

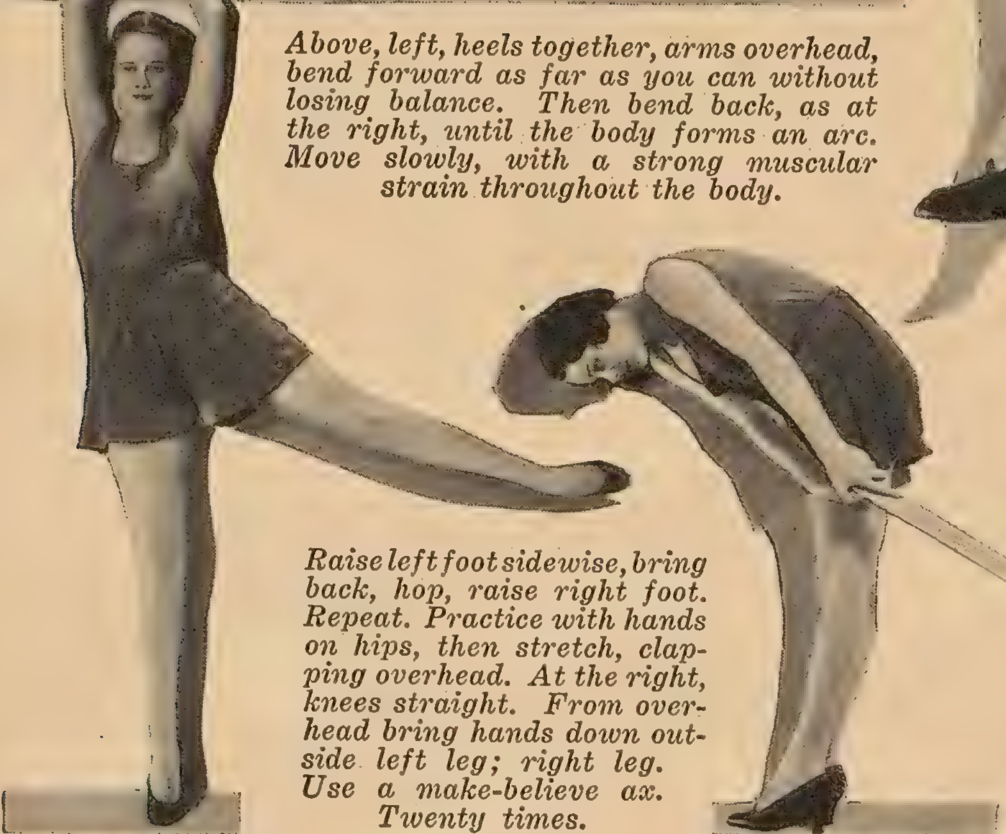
Photos by
Nickolas Muray



At the left, stretch to a point on the wall just out of reach. Keep on raising the mark. Turn your back and stretch.

Above, left, heels together, arms overhead, bend forward as far as you can without losing balance. Then bend back, as at the right, until the body forms an arc. Move slowly, with a strong muscular strain throughout the body.

Stand erect, arms at sides. Raise arms sidewise overhead and clap hands. Raise left knee and clap hands underneath. Lower left knee and clap hands overhead. Raise right knee and clap hands beneath. Twenty times.



Raise left foot sidewise, bring back, hop, raise right foot. Repeat. Practice with hands on hips, then stretch, clapping overhead. At the right, knees straight. From overhead bring hands down outside left leg; right leg. Use a make-believe ax. Twenty times.

WHILE the dressmaking world strives to please all women with a becoming waistband placing, promising, among other things, modification of earlier edicts about tightly drawn-in belts at the natural line of the waist, those who have trim waists are reveling in them. Like diamonds, " them as has 'em wears 'em."

Anyway, styles in women's figures have changed from the monotonous straight line to a more curved semblance of the form divine. And it looks as if we are in for a long period of curve-courting. So, why not get into the race of waist distinction early? You cannot rely on your diets alone for this new symmetry of line. You have to train for curves with exercise. And here you are offered movements that will surely turn the waist trick for you if you will give them a fair chance.

As preliminary, it is suggested that you learn to stretch the body well. You can stretch from toes to finger tips of hands high above the head before you jump out of bed in the morning. Get up and stretch a number of times during the day. Stretch all parts of you and as long and as tall as you can. Take a tip from the cat, the dog, the tiger —and *stretch.*

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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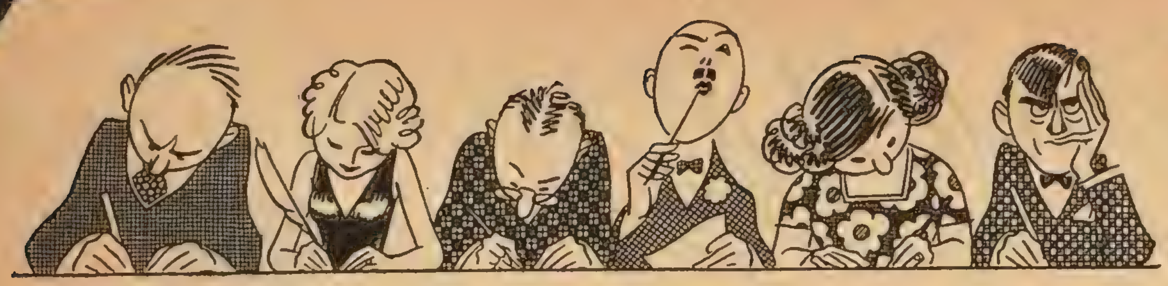


Vox

All Set for the Next War

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I believe that in your editorial, " Hind End To," you miss the purpose of the proposed bill in Congress for drafting wealth in the next war.

The purpose of this proposal is not, as you seem to think, to prevent profiteering, but to prevent or to restrain those who expect to profiteer in the next war from trying to start one.

Everybody knows that there are certain elements in this country, as there are in every civilized country, that are favorable towards war from selfish pecuniary motives. There are newspapers, for instance, that are jingoist, because their owners profited in the last war, and hope to do the same thing in the next one.

The proposal for drafting wealth in time of war is primarily directed against the peacetime activities of such elements.

Your main objection to such a draft plan is that it would not stimulate production enough. In other words, you say that the common run of people will be willing to die for their country, while the wealthy are not even patriotic enough to run their factories at a maximum production when their country calls. Do you mean that? You believe that the excess profits tax will take care of the profiteers adequately. Why, then, were so many millionaires created during the World War?

Your objection to the plan on the ground that it would not sufficiently stimulate production in time of war is weak for another reason. If the situation demanded it, there is no reason why the law could not be modified or repealed at any time during the progress of the " next war."

This law, if passed, might be instrumental in saving countless lives, not to mention dollars, for the country, and I do not like to see it opposed on mistaken grounds.—*James Phillips.*

OSKALOOSA, IA.—Your pinch hitter of the editorial staff has chalked up another home run in his article, " Hind End To."

When America goes to war the idea is to win, and not to haggle over " How much will it cost? "

Our income tax law can be stiffened for the benefit of profiteers.—*Bill P.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—All I can say about the editorial, " Hind End To," in your degenerate periodical is this: If the U. S. were to fight Soviet Russia, I for one, along with thousands of workers, would join the Reds to put an end to this rotten capitalist government that can boast of 40,000 millionaires with its 6,000,000 unemployed.

The accomplishments of Russia through her five-year plan is making you fellows green with envy, particularly at a time when the bread lines in this country get longer.

The capitalist class everywhere realizes that the game is up and no amount of hate-provoking editorializing can change the situation.

You can't fool the people all the time, even though, occasionally, you can trot a Floyd Gibbons out of the menagerie and make him do his act.—*R. Benson.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Your editorials are almost uniformly good.

Your editorial opposing the drafting of wealth in war is altogether the baloney.

From what height must one be dropped in infancy to grow up and be satisfied that the daily wage of a waterboy shall be four dollars, while the doughboy dies for a buck? Possibly you also weakly accede that the next campaign entertainment shall continue to officially consist of hard-looking sisters herding the Red-necks under a Whymka tent sounding the opening bars of " Keep the Home Fires Burning."

You break down and admit that we shall have the same profiteering. How about the same whipping posts—the same Pulpit Sharps flanking the enemy with Holy Writ—the same sister Susie sewing socks for rifle stocks—the spies—the meatless—the wheatless—the ribbon counter Shave-tails—the General with the White Man's Burden Complex—the same sweetheart whose heart is burning, whose arms are yearning—and the same Homeguard who hates to see a lady suffer?

Well, (Ho! Ho!) you are probably right at that.

Anyway, rush up that war with Russia you promised. We old fellers won't be fitten much longer, the kind of licker we get to drink, and all.—*J. F. B. Jones.*

Well, There Might Be Something in Paragraph 7

JACKSONVILLE, FLA. — Your stories are rotten.

Your articles are rotten.

Your cross word puzzles are rotten.

Your editorials are rotten.

Your advertisements are rotten.

Your Vox Pop page is rotten.

The person who writes all your Vox Pop letters is especially rotten.

In fact, your whole damn magazine is rotten, and I wouldn't like it, even if it was good!—" *Dixie.*"

Attention Mr. Morrison

STOCKTON, CALIF.—If Liberty keeps on publishing more stories similar to " Home to Roost," by Denis A. Morrison, which is both interesting and educational, Liberty will sell as fast as hot cakes even if you raise the price to ten cents per copy.—*A Liberty Bug.*

Why Write an Editorial When We Can Print Your Letter?

AN AMERICAN ARMY POST—Being a constant reader of your editorials and agreeing with 90 per cent of them, I take the liberty to suggest a subject, namely: Pay and Promotion of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. Here is a table which speaks for itself.

Increases in Federal Pay since 1908:

	Per Cent
State Dept., foreign service	175
Civil Service, mechanical	153
School Teachers, Washington, D. C.	145
Asst. Secretaries of Departments	100
Post Office Inspectors	92
Civil Service, clerical	87
Judiciary	62
Congress	33
Cabinet	25
Army, Navy, and Marine Corps	11

This table is compiled mostly from reports of official investigations, as quoted in various editorials in the daily press.

With the present craze for government economy, the armed services have little chance before Congress. In my opinion there are two great reasons for Congressional inactivity concerning our long pending pay and promotion legislation. They are:

1. The Army, Navy, and Marine Corps have no material vote.
2. There is no other employer to compete for our services.

To amplify the second point—if you will pardon personal reference, which I believe is typical. For over twelve years I have studied the handling of men and material in the field and in combat. I know that I (along with several thousand others of approximately equal training) can command appropriate units in campaign with something approaching maximum results with minimum loss of life.

This knowledge is an acquired thing—the result of, and proportional to, my years of training. It is my stock in trade. But, in the very nature of things, there is absolutely no bidder to compete with our Uncle Samuel for such service.

Why not quit? Well, in 1916 I was a civil engineer, just out of college, drawing little pay, but with bright prospects. Today it would require a year's study to regain the position I then held—to compete with the graduate of 1929, who is twelve years my junior.

And just as a sidelight: classmates I am still in touch with, who stuck to their civil professions, are drawing from $1,000 to $7,000 more per year than I.

It is through pressure of popular opinion, and that only, that Congress will consider our case.

I have enough faith in the American public to believe it will exert that pressure if properly informed.—*A Lieutenant.*

Pop

The Affair at Centralia

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—In Sidney Sutherland's story, "The Mystery of Sacco-Vanzetti," the author mentions, in speaking of the feelings of those times, that "the I. W. W. were pouring bullets into an American Legion parade," giving the implication that the I. W. W. picked that trouble.

He refers, of course, to the affair that occurred in Centralia, Washington, in 1919.

The facts are that the American Legion (which contains but a small part of the ex-soldiers) took advantage of the open season on I. W.s, to start a little trouble, and decided to raid their hall, as they had repeatedly done before, both there and elsewhere. In this case, the I. W.s, unable to get police protection, had armed themselves, and the Legioners got more excitement than they had bargained for, four of them getting bullets where they did the most good.

At the trial, the evidence was clear that the Legioners started the trouble, but the I. W.s were convicted of manslaughter, justice for them being at that time out of the question. As their release would give the American Legion a permanent black eye, they are still in prison.

It is ironical that the I. W. who did the best shooting, in this case, was an ex-soldier.—*Fred Ritschard.*

This Certainly Will Be a Surprise to the People on the Next Page

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—It's astonishing to note the enormous amounts of prize offerings in your magazine. One hundred dollars apiece for short short stories, $25,000 for the Patriotic Game of Presidents, $10,000 for murder mystery solutions—and never a dollar really paid out to anyone. Why should you pay out such large sums? Well, you don't. You have been watched by authorized officials of the P. O. Dept.

It's a dirty shame to treat your readers in such a way.—*One of Them.*

Attaboy, Earl

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I wish to congratulate you for such a splendid editorial on Chief Justice Hughes. Best I ever read! You have expressed the opinion of two-thirds of the American people.

If our President makes all his appointments as wisely as this one, he will be the greatest President that ever lived. If Liberty continues to print such editorials there will be no comparison in weekly magazines.—*Earl Brocar.*

It Seems as Though the U. S. Is in a Pretty Bad Way

PAINESVILLE, OHIO—The suggestion that Canada annex the United States seems to me a sound proposition—that is, if she would take us. If she took us over, she would have to make us over, and it would be some job to smooth out our crudities.

I believe she could do it, though. She possesses the type of statesmanship to do it with. Minds with high ideals of justice, unselfishly honest, uncorrupt, and behind them the background of great traditions.

We are floundering in a bottomless morass of crime in this country with conditions getting worse all the time. No man's life is safe. If a racketeer or moonshiner does not kill you, the government's agent has carte blanche to do so. "The land is full of blood, and no man taketh it to heart." Oh, for that fine British conception of justice that will unrelentingly pursue the murderer until it hurtles him over the brink of hell!

Our courts are like Augean stables with unpunished crime. Our criminal laws are the standing joke of the bars of other lands, and it seems we are unable to produce a legal luminary of sufficient force and ability to change them.

We have an unwieldy form of government, unresponsive to the will of the people: too fixed, too rigid.

It will take minds clear-sighted and with uncanny vision to tear down our ineffectual criminal code, and build it anew—and build it without jokers and loopholes. Canada and other English-speaking countries have such minds.

It would be a great day for us, and for the tranquillity of mankind, if we went back again to our Mother's house.—*A Lover of Law.*

How Many Provinces Has Canada?

VANCOUVER, CAN.—In going over one of the issues of your good weekly I came across a bad mistake. If you will be good enough to look in the issue of November 30, 1929, you will note the question on page 29: "How many provinces in the Dominion of Canada?" The answer will be found on page 70 of that same number. But, unfortunately, it is not the correct one.

Your answer tells us that there are eleven provinces. There are nine: 1. British Columbia. 2. Alberta. 3. Manitoba. 4. Saskatchewan. 5. Ontario. 6. Quebec. 7. New Brunswick. 8. Prince Edward Island. 9. Nova Scotia.

Just where you can find any more I do not know. Yukon, Mackenzie, and Keewatin are all part of the Northwest Territories. Newfoundland is not a province.

To the best of my knowledge this error on the part of your weekly publication has not been corrected. I should like to see such a correction.—*Lewis Cruikshank.*

Quite right, Mr. Cruikshank. Nevertheless many current reference books list eleven provinces for Canada, including the Yukon District and the Northwest Territories as two of them.

Disturbing Discourse on How Editors Go Wrong

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

THOMPSON, MO.—I had been saying that as editor you were doing a high-grade job; not that I liked your stuff especially well, for I didn't, but I saw it was the kind to get and hold readers and draw advertisers.

Then you published Jim Tully's "His Father's Wagon."

It couldn't have been because Jim is an ex-pugilist, though you do go out of your way to favor such; no, it wasn't that. It was simply that his clumsily constructed yarn made a hero out of a lawbreaker by the whining exaltation of the fact that he had been in the war.

In the back of your head—it couldn't have been in the thinking part—it was a wonderful short short story, worth a hundred dollars because it made a weepy, hypocritical sideswipe at your pet aversion, prohibition.

An editor is supposed to select his stories for their strength as good fiction, not for their merit as propaganda. You forgot that, and tumbled off your pedestaled tripod.—*A. J. Verner.*

PART TWO

NEW YORK, N. Y.—This is not a dissertation or case of sour grapes, but more in the nature of a statement and inquiry.

Recently a short short story was submitted to you by a person of my acquaintance. It was rejected. My belief that the story was good enough to be printed prompted me to secure it from this party.

I also had made a typewritten copy of Liberty's short short story, "Continental Express," by Anthony Gibbs (a known author). These two stories I submitted to fifteen people at various times and asked for opinions. There was nothing to indicate which one was accepted and which rejected by you. No author's name was attached. Yet the consensus of opinion gave "Continental Express" two votes and the rejected story thirteen.

The judges I selected were capable. Doesn't this prove the fact that you are basing your judgment of stories more on prestige than on merit?—*Carolyn Klinger.*

This Is Better

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It was with great interest that I read Captain Edward Jackson's article, "Under Camera Fire," in the March 8th edition of Liberty Weekly.

It held me from start to finish because, having been a newspaper man who labored in those exciting days of so-called yellow journalism, I recognized it as solid truth, simply told.

Permit me to say that I believe Liberty is "ringing the bell" in every issue. —*J. M. Lough.*

More Prize Winners in Liberty's $25,000 GAME *of* PRESIDENTS

FIRST awards in this recently concluded contest were announced last week. Here are more of them. Another list, including the names of the third, fourth, and fifth prize winners, will appear next week.

The *Second* *Prize* $1,000 *has been awarded to*

FRED E. BEAUMONT

who is in the sign contracting business in New Bedford, Mass., where he was born thirty-nine years ago. He served with the Sixth U. S. Engineers during the war, studied art at the A. E. F. university in France, is married, and has a seven-year-old son.

Winners of the 100 Prizes for Teachers—$100 Each

with the names of their prize-winning pupils in parentheses

Miss A. T. Ahern, Public School Annex 59, New York City (Lillian Popella); **C. Anderson**, Athens High School, Athens, Ga. (A. R. Robertson); **Miss Sarah Bell**, School No. 3, Rensselaer, N. Y. (Eleanore Trimble); **Miss Elizabeth Blalock**, Alexandria High School, Alexandria, Va. (Lewis Harvey); **Mrs. Minnie Bone**, Robert E. Lee School, Dallas, Tex. (Donald Battle); **Mrs. Fay Brant**, J. D. Colt School, Litchfield, Ill. (James De Marco); **Miss Mattie Brewer**, Main Ave. High School, San Antonio, Tex. (Edna Norma Spero); **Sister Bridget Therese**, St. Leo School, Chicago, Ill. (Patricia O'Leary); **E. E. Briggs**, West Junior School, Sioux City, Ia. (Lois J. Hoskins); **Alice M. Butler**, Brooklyn School, San Diego, Cal. (Billy Newton Haddock); **Miss Mary O. Butler**, Tech High School, Memphis, Tenn. (Edna Page Stockley); **Edna Byrne**, P. K. Yonge School, Pensacola, Fla. (J. H. Parker); **Miss Frances Camp**, Fairfield Junior High School, Fairfield, Ala. (Evelyn Holmes); **Sister Cecilia**, Mt. Carmel Convent, Thibodaux, La. (Joseph John Donnes); **Frank C. Christ**, Latrobe High School, Latrobe, Pa. (Harry R. Flowers); **Miss Mary Coble**, Hollywood High School, Hollywood, Cal. (C. A. Schenck); **Miss F. Collins**, Andrew H. Wilson School, New Orleans, La. (Irwin E. Volker); **Sister Constance**, St. Patrick School, Watertown, Mass. (Helen McGlory); **Mrs. Cowling**, Lincoln Junior High School, Minneapolis, Minn. (William Bliss); **Miss Ethel Cruse**, Picture Rocks School, Picture Rocks, Pa. (Robert W. Ferrell, Jr.); **Miss Stella Cummings**, Longfellow School, Detroit, Mich. (Harold Shook); **Mrs. Ethel Deeter**, Mason School, Omaha, Neb. (Edward W. Palmer, Jr.); **H. E. Dewey**, University of Chicago High School, Chicago, Ill. (John Warfel); **Miss Anne Dick**, Scottdale High School, Scottdale, Pa. (Madeline Harrison); **Mrs. Kate Dickey**, School 74, Baltimore, Md. (Clara G. Fairbank); **Miss Dreisbach**, I. N. Bloom School, Louisville, Ky. (Elmira Lee McPherson); **Mr. Dunham**, Junior High School, Wenatchee, Wash. (Juanita Y. La Moreaux); **Miss Irene Engle**, Central High School, Sioux City, Ia. (Dorothy L. Allen); **Miss Erby**, Handly High School, Winchester, Va. (Kenneth Gordon Heine); **Cynthia Evans**, Madison School, Lakewood, Ohio (Adelbert R. Dennis); **Mary G. Fanning**, Humboldt High School, St. Paul, Minn. (Antoinette Marie Smith); **Miss K. S. Fisher**, Onondaga Valley Academy, Syracuse, N. Y. (Ruth Margaret McCallum); **Hall Fletcher**, Junior High School, Asheville, N. C. (Kate Elizabeth Bruce); **Sister Gertrude Jose**, St. Aloysius High School, Jersey City, N. J. (Margaret Ficken); **Annie Pope Gilreath**, Alamo Ward School, Malakoff, Tex. (Doris Ruth Dodson); **Ellen M. Glennon**, Kimball Junior High School, Stoughton, Mass. (Henry Robert Murphy); **Miss Gliess**, Virgil Junior High School, Los Angeles, Cal. (Virginia Payne); **Miss Cena Greim**, High School, Warrensburg, Mo. (Mary Sue Robinson); **Miss Helen Grinsell**, Webster School, St. Louis, Mo. (Joe Brumm): **Miss Guy**, Ella W. Smillie School, Atlanta, Ga. (Martha Jennings Rehanek); **Miss Ruth Hamil**, Glen Iris School, Birmingham, Ala. (James Farris); **Miss Hargreaves**, Tenafly High School, Tenafly, N. J. (Agnes Parks); **Miss Elizabeth Hawthorne**, Sidwells' Friends School, Washington, D. C. (William Wallace Wotherspoon); **Miss Elizabeth Hein**, Janes School, Racine, Wis. (John C. Beamish); **S. Hetlund**, Georgetown High School, Georgetown, Colo. (Dorothy E. Fitchett); **Miss Hobbs**, South Hills High School, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Lucille Huff); **Miss Holcombe**, Lowell School, Kansas City, Kan. (May Ardell Ward); **Miss Signe Holmberg**, Lincoln Grammar School, Bridgeport, Conn. (Eleanor I. Holley); **Miss Marie Hughes**, Shelby High School, Shelby, Ohio (Elizabeth Simokat); **Mrs. E. H. Hutchins**, Hoke Smith Junior High School, Atlanta, Ga. (Paul S. Segars, Jr.); **Miss Ireland**, Miss Ireland's Private School, Trenton, N. J. (Dorothy Manning); **Katherine Johnson**, Parkview School, Kansas City, Mo. (Dee Pelton); **Miss Catherine Jones**, Highland Park School, Roanoke, Va. (Virginia Cunningham); **Sister Juliana**, St. Mary's High School, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Margaret Curtin); **Miss Kane**, Los Angeles Orphanage, Los Angeles, Cal. (Helen Harper); **Miss B. Kennedy**, Kapalama School, Honolulu, T. H. (Ralph Mills Hofmann); **B. Kittrell**, Kirkland High School, Kirkland, Wash. (Elsie E. Palo); **Miss Lewis**, Bryant School, W. Philadelphia, Pa. (Rose Marie Albert); **Miss Esther Lindig**, Minot Junior High School, Minot, N. D. (Mary Mackley); **Miss Kathryn Lynch**, Dines, Wyo. (Elda Piaia); **Mr. McDaniels**, East High School, Kansas City, Mo. (Hubert L. Beagrave); **Sister M. Alfred**, Our Lady Queen of Angels School, New York City (Catherine Pell); **Sister Mary Angeline**, Immaculata Academy, Newport, Ky. (Elinor Schweer); **Sister Mary Bennett**, St. Joseph School, Princeton, Ind. (Lucille Kennedy); **Sister Mary Condtilda**, St. Francis Academy, Baker, Ore. (Walburga O'Connor); **Sister Mary Joanetta**, St. Peter and Paul School, Rochester, N. Y. (Vincent Zenkel); **Sister Mary Josephie**, St. Adalbert School, Cleveland, Ohio (Henrietta Matousek); **Sister Mary Pierre**, St. Mary's Parochial School, Clarksburg, W. Va. (Mary Ellen Margeson); **Mrs. Matherel**, San Benito Junior High School, San Benito, Tex. (Marshall Freeman Crispen); **Miss Mary E. Mickey**, 314 Spruce St., Leavenworth, Kans. (Grace Walker); **Mr. Mizer**, Junior School No. 3, Trenton, N. J. (Walter E. Updike); **O. H. Myers**, Pawhuska High School, Pawhuska, Okla. (Bessie Schaetzel); **Miss Adelaide Nelson**, Lancaster Graded School, Lancaster, S. C. (Dorothy Verna Craig); **Miss Fay Nesbit**, Tupelo High School, Tupelo, Miss. (Chas. S. Weintraub); **Miss K. O'Brien**, W. Junior High School, Sioux City, Ia. (Barbara E. Porter); **Miss O'Halloran**, Frank McCoppin School, San Francisco, Cal. (Alphonse D. Hoffmann, Jr.); **Dana Palmer**, Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass. (C. Marshall Dean); **Mrs. Ina Prater**, Millport Vocational High School, Millport, Ala. (Robert Ford Currie); **Sister Ralph**, Sacred Heart School, Omaha, Neb. (Gerald Morrissey); **A. Rickles**, Grant High School, Portland, Ore. (Gordon B. Bell, Jr.); **Miss Mamie Robinson**, Alexander Graham Junior High School, Charlotte, N. C. (Walter Carriker); **Miss Romanson**, Lowell School, Brainerd, Minn. (Rudolph Drieling); **Miss Margaret Rumsey**, Patton Public School, Florence, Ala. (Bertha Louise Whitaker); **Sister Salesia**, St. Patrick's School, Tacoma, Wash. (Nethell Dickerson); **David A. Shine**, Rockhurst High School, Kansas City, Mo. (Joe Keary); **William Spiech**, Thermopolis High School, Thermopolis, Wyo. (Cleo Norma Thompson); **Miss Mary Steward**, Grant Grammar School, Shamokin, Pa. (Roxy June Miller); **Mrs. Lena Streams**, University Heights School, Seattle, Wash. (Naida E. Sanders); **Miss Ida Ruth Stuart**, Glenmora High School, Glenmora, La. (Ocie Johnson); **Miss Theise**, P. S. 121, New York City (Jonah Muck); **James Tinkler**, Ozark High School, Ozark, Ala. (Wm. O. Lisenby); **Rose Touler**, Strathcona School, Winnipeg, Man., Can. (Stella Douglas); **R. L. Travis**, Clovis High School, Clovis, N. M. (Louis Olmos); **Mr. Van Valkenburg**, Hamtramck High School, Hamtramck, Mich. (Mary Stauch); **Mrs. Anna Welch**, Simsbury Center Grammar School, Simsbury, Conn. (Edward A. Ross, Jr.); **Miss Carolyn Wenz**, 216 Chestnut St., Paris, Ill. (William A. Parrish); **Miss Whitfield**, Eastern Junior High School, Pontiac, Mich. (Barbara Cornell); **Miss Williams**, Minna Lusa School, Omaha. Neb. (David Kuony); **Miss S. P. Woodman**, Evander Childs High School, New York City (Mary Basso); **Miss Novella Woods**, James Stephen Hogg School, Dallas, Tex. (James Hughes).

Winners of $10 Prizes

ALABAMA

Robert Ford Currie, Milport; James Farris, Birmingham; Evelyn Holmes, Fairfield; William O. Lisenby, Ozark; Bertha Louise Whitaker, Florence.

ARIZONA

Mrs. Norma G. Bovanizer, Tucson; H. C. Philips, Tucson; William C. Toelle, Phoenix.

ARKANSAS

Courtney R. Breece, Hot Springs; Alien Campbell, Hot Springs; Mrs. Chas. W. Carr, Camden; Edith Hope Smith, Fort Smith; Gertrude J. Watt, De Queen.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles—Orville W. Barr, Agnes E. Crowe, Eugene F. Haggerty, Helen Harper, Mildred Holste, Ruth E. Hurley, Miss Mae Johnson, L. J. Kaufman, Lily Leigh, Art Levy, Ruth Morrison Myers, H. A. Nevin, Virginia Payne, Marie Schlorff, Mrs. T. Joey Smith, Mrs. M. M. Widney.

San Francisco—J. Boardman, Catherine Dollard, Brian Harvey, Alphonse D. Hoffman, Jr., Stephen A. Kielty, Sidney Grant Lippitt, Jr., Susie E. Patterson, Frances A. Stanley.

Oakland—D. A. Bardellini, Archie Duncan, Adele DeEtte Hoover.

San Diego—Billy Newton Haddock, Ruth G. Houser, S. A. King, D.D.S.

Long Beach—Harriette K. Baker, Anna M. Oltman, George W. Rogers.

Rest of State—Charles H. Bone, Berkeley; Donald William Brown, Eagle Rock; Gladys A. Cochrane, Fresno; Willis G. Garrettson, Alameda; Mary Lepper, Hollywood; I. B. Mattson, Sacramento; John B. Mendenhall, Monrovia; Mrs. John Philip Murphy, Huntington Beach; Herbert Royston, Ocean Park; C. A. Schenck, Hollywood; Mrs. Lulu C. Trafton, Bakersfield.

CANADA

Mrs. S. G. Alexander, Ottawa; Edith E. Benson, Winnipeg; Mary E. Chevalier, Alberta; Almon Colton, Toronto; Mrs. A. C. Darrell, Birtle; Stella Douglas, Winnipeg; Ethel Dupuis, Quebec City; Margaret Greaves, Edmonton; Mrs. Stella Lee, Toronto; Mrs. A. H. Lillie, Winnipeg; A. Gertrude McGuire, St. John, N. B.; J. W. Roddis, Toronto; Louis R. Rosenberger, Stratford, Ont.; Gladys I. Shinner, Halifax; Harry H. Spencer, Ottawa.

COLORADO

Denver—Boon McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Albert McElroy, Mrs. Caroline D. Sutherland.

Rest of State—Dorothy E. Fitchett, Georgetown; Mrs. J. H. Looney, Boulder.

CONNECTICUT

New Haven—Muriel Elizabeth Carroll Besser, Rose Cooper, Rose Raisen.

Hartford—Mrs. Roy D. Bassette, George M. Cone, G. H. Washburn.

Rest of State—Adina Anderson, New Britain; Eleanor I. Holley, Bridgeport; Loretta Genevieve Moriarty, Naugatuck; F. Paige Morrell, West Haven; Edward A. Ross, Jr., Weatogue; Mrs. John L. Thurlough, Torrington.

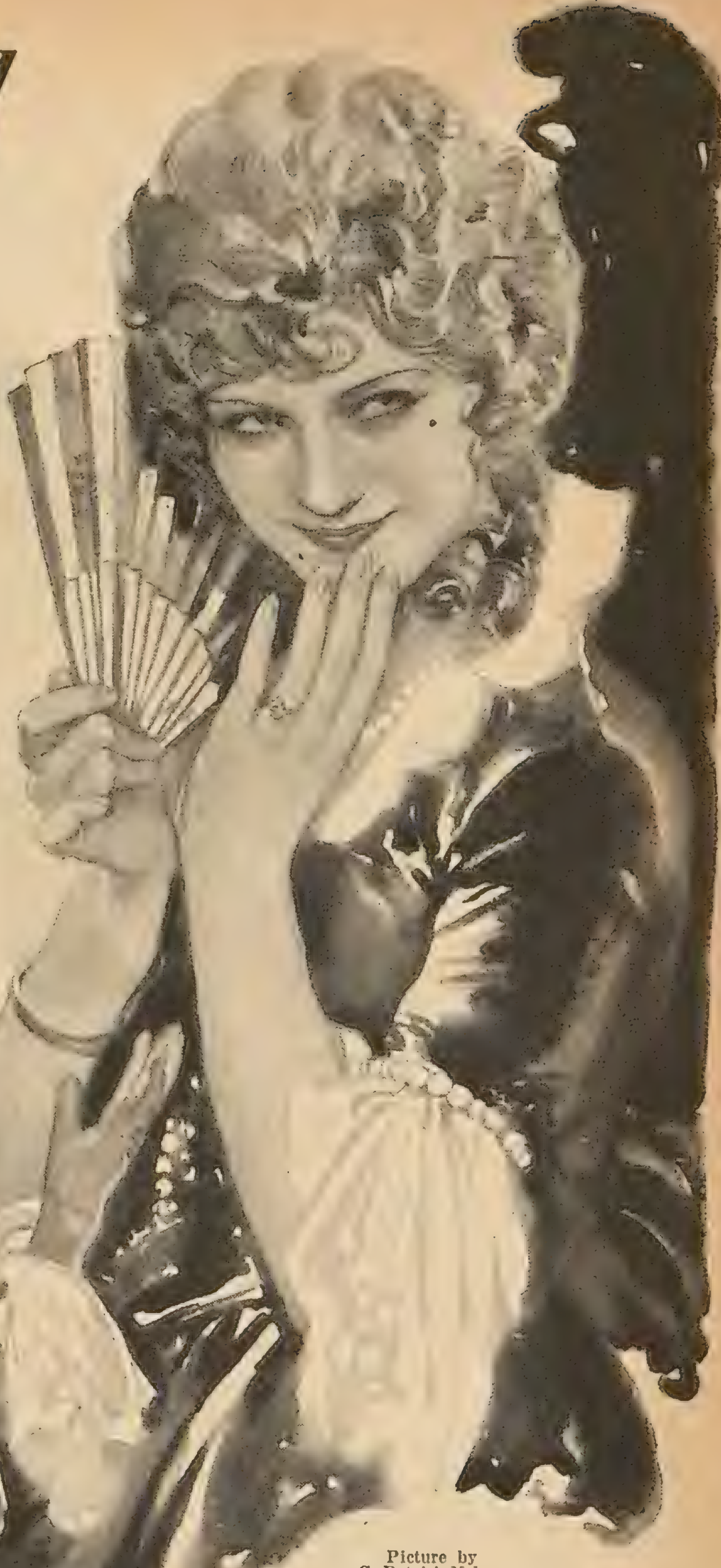
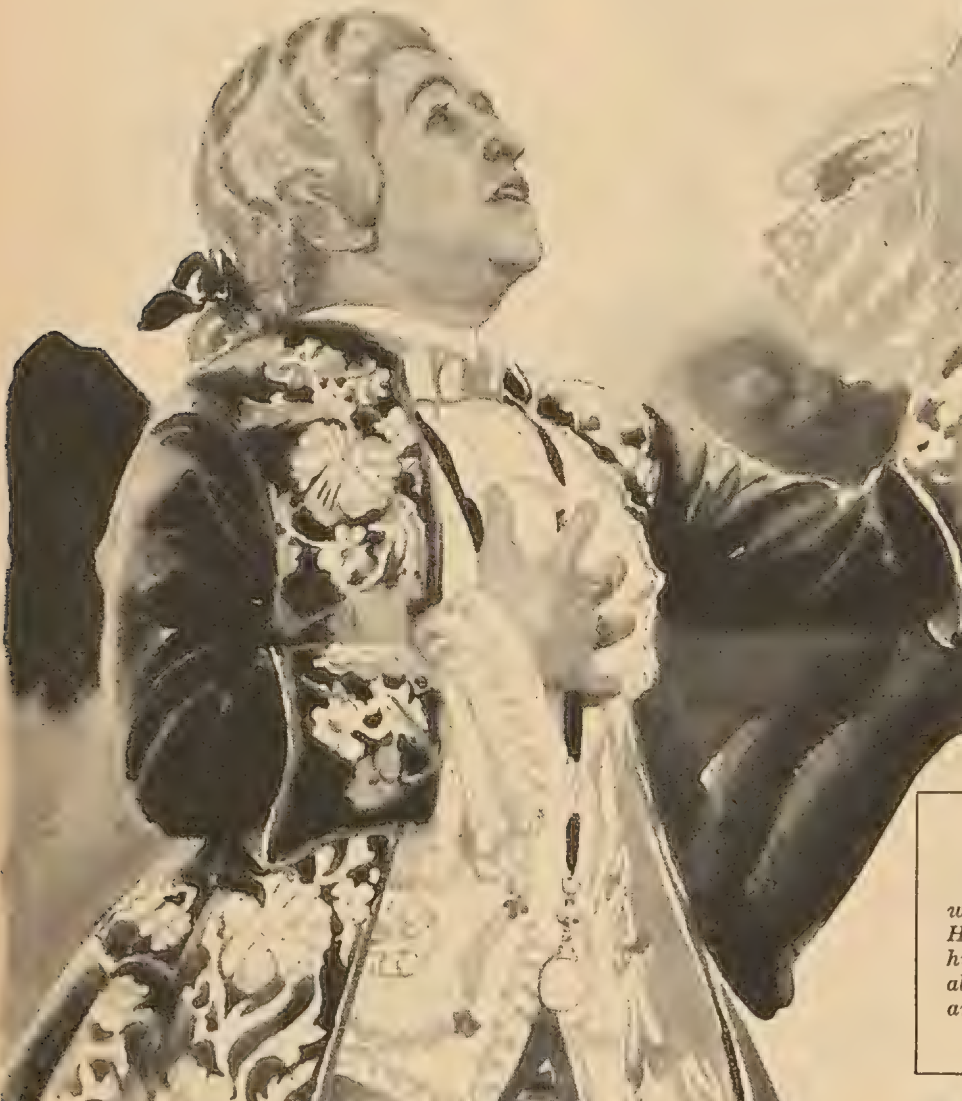
DELAWARE

Hilda H. Stevens, Wilmington; Toby Thompson, Seaford; William L. West, Jr., Wilmington.

If you are one of the pupils mentioned in the teachers' list on this page and your name has not appeared among those of the prize winners, look for it in next week's list.

The Original TOM THUMB

Being the True and Veracious Account of JOSEPH BORUWLASKI, the Celebrated Dwarf; or The Portrait of a Misunderstood Man

Picture by G. Patrick Nelson

Isaline began by pitying "Joujou," but her sense of humor got the better of her sympathy.

By

M. R. WERNER

whose biographical study of Richmond Pearson Hobson has appeared recently in Liberty, in which his life of Bryan ran as a serial last year. He has also written lives of Barnum and Brigham Young, and a history of Tammany Hall. He is a native New Yorker, aged thirty-three.

A MISUNDERSTOOD man is almost invariably an object of amusement to those who misunderstand him, but a dwarf is universally misunderstood for the entertainment of the rest of mankind, who must regard his passions, his desires, and his aspirations as ridiculous rather than pathetic. In recent years circus and vaudeville have realized to their great advantage that men and women will never cease to marvel at the seeming anomaly of normal thoughts in a diminutive head. Throughout history man's attitude has been the same. Dwarfs have sometimes suffered and sometimes profited by man's

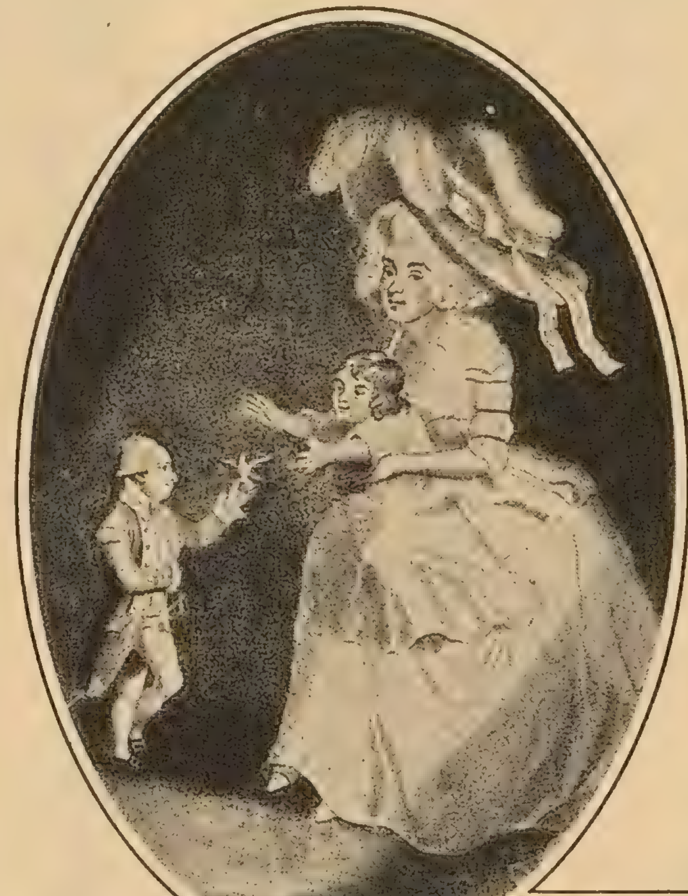
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE ORIGINAL TOM THUMB
Continued from page fifty-seven

bewildered admiration for their apparent precocity.

Marc Antony owned a dwarf, whom he called, ironically, Sisyphus. In Rome there were dwarf merchants, who, when they could not obtain natural specimens for the emperors and nobles, manufactured dwarfs by undernourishing normal babies, or by binding their limbs to prevent full development. Tiberius, Domitian, and Heliogabalus paid high prices to their dwarf merchants, who experimented constantly to supply the demand, for the emperor was not interested in the process so long as the product was satisfactorily small and cute. Catherine de' Medici, in order to secure a regular supply of dwarfs for her court and as presents for her friends, caused all the dwarfs of her establishment to be married, in a large scale effort to produce a race of midgets. The marriages, however, were uniformly barren, and her Majesty was sadly disappointed.

Occasionally a dwarf was born without the mute servility necessary to a subordinate position at court, and sometimes he attained distinction. Æsop was said to be a dwarf, and Attila the Hun is reputed to have been a dwarf on the meager authority of Jornandes, who, in his *Historia Gotthorum, Vandalorum et Langobardorum,* recorded that Attila was a man of "*forma brevis, lato pectore, capite grandiori, minutis oculis.*"* Ladislas Cubitalis was king of Poland in 1306, when he was less than three feet high, and his reign was distinguished because of the king's personal deeds of valor and exceptional skill in military engagements. Godeau, litterateur and one of the lights of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, was a dwarf, who later took orders and was eventually made Bishop of Grace and Vence by Richelieu.



The frontispiece of "Joujou's" Memoirs.

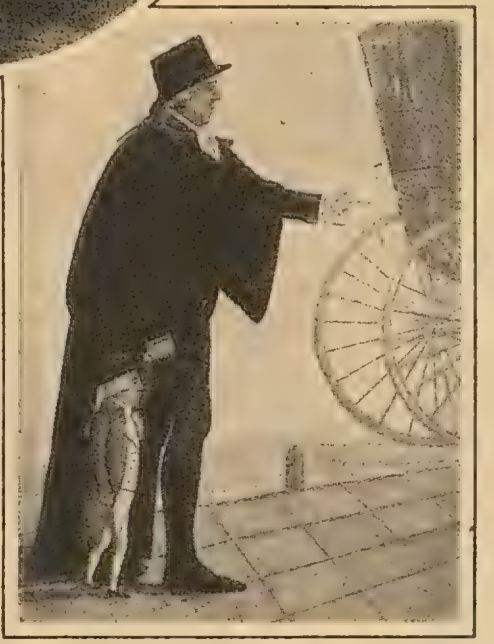
BUT sometimes a dwarf is born who has intelligence, wit, and charm, and who is utilized only for his daintiness, when he would like to enjoy opportunity for participation in the affairs of men. In order to accomplish this, he must put forth superhuman efforts, and the strain is usually too great. Joseph Boruwlaski was such a dwarf. Apparently the thing he desired in this world more than anything else was to be treated as the man he felt himself to be, and the story of the struggle to satisfy that desire is the story of his life. It is that story, with the pathetic background of a *grande passion,* which Joseph Boruwlaski, Polish Gentleman, told in his Memoirs, which he wrote in French and published in 1788 at London under the patronage of the Duchess of Devonshire and the Prince of Wales.

Joseph Boruwlaski was born near Chaliez, Polish Russia, in November of 1739. His parents, who were of normal size, had six children, three of whom were tall men and three of whom were dwarfs. Joseph was the third child, and at birth he was eight inches in height. At the age of three he was the size of a schoolboy's ruler, and when he was thirty years old he was a yard long. He stopped growing soon after thirty, when he measured exactly three feet three inches.

Boruwlaski's father died when Joseph was nine years old and left his mother with practically nothing except six children. It was necessary for Joseph, who was then two feet tall, to relieve his mother of the burden of his support. Of this circumstance he wrote in his Memoirs: "If it had not been for this, without doubt I should have lived in obscurity, in the depths of a province on a bank of the Dnieper: perhaps I would have been happier." But Madame la Starostine de Caorliz, who knew Madame Boruwlaski, took a fancy to Joseph. He went to live on her estate and became a member of the household, where he was known as "Joujou."

After Joujou had lived in her house for four years, his patroness married Count Tarnow. Among the countess' friends was Madame la Comtesse Humieska, a lady of the highest rank in the Polish nobility. She had taken a great fancy to Joujou and coveted him for her own court at Warsaw, where she knew that he would create prestige for herself by his wit and his charm. One day when Countess Humieska was visiting the Tarnow estate, she turned the conversation on the approaching confinement of Countess Tarnow and spoke of the dangers to which pregnant women were always exposed, and she gave several examples of prenatal influence. Then, turning to Count Tarnow, she asked in a confidential tone, but loud enough to be heard by Countess Tarnow, if he was not afraid that the presence of a dwarf constantly under the eyes of the prospective mother would affect the size of his child.

THE couple became alarmed; they had not thought of that before, and Countess Humieska reënforced her solicitude with instances of just such results. Finally she offered magnanimously to take Joujou to live with her at Warsaw, and she assured his patrons that she would do all she could to make him happy.



Courtesy New York Public Library

"Joujou"—Joseph Boruwlaski —with a normal man of more than average height. From an eighteenth-century print.

Madame la Comtesse took her dwarf off in triumph, but, before returning to Warsaw, she decided to make a grand tour of the European courts with her charming new toy. Countess Humieska's arrival in Vienna with Joujou created a sensation. They were entertained by the nobility, and soon they were presented to Maria Theresa. She was delighted with Boruwlaski and told him, he tells us, that he surpassed all the fine things she had heard about him. She took him upon her lap and caressed him, and then she asked what were the most interesting things he had seen at Vienna. He answered that he had seen many things worthy of great admiration, but that nothing seemed to him so extraordinary as what he saw at that moment.

"And what is that?" asked the queen.

"That is the sight of so small a man on the knees of so great a lady," said Joujou.

Maria Theresa was pleased. She wore a beautiful diamond ring. "My hand being by chance locked in hers," wrote Boruwlaski, "I seemed to look at the ring carefully; she noticed it and asked me if I found her cipher-ring pretty." "I beg pardon, your Majesty," said Joujou; "it is not the ring that I am looking at, but the hand, which I beg you to allow me to kiss," and he raised the queen's hand to his tiny lips. The queen was so pleased that she wished to give him her diamond ring, but it was too large for his finger, so Maria Theresa called to little Marie Antoinette, who was then five years old. The queen took from her daughter a beautiful diamond ring and placed it on Boruwlaski's finger.

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*Short stature, broad chest, notably large head, small eyes.

In spite of the réclame which he received, Joujou's life was not happy. Often the painful thought rankled in his mind that in the eyes of the rest of the world he was nothing but a puppet, a doll, an animated toy, slightly more amusing than the toys his friends could purchase because of his ability to walk and to talk. This realization was borne in upon his mind one day with terrible force when he overheard from his corner the conversation of Madame la Comtesse Humieska and some of her friends. They were discussing whether dwarfs could reproduce their kind, and they thought that Joujou was not in the room. The countess told the company of Joseph's younger sister, Anastasia, who was so much smaller than he that she could walk under his arm; the countess added that she had often thought how nice it would be to marry Joujou to his sister and to observe the results.

"I spare my readers the details of this conversation," writes Boruwlaski, "which they carried very far." It was only interrupted by the sobs of Joujou, who was weeping bitterly in his corner. What caused him most sorrow and pain, he wrote afterward, was the feeling of insignificance, the implication of contempt in the attitude of these noble men and ladies, "who thought of me as a person without morals, on whom they could practice any kind of experiment." The countess hastened to comfort her little Joujou and assured him that she had not meant her statement seriously.

"I ONLY relate this event," writes Boruwlaski, "to show that, although I was still very young during my first trip to Vienna, I had acquired knowledge enough to possess all the feelings natural to my age." Boruwlaski was pathetically in earnest in his endeavor to make the world realize that he was a human being, a person of as much significance, to himself at least, as any other person. That was an humble aspiration, but the failure ever to attain it pervades his Memoirs like the melancholy of a sadly disappointed man.

The ribaldry of his patrons concerning him and his sister hurt Boruwlaski the more because he happened to love Anastasia with that degree of sympathetic appreciation which she could only receive from one of about the same size and insignificance in the world. Anastasia Boruwlaski was seven years younger than her brother, and the greatest height she ever attained was two feet two inches. But, if we are to believe her brother, she was perfect in proportions and as beautiful as any woman he had ever seen. He praises her figure as one "with which the most particular sculptor could not have found fault." She was a brunette, with lively black eyes, well traced eyebrows, and an abundance of dark brown hair. Vivacity, gayety, benevolence, and sympathy for others are qualities with which her brother endows her.

Anastasia lived with Madame la Castelane Kaminska, a very rich Polish lady. At the age of twenty Anastasia fell in love with a handsome army officer, who caused her to experience all the tender emotions and sharp pangs enjoyed by those of normal size.

Apparently she did not inform her beloved of her feelings, but she did inform the Castelane Kaminska, who was sympathetic. The young army officer was not rich, and Anastasia managed to help him without his knowledge, and to give herself the double pleasure of his company and of the realization that she was of assistance to him by playing at piquet with him. She schemed to make him play for high stakes and always succeeded in losing without causing suspicion.

Joseph Boruwlaski wrote that he did not know to what this *affaire* might have led, for at the age of twenty-two Anastasia contracted smallpox and died within two days afterward.

From Vienna, Madame la Comtesse Humieska and her Joujou went to Luneville, where the former king of Poland, Stanislas Leszczynski, who was then the Duc de Lorraine, held court. The king had always been fond of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photo by Otto Dyar

MARY BRIAN, *intriguing Paramount star, says: "I find Lux Toilet Soap is so pleasing and soothing."*

"Lovely Skin wins hearts,"
say 45 Hollywood directors

9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin petal-smooth this way . . .

"THERE'S more real *allure* in lovely skin than in any other beauty," is the conclusion drawn by 45 leading Hollywood directors.

As Victor Fleming, Paramount director, says: "Lovely skin is all important to the screen star. Without it she cannot hold her public."

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The Broadway stars, too, use Lux Toilet Soap—and even the screen stars of the European capitals!

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MYRNA LOY, *Warner Brothers' star: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin beautifully smooth."*

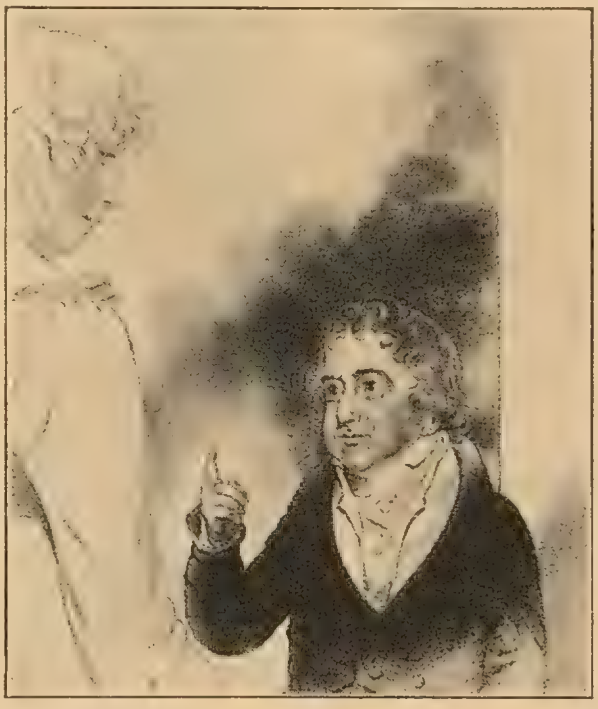
Lux Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

THE ORIGINAL TOM THUMB
Continued from page fifty-nine

dwarfs, and Bébé, a French dwarf, lived at his court, and Stanislas took a great interest in Joujou.

Bébé, according to Diderot's *Encyclopédie*, was so small that when he had been a baby his mother had used a *sabot* lined with wool for a cradle, and when he was baptized Nicolas Ferry—his real name—he was carried to church on a plate. Diderot describes Bébé at the period of Joseph Boruwlaski's visit as already showing signs of old age, although he was only twenty. His face was withered, his aquiline nose had become deformed, and one of his small shoulders was much higher than the other. It is no wonder that King Stanislas found Joujou much more attractive than his own dwarf. Bébé's mind was not capable of much use. All who had met him agreed that it was impossible to teach him anything.



Joseph Boruwlaski with a full-grown young woman—meant, perhaps, for his wife, Isaline. From his Memoirs.

One day when the king was enjoying Boruwlaski's intelligent replies to his questions, he turned to Bébé and said: “You see, Bébé, the difference between Joujou and you; he is amiable, cheerful, amusing, and intelligent, while you are only a little machine.”

As soon as the king left the chamber, Bébé rushed upon Joujou and tried with all his strength, increased by anger, to shove him into the fire. But Joujou held on to the iron hook in front of the fireplace and screamed. The noise brought back the king, and Bébé was sentenced to a thorough thrashing and to banishment from the king's presence. Joujou pleaded for him and, though he could not save him the thrashing, he persuaded the king to retain Bébé, which he consented to do on condition that Bébé would apologize to Joujou. Reluctantly Bébé did so. Boruwlaski wrote that he would not have related this incident “if I did not wish to point out that the smallness of our bodies does not prevent us from experiencing the power of the passions.” He was most anxious to make that point upon every occasion.

A few years later Bébé was engaged to marry Anne Therese Souvray, another dwarf, but Bébé died a few months before the date set for the marriage, when he was twenty-two years old. At the time of his death he measured thirty-three inches. His fiancée took his name and exhibited for many years at Paris, where she died at the age of seventy-three.

JOUJOU and his patroness were well received in Paris and in Holland. Then they went to Warsaw. The capital of his native country had never seen Joujou, whose fame had spread throughout Europe, and he was welcomed in Warsaw with enthusiasm.

It was not long before Joujou began to take an interest in women. “Till then,” he writes, “I had lived without noticing any difference between the two sexes; but now because of the uneasiness, the agitation, and the confusion which the presence of a woman caused in me, I could no longer conceal from myself that on this enchanting sex depends our happiness, although I could not yet define what and how they contribute to it.”

This new interest caused Joseph Boruwlaski great torment. He was painfully conscious of the apparent incongruity of his desires and his stature, which at first he regarded as an insurmountable obstacle to their attainment. Did not the most proper women take him upon their laps, caress him tenderly as they would a child? How could he convince them, without incurring their ridicule, that he was no longer a child? That was the problem which caused his anguish and despair, for it was impossible to reconcile his aspirations and his pride. His thoughts and his hopes were those of a man, but he was in constant dread that his actions would be received as the antics of a child. But Boruwlaski overestimated the difficulty: “I was, however, ignorant (I beg the pardon of the fair sex) how far curiosity can go; I was soon to learn.”

There was a French actress performing in Warsaw at this time who was the favorite soubrette of the younger generation. She was Boruwlaski's favorite actress, and one day a friend took him to her apartments. He was invited to call again, and he did so. Before long he was thinking of her night and day, and finally he found courage to tell her that he loved her. To his amazement she did not laugh in his face. For telling the details of this courtship in his Memoirs Boruwlaski apologizes: “In writing these Memoirs I do not merely plan to describe my size and proportions. I have in mind more the desire to show the development of my feelings, the sentiments of my soul; I wish to speak frankly, to tell rather what I felt than what I did, to show that if I have had to reproach nature for refusing me a body like that of other men, she made ample amends to me by giving me sensibility, which, though it developed rather late, has spread about me a tinge of happiness, which I receive with love and gratitude.”

BORUWLASKI thought that he had been very clever; he was sure that his *affaire* was known only to himself and to his actress. His pride was wounded deeply when he learned that his love was the talk of Warsaw, and that his soubrette, who he thought felt for him the sincere love he entertained for her, had used his infatuation to demonstrate the power of her charms, which could attract even a man who did not appear to be made for them. He was humiliated and ashamed. He was also worried, for he had visited his actress when he was supposed to be in bed. Madame la Comtesse Humieska heard of his conduct and sent word by a gentleman whom Boruwlaski respected that there must be reform. He reformed, which was easy, because his pride was hurt, and for fifteen years he led a tranquil, happy life in the establishment of Madame la Comtesse.

He writes of these years: “I was entertained, cherished, caressed; nothing was lacking for my complete happiness, and I enjoyed it with the more security because, not knowing reverses, I foolishly thought myself exempt from them forever.”

Then Isaline Barboutan became one of Madame la Comtesse Humieska's ladies in waiting. After his one humiliating experience, Joseph Boruwlaski had abandoned his interest in women, but as soon as he saw Isaline Barboutan, he realized that he felt real love for the first time in his life, although he was then forty years old. Aside from Boruwlaski's statements that she was beautiful and charming in the extreme, we know nothing about Isaline Barboutan at this period. In his Memoirs he begs to be excused from describing her person on the ground that “those who in the choice of their companions only look at the figure, scarcely know the human heart.”

Joujou was now in the throes of a serious passion, and his mind exhibited all the symptoms of its violence. “How different was this passion,” he writes, “from those disquieting feelings which had previously agitated me! I loved; but my love was accompanied by that respect, that timidity, inseparable from a real passion. My one desire was to spend my lifetime with the person who had caused it; and while formerly I had been influenced only by the lure of pleasure and by desire for personal satisfaction, which leave the heart empty and bring disgust in their wake, merely flattering our pride feebly, now I felt that my sole aim was the happiness of my beloved, and that if I could succeed in making her happy, my own joy would be complete.”

The period of torture set in. He felt painfully the need to tell Isaline Barboutan of his love, and he did not dare to do so. His was a problem somewhat more accentuated than that of the ordinary timid lover: he was three feet three inches tall, and she was over five feet; he was tiny and charming as a child, while she was attractive and admired as a woman; he was forty years old, and she was not yet twenty. Every day, he tells us, he resolved to speak to her, and "every day, feeling that the obstacles which separated us became more and more invincible, the words died on my lips."

The other ladies of the household took Joujou on their laps, fondled him and caressed him, but he always avoided Isaline Barboutan when she wished to amuse herself with the countess' man-child. She used to say that she really believed that she was the only one of the whole household whom Joujou disliked. "While I would have given my life to enjoy one of her caresses as her lover, I scorned all those she would have bestowed on me as a child. . . . It was then," he writes, "that I felt most bitterly all the disadvantages of my height, then that all the praise they showered on me could not compensate me for the predicament in which I found myself." He moped about the mansion, lovesick and melancholy, with no immediate possibility of relief.

HIS height was not the only obstacle. He knew that Madame la Comtesse Humieska would regard his marriage with Isaline Barboutan as a ridiculous mistake. The countess had taken Isaline from her parents with the understanding on both sides that residence in the countess' household would enhance her prospects for a good match. Neither the countess nor Madame Barboutan would consent to see Isaline bring home in her lap a penniless dwarf as a husband. For more than a year Boruwlaski worried about these things, while every day the sight of his lovely Isaline made his pain more acute. "They ought to have made me give up my love; but does one reason when one loves?" His health began to suffer. The need to speak became irresistible.

One evening after dinner he found himself alone with Isaline. She noticed his distraction and asked, "What is the matter with you, Joujou?" He seemed to hear in her voice a note of concern which indicated an interest in him. "What sorrow is gnawing at you, which you are trying so carefully to hide? Is there no one to whom you can open your heart? You are not just to your friends," she told him.

"Is it you who reproach me for this," Joseph tells us that he answered, "you who are the sole cause of my grief!" He could not go on, for his weak voice was interrupted by his sobs. He placed his tiny head in her lap and spluttered his love while he wept. Isaline began by pitying Joujou, but her sense of humor got

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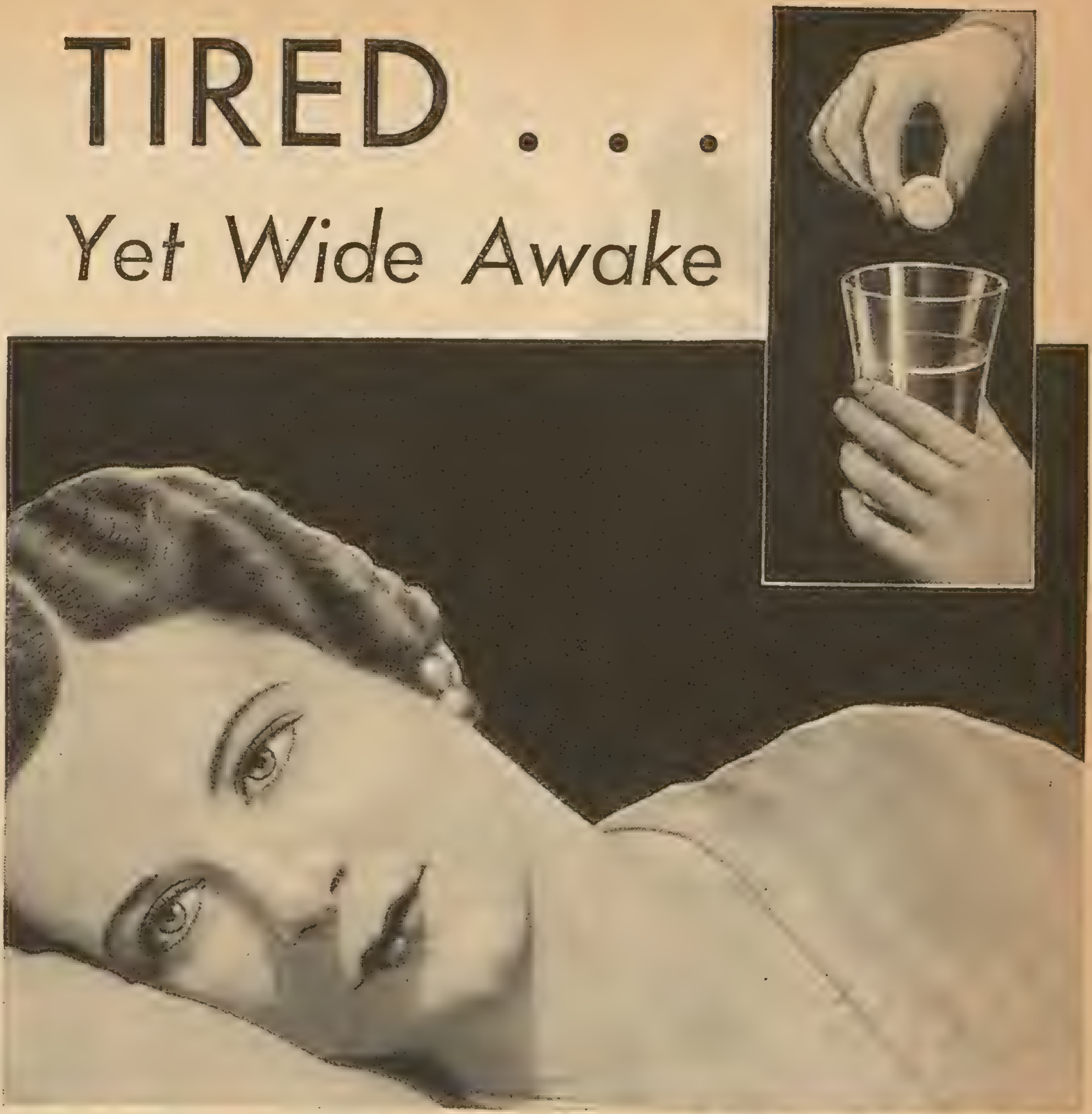
TIRED . . .
Yet Wide Awake



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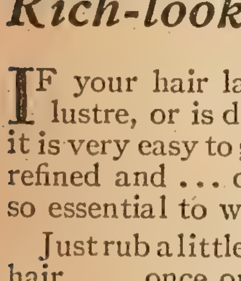
Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like —whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.



If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

THE ORIGINAL TOM THUMB
Continued from page sixty-one

the better of her sympathy, and she could only regard the scene as ridiculous. "Really, Joujou," he tells us she said, "you are a child, and I can only laugh at your absurdity. Have I ever forbidden you to love me? Didn't I always reproach you for your indifference to me?"

Joujou tried to make Isaline understand that it was not as a child that he loved and wished to be loved. She burst out laughing and told him that he did not know what he was talking about. Then she left the room.

Boruwlaski felt relieved. At least Isaline now knew that he loved her, and he admits that he counted on his moodiness, his grief, and his melancholy to win sympathy for a sorrow which she knew was inspired by her own personality. But he seemed to be wrong; she continued to ridicule him. "The more I tried to reveal my feelings and talk to her as a man, the more she turned them to ridicule and treated me as a child." Then, cruelly, Isaline asked him whether he thought her his actress, and how long he expected the infatuation would last this time. He could not bear this taunt and rushed from the room to hide his shame and to relieve his sorrow in tears.

Boruwlaski became ill and for two months was confined to his room, where the only consolation he had was that sometimes Isaline Barboutan asked how he was. When he was allowed out of his room, he lost no time in letting Isaline know that she was the sole cause of his illness. She said that she realized that, and she promised to ridicule him no longer, if he would try to think of her more calmly. This was enough for Joseph, and he was happy once more. He was keen enough to know that at last he had made some impression on Isaline, that the very fact that she knew his love to be sincere was a slight source of flattery to her, even though she did not take that love seriously.

He began to push his advantage with masterly tact and discretion. Not being able to see her alone as often as he wished, he wrote letters, and fortunately he reprinted those letters in his Memoirs. They deserve to rank with the world's most crafty love letters. He never lost an opportunity to win his way into her affections by the road of her sympathy, nor to use circumstances to enmesh her in the web of his love. His first letter is dated October 10, 1779:

O, my dear friend! Do you think nature by limiting my size condemned me never to pass the narrow bounds of childhood? Why then did she give me a feeling heart? Why endow me with a soul capable of appreciating the qualities of yours? Why plant in my heart the seeds of such a violent passion? Why did she not place limits on my affections, as she did on my dimensions?—She prolonged my childhood until my twentieth year, why did she not leave me it forever?—That which she gives to others as a gift from heaven, would she have given me that for my torment and my misfortune?—No, she is not a stepmother, she cannot be so cruel to me alone.

What else dare I say to you? You fly from me, you avoid me, you try to hide yourself from my sight. Is it thus that you pity me? Is that the sweet compassion you seem to have for me? You have permitted me to call you my friend, and you refuse me sentiments of friendship! —Do not then reject so cruelly those of your loving and unhappy

Joujou.

And she did not even answer his letter. A week later he wrote:

17th of October, 10 o'clock at night.

Cruel friend, how you make me suffer! What! a whole week has rolled by, and you have not deigned to answer me! Would it have cost you so much to address a line to me—to allow yourself a passing word to console wretched Joujou? He entertains the most tender emotions for you, the greatest respect—and you have no mind for the sacrifices he makes for you, or the privations he imposes on himself!—You even go out of your way to fly from him. With what cruelty did you not leave the company this evening, because you would not have been able to avoid taking the only vacant chair, which by chance was next to mine? Ah! my friend, may you never experience tortures like mine! Pray, put an end to my misery; let the tender, sensitive Isaline no longer cause the wretchedness of him she formerly called her dear

Joujou!

This letter Isaline could not resist. Joujou had succeeded in making her feel guilty, in spite of her knowledge that she had done nothing to encourage him. Two days after his last letter she wrote:

Stop, Joujou, stop persecuting me—stop being unfair. Your passion disturbs me, and your grief pains me; you push the one too far, and you abandon yourself altogether too much to the other. Love me, I wish it, I will love you too, and as much as you wish; but that is all. Consider a moment, and you will see that it cannot be otherwise. What good are these transports? Your exalted imagination prevents you from seeing things as they are, as they must be; it especially prevents you from appreciating the tender interest and sincere friendship which are devoted to you by your

Isaline.

This was all the encouragement Joujou needed, and he wrote a long, joyous reply two days later at eleven o'clock at night:

You permit me to love you, and you promise to return my love. You forbid me transports of emotion! . . . Are you so sure that it is within my power to obey? . . . Perhaps it will not be so difficult as you appear to imagine to make you see that in the end our mutual happiness requires that we pass beyond the limits you seem to wish to impose upon me.

Yes, my charming friend, the more I have thought about it, the more I have meditated on our position, the less I can see what ought to check our feelings. I do not conceal from myself the innumerable obstacles to our happiness; but are there any obstacles to love? I know very well that generally speaking a young person may be afraid to bring down ridicule upon herself by attaching herself to a man of my size; and that ridicule is all the more to be feared because it may influence your sentiments. Besides, the same prejudice will necessarily influence your parents on the one side, and my benefactress on the other, to oppose such a union. Then, we have no income; and that misfortune, making us dependent, seems to deprive us irrevocably of being happy ever.

Allow me, however, my charming friend, to give you my various observations on our position. During the fifteen months these thoughts have disturbed me I have had time to reflect, and I am going to tell you frankly what I think.—Undoubtedly, my dear Isaline, our marriage would be the subject of talk, and although ordinarily the gossip of one day scarcely lasts until the morrow, perhaps they will talk about us for a whole fortnight.—But how could any one blame you, or ridicule you? Would it be because of ambition, or in order to get a large fortune, that you made your decision? Intelligent people—even the rogues—would be forced to admit that you could not have had any other motives except a profound sentiment, a strong friendship, and a sincere desire to make me happy. Would not all these considerations lead to praise of your heart? Far from blaming your conduct, would they not find it noble and generous, would not the least thought change jesting into admiration?

It is very true that at first the idea of marrying a man of my size must have something laughable about it; but, my charming friend, are you not already accustomed to that idea—and have you not repeated more than once that my company becomes agreeable to you? Besides, if I love you more than other men do—if, deeply impressed by my obligations and a feeling of inferiority, I strive to make amends to you by my attention and consideration—would you not be much happier than with a domineering husband, who, not knowing how to appreciate you, not even realizing what love is, would make you wear the yoke of marriage, without allowing you to enjoy any of its sweets?—Admit, my dear friend, that this ridicule which frightens you so much, begins to disappear when we place against it a true love, and that it is only necessary for us to love in order to see it vanish.—But, my Lord, where have my pleas carried me? My letter is frightfully long and my tired eyes bid me end it. Good night then, my lovely Isaline!

Isaline replied that his arguments were a tribute to the quality of his mind and of his heart. "But," she asked, "when did I ever tell you that I thought of getting married? Why should I? I am so happy, so gay, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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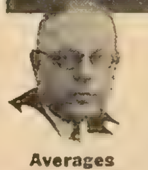

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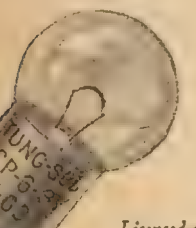

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THE ORIGINAL TOM THUMB
Continued from page sixty-three

so peaceful: too young to find sorrows in the past and to disturb myself about the future, I enjoy the present confidently." She ends her letter: "Be obliged to me for the friendship which allows me to tolerate your whims, and to answer letters which I ought never to receive. Adieu, Joujou; in spite of all, I want you to love me, remember that; let that be understood: yes, I wish it; so obey me and prove to me that you are not a little ingrate."

Meanwhile, Countess Humieska learned of Joujou's *affaire.* In his next letter he tells Isaline that the countess has spoken to him about it. He confessed everything and asked her consent to marry Isaline. At first she thought it was one of his little jokes, but he choked, his heart beat rapidly, he wept: "I thought I could appeal to her at the moment when, touched by my condition, she would no longer oppose my happiness; I threw myself at her feet, I begged her to yield to the emotions of her kindly heart." The countess tried to reason with her distraught Joujou, but he would not listen to reason; he knew how to use that, himself.

Finally the countess ordered him to leave the room, but he would not—he says, could not—get up from his knees, and so she commanded a servant to carry her human toy to his room, where the forty-year-old child was locked up for two days. He saw no one. However, he happened to have some ducats in his pocket, and he managed to send a note to Isaline by one of the servants. She was now angry with him, but she could not be very angry. Her next letter blames him for the trouble he has caused her, but the tone of it gives the impression that she realized that his feelings were not altogether his fault. The countess reproached Isaline for her part in the *affaire*, and the following day sent her back to her parents. Joujou writes of this development that the countess "has the wrong point of view, and by her action she has bound me to you with ties that nothing will now be able to sunder."

HE was still hopeful that the countess would relent when she realized that his intentions were honorable and serious. But he was wrong. The countess recalled the ridiculous *affaire* with the actress fifteen years before, when Joujou became the talk of Warsaw, and she believed his present passion a repetition of what she chose to regard as a low intrigue. She begged him to forget Isaline, and he answered that it was impossible for him to do so. Then in a rage she ordered him out of her sight until he should repent. He writes all this to Isaline, who was now living at home with her family:

> If that is the price of my seeing my benefactress again, I will suffer, but I will never see her again. All woes are tolerable except to be separated from my dear Isaline. But what is she doing? Will she not give me some news of herself? Has she forgotten me entirely? That would be the only inconsolable misfortune. Ah! my lovely friend, if you love me, if you are firm, we will have happiness in the end.

Isaline's first letter from her banishment read:

> I ought to hate you, Monsieur, for all the suffering you have caused me. You are responsible for Madame la Comtesse Humieska withdrawing her kindness to me, and for the fact that I am compelled in spite of my own wishes to return home. That is not all: my mother overwhelms me with reproach; my sisters laugh at me and tease me. The whole town is talking about this *affaire*, and I cannot go anywhere without being exposed to bad jokes. What have I done to you, Joujou, that you should inflict such terrible annoyances upon me? You would force every one to accept your views, but you cannot accomplish it. Even if I were willing to live with you, my mother would never consent to such a ridiculous and ill-matched marriage: she has told me so emphatically, and I assured her that I had never thought of such a thing. Come, give up, I beg of you, your pretensions, appease Madame la Comtesse Humieska, to whom you have so many obligations; make the public stop talking and give me back the happiness you have stolen from me; those are the terms on which I shall remain your friend
>
> ISALINE.

BORUWLASKI reproached Isaline gently for worrying about the gossip of the wits. Courage, he assured her, was all that was needed. In spite of his worries he must have enjoyed a sense of triumph; he had caused his Isaline to lose her patroness and to become the object of ridicule; it was very unlikely that any rich young nobleman would want to marry her. It cannot be said that Joujou had maneuvered her into that position, but he was undoubtedly pleased with the results of his attentions. He did not enjoy his triumph for long, however, for on November 20, 1779, he writes:

> Well, my lovely friend, my captivity is at an end. I have lost all for love of you, and if that did not remain for me, I would renounce everything, yes, indeed, I would give up my life.
>
> This morning one of the most important members of the household came on behalf of the Countess to tell me that if I had not given up my determination, I must leave her house never to return. . . . What a sad predicament for a soul susceptible to feelings of gratitude! I appear an ingrate, and I am but a lover.
>
> I do not know where to direct my steps, without money, without a lodging, without resources: my position is indeed frightful. Love alone sustains my courage.

He appealed to Prince Casimir, son of King Stanislaus. The prince called a few days later and asked if Boruwlaski was determined to marry Isaline Barboutan, or if he would like to return to Countess Humieska. He replied that he must marry Isaline. "Get her mother's consent, then, and everything else will be all right," said the prince. Boruwlaski had forgotten, or neglected, to mention that he had not yet won the consent of the lady herself, but that was not so important in those days. He wrote Isaline the details of the prince's visit, and he added: "Give me only a ray of hope, and I will hasten to throw myself at your mother's feet. Could she refuse me, especially when she sees that I have such illustrious protectors?"

AND he was correct; he knew Madame Barboutan's mind. She wanted a good match for her daughter, with security for life, and a man who had the protection of the king of Poland and his son was a good match, even if he happened to be three feet three inches tall. Isaline's next letter reads:

> I was right when I said that this obstinate little Joujou would make everybody conform to his ideas; even my mother has come over to your side.—She read your last two letters, she is overjoyed to learn that you have the protection of the Prince Chamberlain: her ambition is gratified by it, and she has told me that I could not do better than to marry you. But, understand, Joujou, it is she who says so, and not I. She adds to that this disagreeable thought, that our having caused so much talk prevents me from getting another chance.—"But, Mama, can I not do without a husband, and isn't it possible to live unmarried?"—Well, you can come to see my mother when you wish; she will give her consent, as soon as you have the promise of a pension.—But, believe me, Joujou, all that will not change my mind; you can make a contract of marriage with all the due formalities, you can make me sign it, lead me to church and marry me, but for all that you will not cease to be for me, my *petit Joujou.*—Adieu, my friend; elsewhere you may be punished for thus forcing my will; here one must love you because it is impossible to hate you.
>
> ISALINE.

Boruwlaski was delighted with those terms. His love letters end, but we know from his Memoirs that he visited the Barboutan family, obtained Madame Barboutan's consent, received the approval of the king of Poland, and was granted a pension of 120 ducats. The Papal Nuncio announced that he would forbid the banns, but the king removed that obstacle for Joujou, and he was married early in 1780. After he announces this fact, Joseph Boruwlaski writes in his Memoirs: "To the great astonishment of all those who had looked on my marriage as foolhardy, scarcely six weeks went by when my wife informed me that I was going to be a father."

Although this news was a vindica-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE ORIGINAL TOM THUMB

Continued from page sixty-five

tion of his claim to be accepted as a man rather than as a child, it was not an unmixed joy. His 120 ducats were hardly enough for his pretty wife and himself, for both of them had become accustomed to luxury and comfort in the establishment of Countess Humieska. He felt that he must not inflict any discomfort on his wife, for he realized that he had practically forced her into marriage by his wits. Now he must use those wits to support his wife and his child. His education did not fit him for any professional work, any more than his size did for labor. He had a well developed intelligence, and he knew how to dance. On the advice of the prince chamberlain he decided to utilize these accomplishments in a tour of the courts of Europe. Many years before he had been received cordially, and the prince chamberlain pointed out that his former friends would take even more interest in the celebrated dwarf who was now a husband and about to be a father.

The king of Poland also approved the idea, and he commanded his grand equerry to give Joseph Boruwlaski a comfortable coach. He and his wife left Warsaw for Cracow on November 21, 1780.

At Cracow Isaline gave birth to a girl, who was apparently of normal size. When his wife had recovered, Boruwlaski and his family proceeded to Vienna, where they arrived on February 11, 1781, a short time after the death of Maria Theresa. Vienna was in mourning for the queen, and it was impossible for Boruwlaski to be received at court, but he was welcomed cordially and entertained privately by his old friends, including the Prince de Kaunitz. At the prince's house he met Sir Robert Murray Keith, British ambassador at Vienna, who advised him to visit England.

BORUWLASKI had the greatest reluctance to exhibit himself for money. "The education I had received, my mode of life until then, caused me to regard that resource as beneath me." But Monsieur le Baron de Breteuil, Prince de Kaunitz, and Sir Robert Murray Keith all pointed out to their little friend that it would be impossible for him to support his family and to accumulate money for their old age from the proceeds of private concerts at the houses of noblemen. Boruwlaski took letters of introduction from Sir Robert Murray Keith to English noblemen and then proceeded on a visit to the courts of several German princes. He was made much of.

Boruwlaski pleased the Margrave of Anspach so much, and especially by his skill at shuttlecock, that the margrave offered to take the dwarf's daughter under his protection for the duration of her life, and Boruwlaski accepted this opportunity to place his child where she could never want for anything.

At last he made up his mind to go to England, and he writes: "Sir Robert Murray Keith had assured me a thousand times that I would not fail to make a fine fortune in a country where generosity and greatness of soul are virtues characteristic of the whole nation." It must be remembered that Joujou was writing his memoirs in England under the patronage of the Duchess of Devonshire and the Prince of Wales.

He arrived at Margate March 20, 1782. The Duchess of Devonshire gave him money, sent his wife a doctor, and provided comfortable lodgings. Boruwlaski was also introduced to the king and the Prince of Wales, later George IV, who took a great interest in him.

ALL this brought Boruwlaski no money. The king honored him, he was proud to report in his Memoirs, by regarding him as a Polish gentleman, and did not offer him money. Finally, however, his pride was compelled to bow to his necessity, and Boruwlaski exhibited himself—in his press notices he always called it "receiving company"—first for a guinea, then for five shillings, and finally for half a crown. His wife gave birth to another child. He was cheated, robbed, and disappointed at his lack of financial success. Life's burdens grew heavier daily. While he yearned for a life of moderate ease, he was forced to carry his weary soul through the English provinces and the Irish towns, where his pride met continual rebuffs as he exhibited his height to the public.

Upon his return to London from his tour, which had yielded little more than living expenses, Boruwlaski's friends urged him to write his memoirs. A subscription was raised for him. Princess Lubomirska paid his debts, which amounted to fifty guineas, and he was able to sit down in peace to his manuscript. He wrote his book in French, for he spoke and wrote English very badly, and the first edition of it was published in London in 1788, with the original French text on the left-hand side of the pages and an English translation on the right, and was subscribed for by a large list of distinguished persons. The rumor spread that Boruwlaski had made large sums of money, that he had 6,000 pounds in the bank, and, hearing this, the king of Poland withdrew his pension just at the moment when Boruwlaski needed it most.

Boruwlaski's Memoirs were written, therefore, to support his wife and children—he now had three daughters. He was fifty years old. His Memoirs were a written appeal to the English nobility. He ends them on this note:

> Such is the picture of the past: any one can see that in it are mingled pain and pleasure, fear and hope; but what fate is in store for me? Am I doomed to be forever the sport of necessity and the slave of the moment? What do I say? Though I could submit to this humiliating thought, how can it offer

hope of a decent future for my wife and my children? I am not strong, every day the weight of years grows heavier; should I be taken from my family, what will become of them, whose aid can they claim? Am I destined to see, in my last days, nothing but misery and misfortune for those who are dear to me? Those are the troubles and worries which assail my heart and fill with bitterness those joyous moments which my family gives me.

Had I been made in the likeness of other men, like others I could have lived by my industry and my ability; but my stature excluded me inevitably from my ordinary place in society; many people even appear to disregard the fact that I am a man, that I am an honest man, that I am a man of feelings. What sad reflections are these!

O, good-hearted and generous nation! If I succumb to my grief, I recommend my wife and children to you—my children who first saw the light of day among you, and who are honored to be your countrymen.

HOWEVER, Boruwlaski did not succumb to his grief; he lived to be ninety-eight years old. For almost fifty years more he suffered new troubles and was grateful for other enjoyment. First, there was his wife. It was said that after the first few years they were not happy together; that whenever they quarreled she set him upon the mantelpiece, from which he could not get down without danger of breaking a leg, until he promised to do as she wished; and that, finally, one day she put him upon the mantelpiece and ran away with another man, while he kicked his little heels in impotent rage.

Boruwlaski planned a trip to America, in order to make money enough to keep him in England for the rest of his life. He referred to this plan in the conclusion to his Memoirs, when he wrote: "If I am not at the end of my career, I must remove to other climates, where, yielding to my destiny, I must submit to the fate to which I seem to be condemned." However, friends heard of this last desperate move, and saved him from the hardships of a tour of the sparsely settled United States. His friends purchased for Boruwlaski a life annuity.

Those who knew Boruwlaski during his middle age all agree that his vivacity of manner was assumed, that it was part of the equipment of an actor, and that when he was in a private circle he relaxed into meditative melancholy. It was only when he was playing his guitar that he seemed really happy, and sometimes, inspired by his guitar, he danced a Polish dance.

Boruwlaski died at Bank's Cottage, Durham, on the 5th of September, 1837. He was buried, appropriately, in the Church of St. Mary the Less, where a tablet proclaims that although only three feet three inches in height, he possessed more than an ordinary share of intelligence.

THE END

Larry Rue—noted foreign correspondent—interviews

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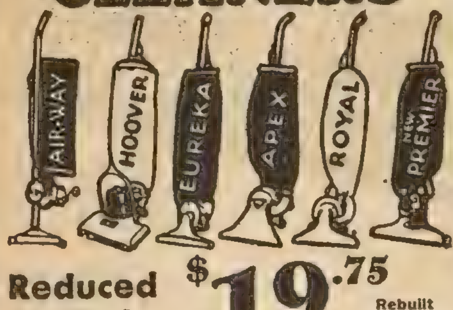

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And an Interloper

My small grandson, overhearing his parents in the next room making a fuss over the new baby, said to me:

"Listen, grandma, to silly mother and daddy over a stranger."—Mrs. J. T. Austin, Norwalk, Ohio.

* * *

Feelings of a Goldfish

A neighbor's boy drove with us to the beach and reveled in the sea breezes. "I feel just like our goldfish when they have their water changed!" he exclaimed.—R. D. Morgan, 312 N. Alpine Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

* * *

Fortunately

Four families were having dinner together. The minister also was invited, and he returned thanks. One little boy, who always went to church with his parents, remarked:

"Gee, Mr. Brower, you don't pray half as long when you're hungry, do you?"—Betrenia Watt, 1318 N. Robberson Ave., Springfield, Mo.

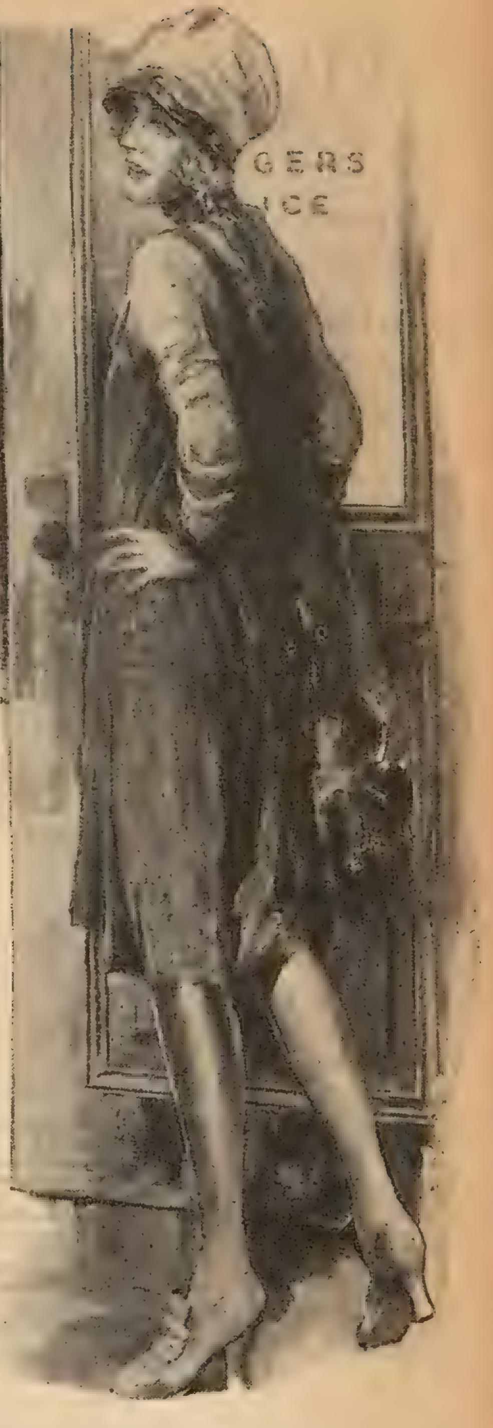
Kinda' HARD

A Short Short Story

By

WALTER SIMMONDS

who is a native of Michigan living in New York. He has written a number of short stories, done free-lance work for various newspapers and periodicals, is at present working on his second novel, and asks us not to print his picture.



She arrived at the restaurant shortly before closing time.

DAILY professional obedience to the commands of others, continued over years, does things to people. Of one it may make a darn' fine butler. Of another—well, take Sally Bruner, for instance.

Sally was thirty-two, single, frizzle-blonde, and rather homely. What had twelve years' service behind the counter of a chain cafeteria in New York done to her? Well, it had tipped her tongue with vinegar. Seemed to make her kinda' hard. At least, that was the term the new vice president of the chain used when he caused her discharge.

He had mingled unseen in the noonday crowd before her counter and heard her snappy comebacks to inconsiderate patrons.

"Let that girl go," he commanded the manager. "She won't do."

"But she's one of our most capable girls," protested the manager. "She's been here about twelve years."

"H'm. Probably too long," retorted the vice president crisply. "It's made her kinda' hard. Dismiss her. Courtesy is the keynote of our restaurants, always."

So that was that, and Sally Bruner was jobless.

The basic unjustness of it all numbed Sally. She had worked her way from bus girl to counter woman without a single complaint marked against her. True, she had developed a defensive sharpness of tongue in the process, but no one had ever complained. Her customers hadn't been the type to make official complaint. They barked, growled, or wise-cracked, according to their dispositions, and Sally would crack back, toss them their sandwiches, and that would end it. And now, this new guy, snooping around, had had her fired without even a hearing.

"But why? What's it all about?" she asked, when the manager regretfully broke the news to her. "Nobody complained, did they?"

"No," the manager admitted sheepishly. "He simply said—well, he said you were kinda' hard."

"Good Gawd!" groaned Sally. "Why shouldn't I be?"

YOUTH—obvious youth—receives a cruel, subtle preference in the labor mart. Sally found that out in the three-day tour of employment agencies following her discharge. She had saved a modest sum, but it was trickling away at an alarming rate. Hence she was doubly grateful when she received a letter from the restaurant manager stating that he had secured for her a percentage of the bonus which she would have received had she completed the year's service. Would she come to the restaurant that night and collect it? Would she! She arrived at the restaurant shortly before closing time and entered the manager's small glass-partitioned office. He and the cashier were checking up the day's receipts. The new vice president hovered over them. "Must spend all his time here," thought Sally derisively.

"Have a seat for a moment, Miss Bruner," said the manager, glancing up. Sally seated herself unobtrusively behind a tall filing cabinet.

Suddenly the door opened and two dapper young men crowded into the office, wicked black guns in hand. "Hands up! Get 'em up!" they snapped, and there was no mistaking their sincerity. Up went three pairs of hands—all but Sally's. They hadn't seen her. They lined the others against the wall. Then one spied Sally!

"WELL, what the— Hey, git yer hands up!" he barked. Hands in air, Sally rose.

"Git over against that wall!" he snarled. He gave her a businesslike poke in the ribs with his gat—and Sally, with a movement quick as lightning, smacked him full across the eyes with her open hand!

Instantly the little office exploded in a crazy burst of action! Sally's bandit fired once—wildly—before her foot caught him in the groin and doubled him in agony. His companion made a dash for the door—and fell heavily as the manager tripped him. And the cashier thumped him resoundingly on the head with an iron paper weight, while the vice president yelled lustily.

The cops came and snatched up their prisoners. Reporters. Flashlights boomed. The vice president managed to get in the center of every picture, and he spoke loudly and proudly of "Miss Bruner, our valued employee." And Sally thrilled at the words.

"Say, how'd you ever get the nerve to sock that guy?" asked the manager, during a lull next day.

"Well, he made me mad," Sally explained thoughtfully. "The likes of him ordering and shoving me around like that—and him not even a customer!" She paused reflectively. "H'm," she added softly, "I guess I am getting kinda' touchy, at that—getting kinda' hard." And tears crept into her eyes!

THE END

STOP *those racking* **Sinus Headaches!**

Get at the cause! Reach the sinuses themselves with the scientific 2-in-1 treatment, Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Acts through the blood as a tonic, penetrating these closed-in areas as no wash or spray can. Relieves inflamed membranes. Restores to health. Builds up bodily resistance. Start today!

HALL'S
CATARRH MEDICINE
Successful for Over 50 Years

Combined treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, send 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 224, Toledo, O. *New Radio Log Book, Free.*

KOHLER ONE-NIGHT CORN CURE

"Removes-not only relieves pain"

KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN CURE

NEED $300?

If you need $100, $300, or $500 to pay your bills, buy new clothes, furniture, etc., just send me your name and I'll show you how to make it as my Representative in your locality. Easy, pleasant work—full or spare time. No experience or capital required. Earnings start immediately. This is your great opportunity to get the money you want. Write today for full particulars.

ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept.
5767 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

10 Inches Off Waistline

"My waistline went from 42 down to 34 inches. It took only 35 days," says E. D. Lane, of Albany, N. Y. "Just wore a Director Belt and got results. Never felt better in my life."

The Director Belt gets at the *cause* of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

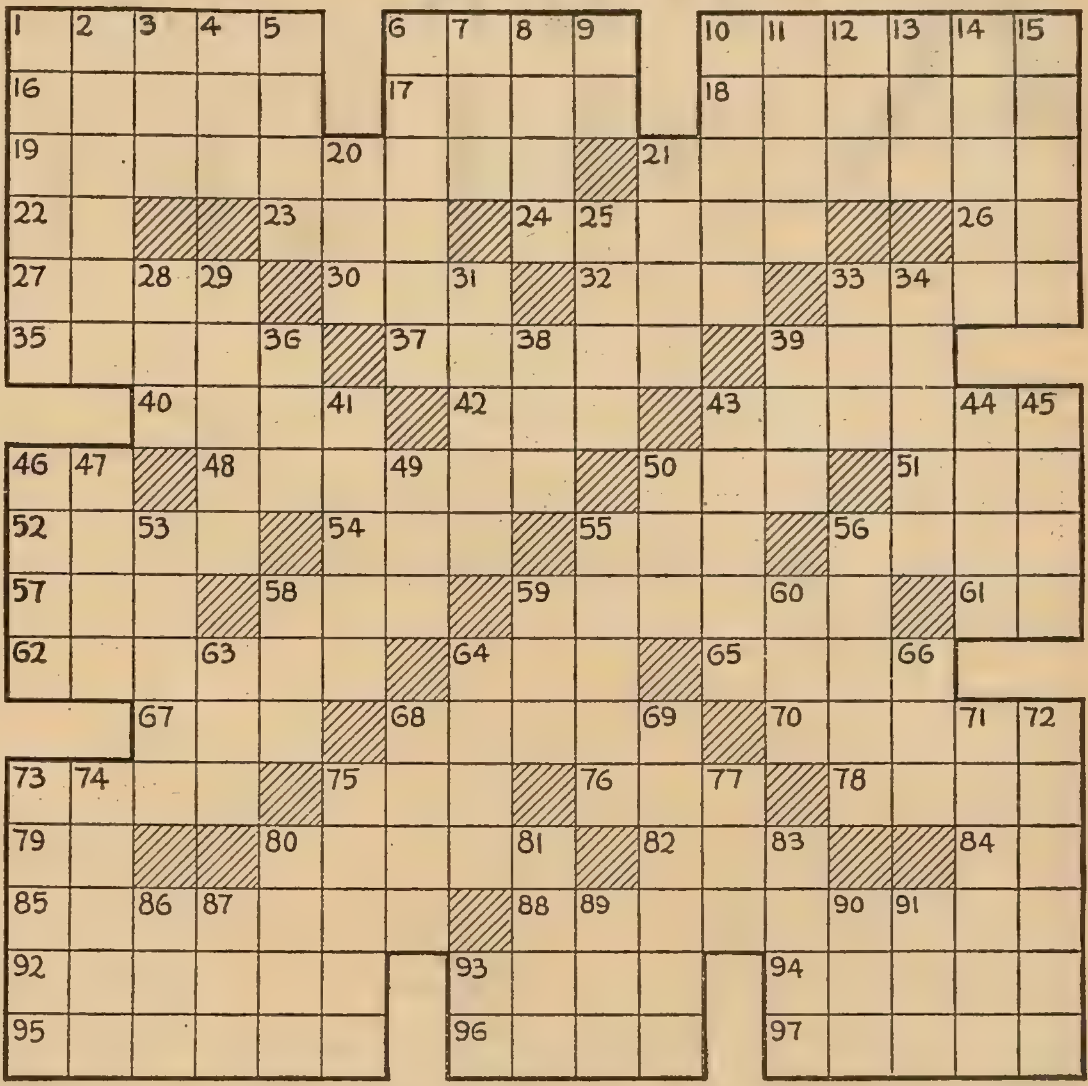
LANDON & WARNER
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Landon & Warner, Dept. C-16, 332 S. La Salle, Chicago
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name..........

Address..........

Two New Puzzles

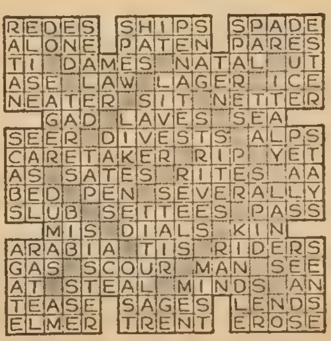


HORIZONTAL

1 Take exception
6 To look sullen
10 Steps
16 Select class
17 Unusual; scarce
18 A bird
19 Register of dates (plural)
21 Choral composition
22 By
23 Moisture
24 Surrounded by
26 Else
27 Lairs
30 Type measure (pl.)
32 Goddess of harvests
33 Filth
35 Amends and revises
37 Dark bluish gray
39 Iniquity
40 Incite to activity
42 A tree
43 Open; frank
46 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
48 Brings into line
50 Timid
51 Son of Bela (1 Chronicles vii)
52 Strike
54 Entangle
55 Japanese porgy
56 Cicatrix
57 A play on words
58 Espouse
59 Roar; bawl
61 Compass point
62 Sentience (plural)
64 Forbid
65 Brownish yellow
67 Islet
68 Foremost in position
70 Boasts
73 Girdle
75 Fastening device
76 Period
78 Brewing material
79 The (Spanish)
80 Fatigued
82 A constellation
84 Scoriated lava
85 Attacks
88 Arising
92 Ridge of mountains
93 Blacken with soot
94 Present occasion
95 More rigid
96 Simians
97 Eagles

VERTICAL

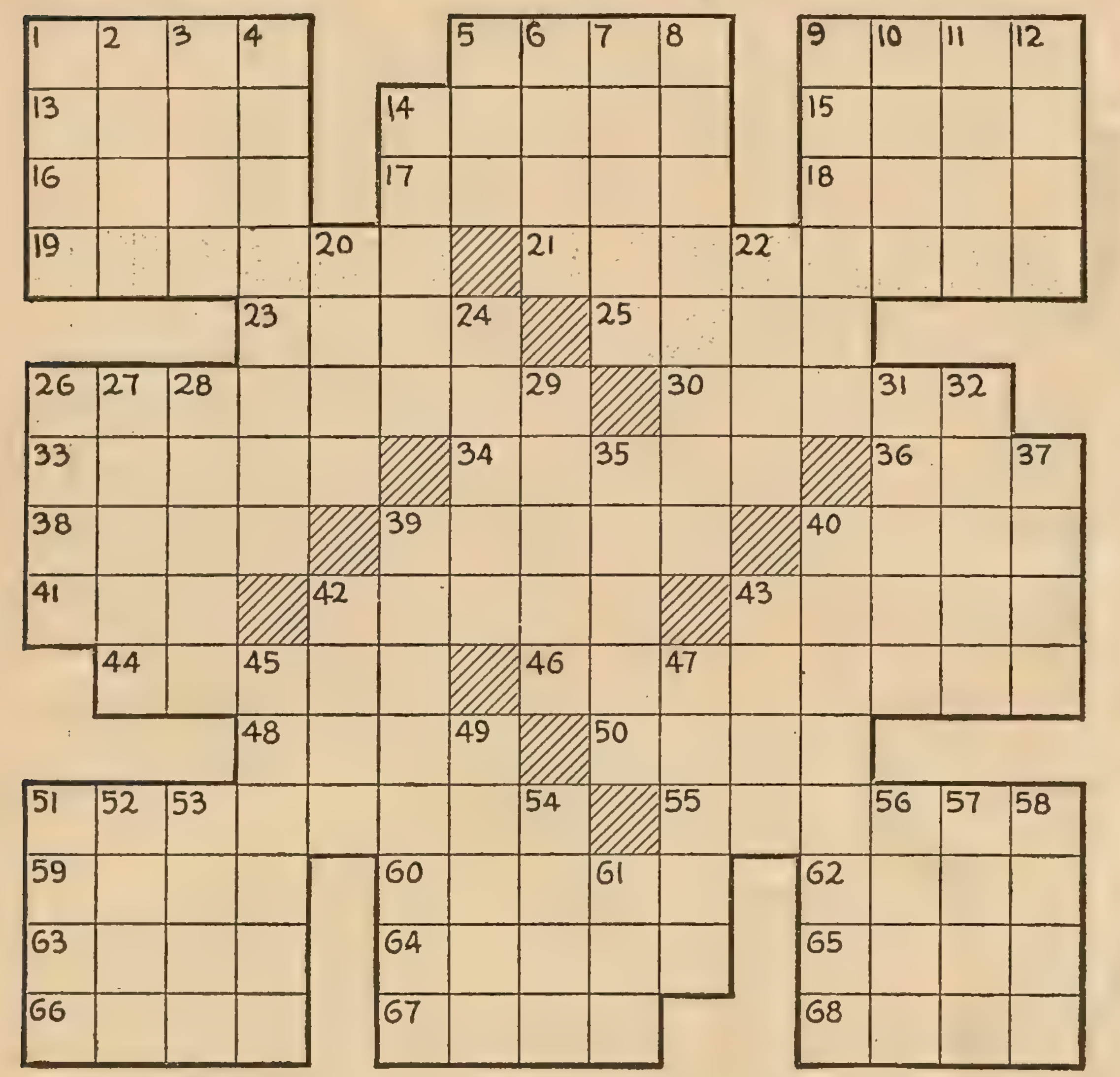
1 Ten years
2 Puffed up
3 Wire measure
4 American Indian
5 Tear
6 Shellfish (plural)
7 Propeller
8 Constellation
9 An element (symbol)
10 Pairs of horses
11 Specific flavor
12 Craft
13 Man's name
14 Revolving part
15 Begin
20 River in England
21 Strive or contend
25 Insect
28 Pinch
29 Strip of leather
31 Slope
33 Noise
34 Pertaining to India
36 Note of the scale
38 Beast of burden
39 Utter
41 Silver coins
43 Young person
44 Persia
45 Dreadful
46 Snakes
47 A color
49 Wander about
50 Salt
53 Historical record
55 Taut
56 A company of bees
58 Moist
59 Exclude
60 Spherical body
63 Rest
64 Any twining stem
66 Cry of a sheep
68 A tree (plural)
69 Expanses
71 Glimpse
72 Platforms
73 Any four-footed animal
74 Woman's name
75 Pertaining to hair
77 Form of to be
80 Part of a wheel
81 Moist
83 Woman's name
86 Japanese coin
87 Measures of area
89 Entreat
90 A beetle
91 Hostelry
93 An element (symbol)



REDES SHIPS SPADE
ALONE PATEN PARES
TI DAMES NATAL UT
ASE LAW LAGER ICE
NEATER SIT NETTER
GAD LAVES SEA
SEER DIVESTS ALPS
CARETAKER RIP YET
AS SATES RITES AA
BED PEN SEVERALLY
SLUB SETTEES PASS
MIS DIALS KIN
ARABIA TIS RIDERS
GAS SCOUR MAN SEE
AT STEAL MINDS AN
TEASE SAGES LENDS
ELMER TRENT EROSE

Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

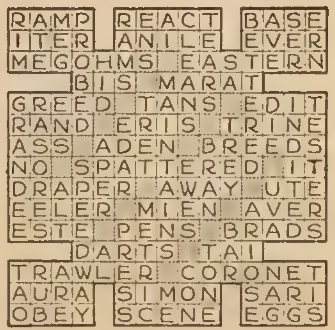


HORIZONTAL

1 Man's name
5 To dwell on a subject tediously
9 Certain not to disappoint expectation
13 Lemur of India and Ceylon
14 The tenth part of anything
15 Toward the sea
16 Poetic name of a European country
17 A genus of plants
18 Insects of the order Hymenoptera
19 Paroxysmal action or emotion (plural)
21 Characteristic of a sailor
23 Little children
25 Comparatively long and narrow aperture
26 A shade of red (pl.)
30 Roundish spots on the planet Mars
33 Furnished with ear-like appendages
34 Audibly
36 Border, edge, or margin of a thing
38 Pertaining to a period of time
39 Agitates
40 To feel concern or interest
41 To fret or chafe with friction
42 Place of occurrence
43 Consumer
44 Savor; flavor
46 Disease due to defective circulation
48 Possessive pronoun
50 Distribute
51 Perseveringly attentive
55 Worships
59 Greek god of war and pestilence
60 Brother of Abraham
62 A beginner in learning; novice
63 Part of a windmill
64 Silkworms that feed on the castor-oil plant
65 Terminal appendage
66 Son of Seth
67 Small hollow
68 Toward the lee

VERTICAL

1 Alcoholic beverage (plural)
2 A hamlet
3 Elaborate accompanied melody
4 One of a troupe of musical performers
5 Pronoun
6 Coins of an Asiatic country
7 American ostriches
8 Dangerous
9 Foot coverings
10 Employer
11 A dance of the Scottish Highlanders
12 Not burdensome or oppressive
14 Gustation
20 To shape; model
22 To furnish with a cargo, as a ship
24 Mode or condition of being
26 Prognosticator
27 Coma with complete insensibility
28 Oriental springless vehicle
29 Instrument for throwing missiles
31 Angry
32 An enticing, dangerous woman
35 Nymph of mountains and hills
37 A sheet of standing water
39 Concealed
40 Woman's name
42 That which is sung
43 Minced oath
45 Holds or keeps in equilibrium
47 Approaches
49 One of the gut strings of a drum
51 Man's nickname
52 Native name of an Asiatic country
53 Light open cotton fabric
54 Not thick or dense; rare
56 Former English gold coin
57 American Indian
58 A fish
61 The grain of a cereal grass



RAMP REACT BASE
ITER ANILE EVER
MEGOHMS EASTERN
BIS MARAT
GREED TANS EDIT
RAND ERIS TRINE
ASS ADEN BREEDS
NO SPATTERED IT
DRAPER AWAY UTE
EELER MIEN AVER
ESTE PENS BRADS
DARTS TAI
TRAWLER CORONET
AURA SIMON SARI
OBEY SCENE EGGS

Answer to last week's puzzle

BRAND NEW
GENUINE Model 3
CORONA
LOWEST PRICE EVER OFFERED

$2.00 DOWN
BALANCE EASY TERMS

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., MANUFACTURER'S GUARANTEE. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest, portable built. Only a limited number of these splendid machines available. To get one, you must act now!

Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms. Remember these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

Carrying Case Included—If You Act Now

Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

MONEY SAVED
By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
[Corona Division]
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. 264

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid: the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, who will return my $2. You are to give your standard guarantee.

Name ....
Address ....
Employed by ....

KEEP YOUR DOG CLEAN

INSIDE AND OUT

GLOVER'S *Laxative Pills* combat constipation and throw off poisons. 65c.

GLOVER'S *Kennel & Flea Soap* kills fleas and other pests; keeps coat and skin in fine condition. 25c.

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FREE: 104 page illustrated dog book, also advice by our veterinarian.

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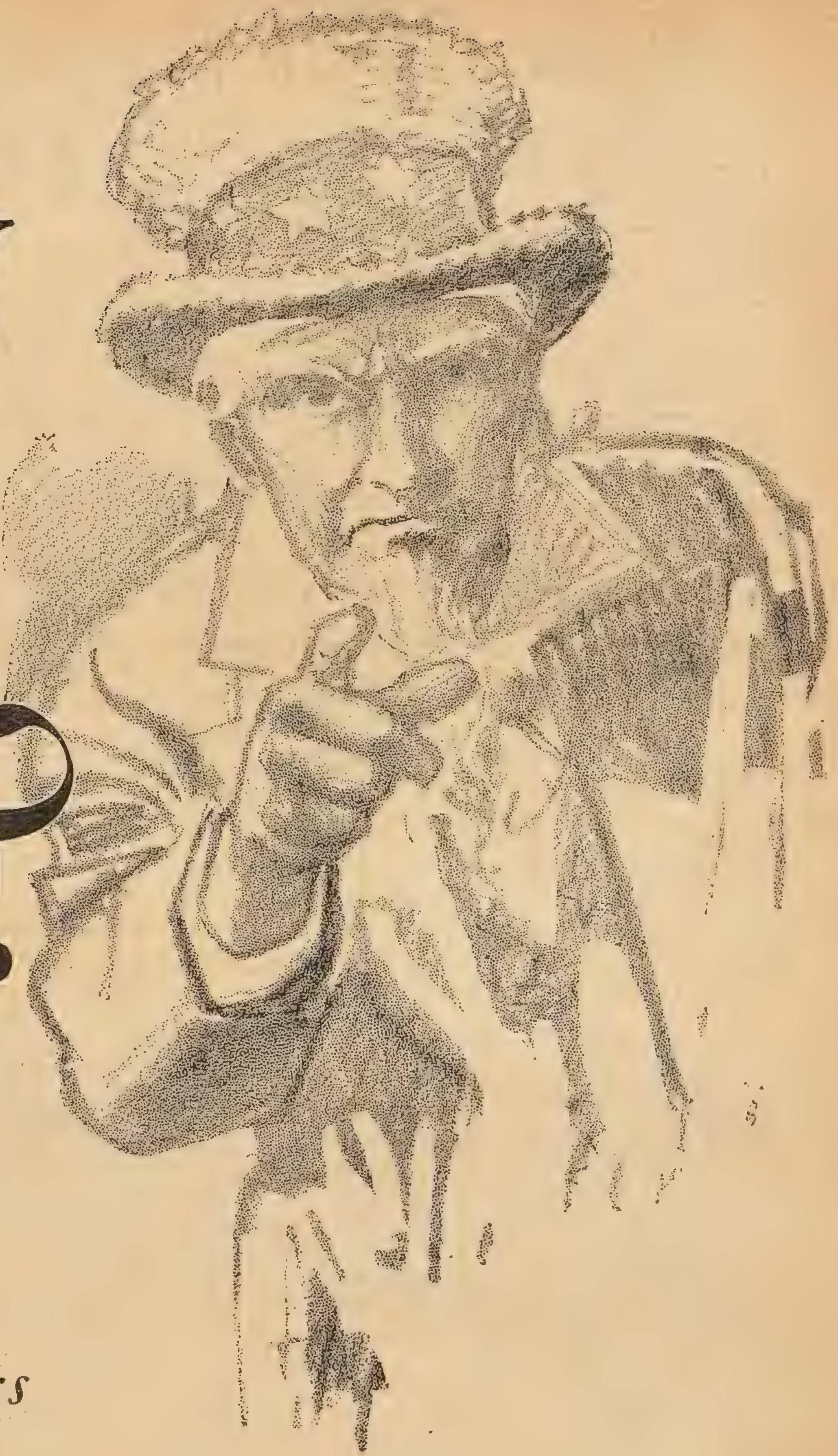
GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

Are YOU Wet or Dry?



Liberty will pay $1,000 a week for the best answers to this question

HAVE you written us your letter on Prohibition? Liberty announced last week, and repeats herewith, its desire to have its readers' views on this much-discussed question. And we are going to pay for as many letters as we can print.

What we want is the simplest kind of statements. You can write on a single sheet of paper or on the back of a postcard. It is not necessary to go into such complicated matters as alcoholic content, enforcement laws, local option, etc. The question in the language of the people is Are You Wet or Dry?—which we take to mean: Do you or do you not believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the best means of handling the liquor problem in the United States?

Anyone can answer that question with one word. And almost anyone can tell in a very few words his reasons for his answer.

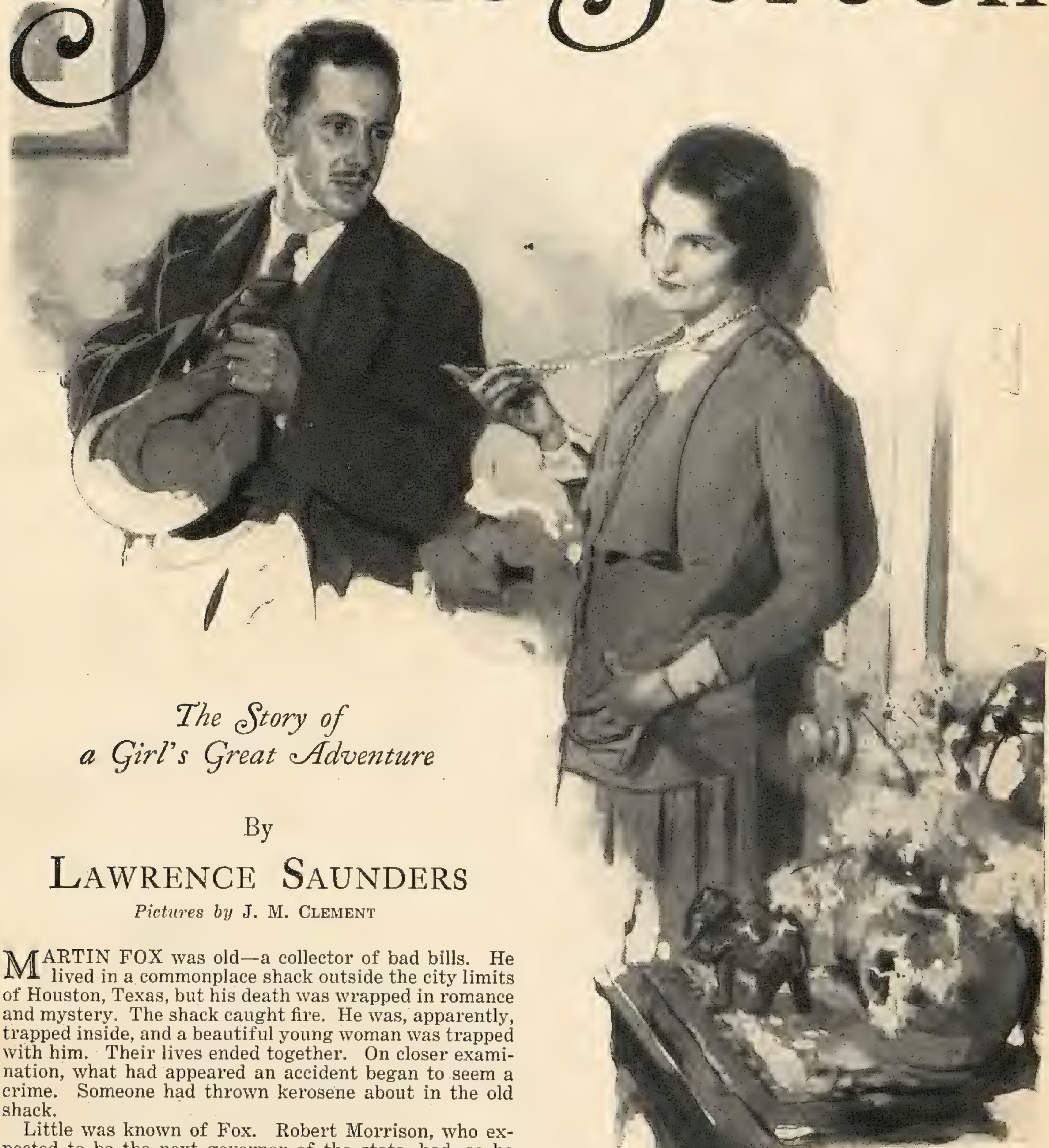
If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. You can write on this subject as often as you wish.

Literary skill will not count in these letters at all, nor will style, spelling, punctuation, or any of these things. We only want your honest views, however you may care to express them.

But brevity *will* count. If your letter is short it will be considered an advantage when the letters are judged.

Address PROHIBITION, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. We regret we cannot return your letters or enter into correspondence concerning them.

Smoke Screen



Sally was enjoying thoroughly the tiff with her brother. "I'm making thirty-five a week now. You ought to be proud of me!"

The Story of a Girl's Great Adventure

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by J. M. CLEMENT

MARTIN FOX was old—a collector of bad bills. He lived in a commonplace shack outside the city limits of Houston, Texas, but his death was wrapped in romance and mystery. The shack caught fire. He was, apparently, trapped inside, and a beautiful young woman was trapped with him. Their lives ended together. On closer examination, what had appeared an accident began to seem a crime. Someone had thrown kerosene about in the old shack.

Little was known of Fox. Robert Morrison, who expected to be the next governor of the state, had, so he said, let the old man live in the tumble-down house rent free. But Martin, it was discovered, was buying a hog farm back in Longleaf, where he came from.

The girl who died with him was thought to be Alice Blair, owner of a dress shop in Houston. This proved to be a mistake.

The dead woman was later identified as Alice's older sister, Angela Browning, who had conducted a private hospital in Galveston.

Alice had been away from Houston at the time of the tragedy. The first person to whom she talked after her return was Sally Lomax, cub reporter on the Pioneer, and the next was Sally's brother, Richard Lomax, the district attorney.

Alice was grief-stricken. Her sister, she said, had sent her away to school after their mother's death in Longleaf, and given her the money to start the dress shop. She herself had never met Martin Fox and had never heard Angela mention him.

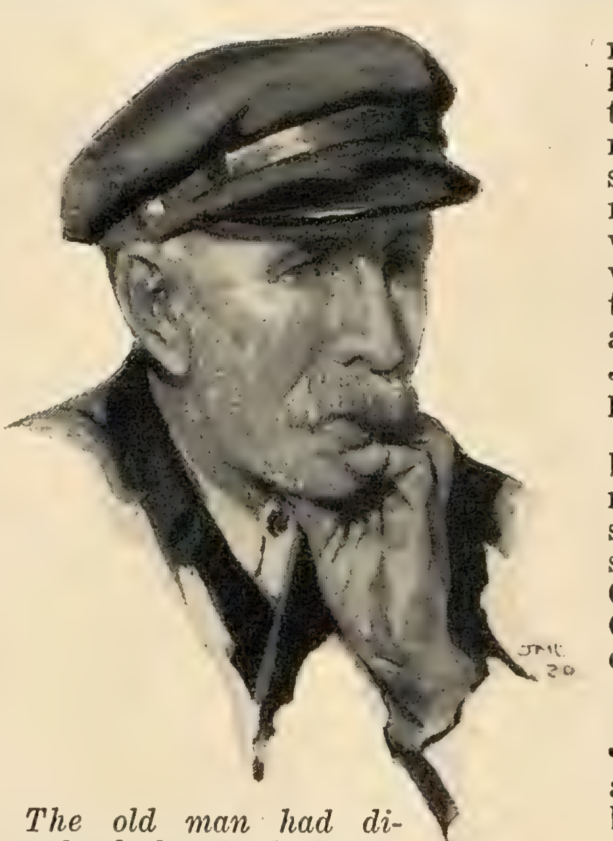
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from preceding page

Sally repeated Alice's story in detail to Andy Hunt, city editor of the Pioneer. She was rewarded by a ten-dollar-a-week raise, and the words "By Sally Lomax" on the front page.

PART THREE—ROUND AND ROUND THE CRIME

THURSDAY morning, when the mystery of the fire in which the beautiful nurse and the old collector had lost their lives was entering its second day, the Morning Bulletin had its innings. Its city edition announced that the man who had driven with Angela Blair Browning from Galveston to Houston on the night before the fire had been identified. It named this man as Terence ("Terry") O'Toole, who three years before had served a six months' sentence in the Galveston County jail following a conviction of a violation of the federal prohibition laws. It delicately refrained from calling him a bootlegger.



The old man had divulged that he had seen "that red-headed woman that was burned up."

In a signed story on the front page, Roscoe Eddy, the Bulletin's star man, told how he had stumbled upon a clue while driving to Galveston the previous night with Max Manning, chief investigator for the district attorney's office. They had talked to the night watchman on the drawbridge section of the Galveston causeway, which connects the mainland with Galveston Island.

The garrulous old man had divulged that he had seen "that red-headed woman that was burned up, in a car with Terry O'Toole, going to Houston."

"I know it was her," he said, "because the papers said the woman had on a gray fur coat and a little black hat. I didn't know her, but I knew Terry, and I spoke to him. He just nodded to me when I yelled, 'Hi, there, Terry!' and pulled his hat down over his eyes, like he was mad or something."

O'Toole's car had been the first in a line of motors halted at the drawbridge to allow an interurban train to cross the narrow draw. It was half past seven in the evening, then. That tallied with the time it would have taken the car in which Mrs. Browning had left the hospital, as reported by the nurses there, to reach the drawbridge.

The watchman thought "the woman with O'Toole must have been mad, too, because her head was all sunk down in the collar of her coat," and he had caught only a glimpse of her red hair. The watchman had not seen O'Toole come back from Houston to Galveston that night. It was entirely possible that O'Toole had returned, because he lived in Galveston, and, unless there was a train demanding right of way, cars did not stop at the drawbridge.

Besides, the watchman was not looking for O'Toole. If he hadn't read the next day of the fire and the mystery growing out of it, he would not have thought anything of seeing O'Toole and the woman in the gray squirrel coat. Terry liked women and women liked Terry, the watchman had heard tell.

NO trace of O'Toole had been found in Galveston, although the police there, acting upon Manning's report, had searched diligently.

O'Toole lived alone, Eddy's story recounted, in a cheap cottage off the S Road, on the southwestern outskirts of Galveston. He had been seen there last at noon on Wednesday, nearly ten hours after the fire had been discovered, when a neighbor had noticed him drive away.

No one at the hospital could verify the fact that Mrs. Browning knew O'Toole. The police thought it likely that she did; her acquaintance among the underworld of the coast city was extensive because of the girls who took refuge in her hospital.

The Bulletin also printed, in a box on its front page, a statement from the chief of the Galveston police, declaring again that he believed Mrs. Browning had gone to Houston on one of her errands of charity, connected with some girl who had got into trouble. The chief was open in his declaration that Mrs. Browning's death was probably not due to accident, but was murder. He could not explain and would hazard no guess as to why she was in the house with the old man who was known to be a woman hater, even though he did come from the small town where she had been born.

The district attorney read this news after old Lulu had told him Sally had already gone to work. It did little to soothe his feelings. Manning had no business letting Eddy print that stuff; he had no business taking a newspaper reporter along with him when he went to Galveston. Lomax went downtown with a dark brown taste in his mouth and a grudge against all reporters—his sister, Johnny Rorke, and Roscoe Eddy in particular.

The noon edition of the Pioneer, brought to him at ten thirty that morning, didn't do much toward soothing him either. It blazoned a story from Johnny Rorke, under a Galveston date line, connecting Terry O'Toole with Alice Blair on the night of the fire.

JOHNNY had been routed from bed at six o'clock by Andy Hunt, who always read the Bulletin before he ate breakfast. Andy had ordered Rorke to take the first interurban for Galveston and to get more news on O'Toole than the Bulletin had. Johnny, by a lucky fluke, had found the night telephone operator at the Galvez Hotel at breakfast in the hotel coffee shop. She had, not without subsidy, been persuaded to talk.

She had told Johnny that on the night of February 14 and 15, a station-to-station call had come in from Houston to the hotel: a man had asked for Miss Alice Blair, registered there with a Mrs. Grace Caruthers. The girl had listened in on the conversation long enough to hear the man say, "Hell's broke loose now. She's found out about us." The girl had answered, "Yes, I know."

Another call had interrupted the eavesdropping, and when the operator was able to open the key again, the girl had seemed to be angry or upset, and was telling the man, "For God's sake, don't do anything like that. Wait until I see you." To which the man in Houston had replied: "You poor kid, don't let it get you that way." Then the girl had said: "Well, I can't talk about it any more now, Terry. Please, if you don't want to ruin us, don't do anything until I see her. Good-by."

The girl admitted that Miss Blair might have said Perry or Carey or Harry, but she thought it was Terry. She was sure she remembered the conversation correctly. The call had come in shortly before midnight; she was sure of that, and the Houston office record would prove it, anyway.

As Lomax was digesting that story, his anger rising as he read, his secretary came in to say that Manning was calling from Galveston. Manning told his chief it was advisable to get out a warrant for O'Toole's arrest, since he couldn't be found, high or low, and if they had a warrant out, he could be brought in.

Lomax exploded: "There's a lot of use getting a warrant out after you have let these newspaper men print the whole thing. O'Toole, like as not, is over in Louisiana by this time! What's got into you? Are you working for the state of Texas or for the newspapers?"

"Say, listen, Dick, these fellows help us more than they hinder us," Manning argued, aggrieved. "If Johnny Rorke hadn't known that dame at the Galvez, and I didn't ask him how he happened to hunt her up, do you think you'd know about that telephone call? Did Miss Blair tell you about it? Huh!"

"Well, they'd better be careful printing that sort of thing. Suppose O'Toole can explain all of this? I hope he slaps a libel suit on them." Nothing would appease Lomax today.

"Fat chance for a libel suit from a fellow who has been in jail for bootlegging. What does the Blair girl have to say about all this?"

"I'm after her now," Lomax said. "Call me back in two hours."

Dick hung up the receiver, phoned an assistant to go downstairs and swear out a warrant for O'Toole's arrest, and put on his hat. He would go out and see the Blair girl himself. Just as he started out the door, he turned. Maybe he had better call her up first; he didn't want to wait while she dressed or puttered around. There was no answer! For a minute, Lomax's heart almost failed him. Could the girl have escaped during the night? Could O'Toole have come in and gone off with her?

Still a little fearful, although his common sense told him the girl certainly would have done nothing like that, he hurried down to his car, parked in the rear driveway, and sped out Main Boulevard. He parked near the Blair shop, recognizing Sally's yellow roadster standing in the side street. What on earth could she be doing out here? He would give that young woman a piece of his mind.

He went up the steps three at a time, without ringing, and knocked on the living-room door. Sally opened it.

"DICK! I don't think you'd better come in. Miss Stockard and I can't do a thing with her! She's simply collapsed!"

"What are you doing here?" He walked past her. In the bedroom beyond he could hear hysterical moans and the soothing voice of the nurse.

"She insisted on going down to see the body," Sally whispered. "She's been like this ever since we got back. We can't stop her."

"Well, what are you doing here? I gave Miss Stockard orders last night that no one was to see Miss Blair unless I gave permission."

"Darling! Miss Stockard knew I was your sister, and she didn't bother about me!"

"Sally, I've had all of this I'll stand! You'll have to stop this newspaper nonsense at once. I won't have it! You're embarrassing me beyond endurance with the other papers! You've got to quit! You hear me?"

"Tut! Tut! What will you do, Dick dear? Put me out in the street? Disown me? I'll make my living, just the same. Andy Hunt gave me a ten-dollar raise for that signed story yesterday."

Sally had closed the door into the bedroom; she was enjoying thoroughly the tiff with her brother.

"I'm making thirty-five a week now. You ought to be proud of me!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Take no chances with inferior tubes!"

says F. A. D. ANDREA,

President of F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.

"FADA RADIO"

"WE test all our sets with RCA Radiotrons and recommend the use of RCA Radiotrons for Fada Vibra-Control Radio. RCA Radiotron quality and engineering precision assure the maximum performance built into every Fada set. They are the only safeguard against troubles caused by faulty tube construction. Take no chances with inferior vacuum tubes. To get maximum enjoyment from Fada Vibra-Control Radio use long-lived RCA Radiotrons throughout for both initial equipment and yearly replacement."

RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:
Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new

RCA
UX-250
POWER AMPLIFIER
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
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Look for the red and black carton and the famous RCA *trade-mark*

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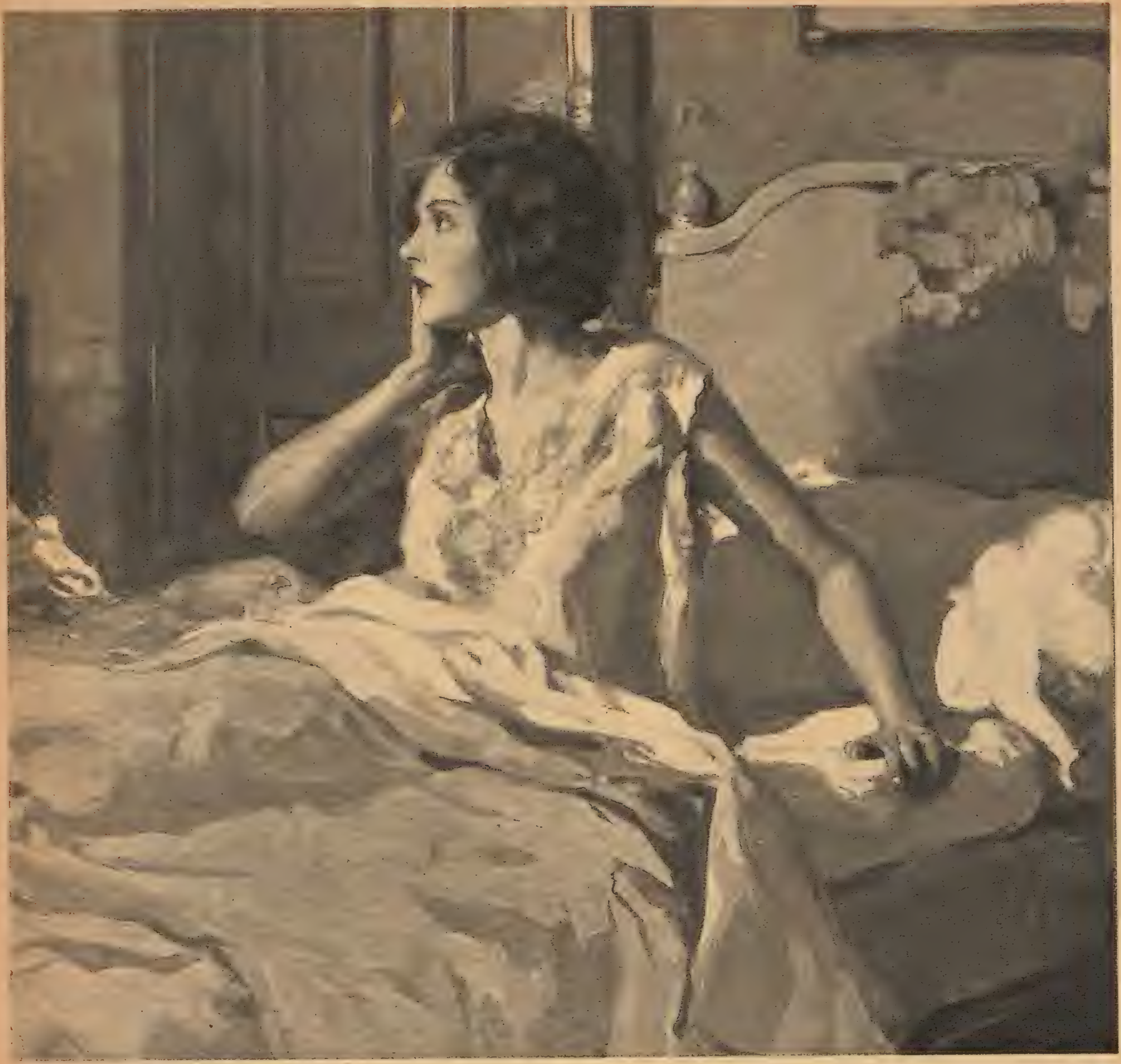
RCA Radiotron

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET



The girl in the bed sat up. "Who's that?" she whispered hoarsely.

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page seventy-five

Before Dick could frame a suitable reply, Miss Stockard came in.

"Good morning, Mr. Lomax. I think Miss Blair will be quite all right now. I've given her a triple bromide. She's dropping off to sleep right now, and I think she'll stay asleep most of the day. She didn't sleep an hour all last night."

"You've done what?"

"Given her a sedative; she had to get some rest." Belle Stockard was as impersonal and dictatorial as young nurses grow; she had never come into contact with a district attorney before, but she was not impressed. Her first duty was to her patient.

"My Lord, woman, I've got to talk to that girl!"

"Not now, Mr. Lomax. She won't be able to tell you anything until she wakes, and that won't be for several hours, at least." Miss Stockard vanished on noiseless feet into the bedroom.

"Well, I'm going," said Sally nonchalantly. Her brother, after glaring at the closed door, regretting that he was a gentleman, went over to it and knocked. Miss Stockard came out, plainly annoyed.

"You should not have put Miss Blair under a drug until I had been consulted," he said sternly. "It was highly necessary that I discuss some of the details of this case with her. I'm sure you didn't realize that," he added hastily, as the nurse stiffly asked in the same breath:

"Is Miss Blair a prisoner simply because her sister happens to have been killed, Mr. Lomax?"

"No! No! Certainly not! But I need information that only she can give me." He softened diplomatically. "You are sure she will sleep most of the day?"

"Certainly." If Miss Stockard was not sure, she wouldn't admit it to this person.

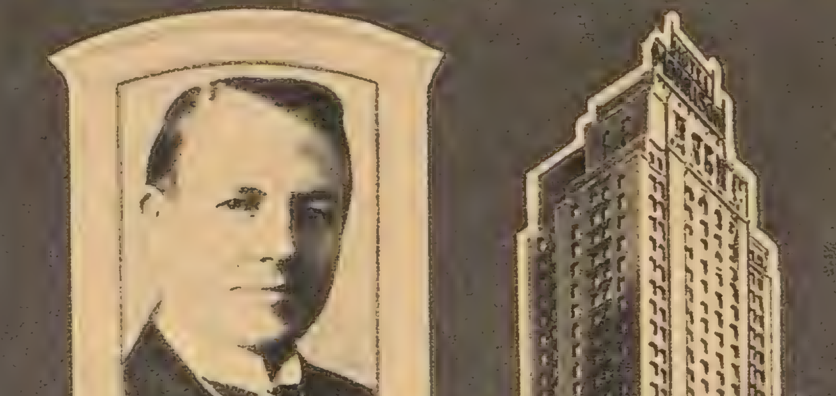
"Very well; just see that no one is admitted without orders from me, and telephone me as soon as she awakens. Meanwhile I'd muffle the telephone bell. Don't answer any questions put to you by newspaper men, and don't discuss what you may find out about the case with anyone, please

"I don't wish to be disagreeable, Miss Stockard. I am merely carrying out my duties as district attorney."

Sally, who had been listening on the landing, preceded him down the stairs. Each drove off after a cool "See you later" from Sally and a stiff touch of the hat from her brother.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT]

All Places Are Nearer
— YET —
All Charges Are Lighter
at CHICAGO'S
MORRISON HOTEL


HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3450 rooms

THE speed with which all downtown points are reached from the Morrison Hotel is a leading consideration in determining rate standards. The result, however, is *exactly contrary* to the usual basis of figuring.

The factor of location has operated toward a *low*, rather than a *high*, scale of charges. The subleased stores on the ground level contribute an income that permits a moderation in room rates found nowhere else with a similar standard of equipment and living conditions.

Every room is equipped with telephone, bedhead reading-lamp, and Servidor. Each room is outside, with private bath, and is supplied with circulating ice water.

As an added contribution to the convenience of business men on tour, the sample rooms are exceptionally large, well lighted, and so located as to give quickest accessibility. These advantages will be enjoyed to a far greater degree in our new 500-room section, on which work begins next May. In this unit, *three entire floors will be devoted to sample rooms*—the entire layout reflecting wide experience in modern commercial routine and practice. Opportunities will be given to out-of-town business houses to reserve some of these rooms throughout the year.

The increase in our capacity contributed by this section will bring the total to 2450 rooms. This will be the last step before reaching our final limit—3450 rooms, a capacity equaled by no other hotel on the globe.

H. C. Moir
Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Moir Hotel Company

TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00 6 Suites, $20.00
Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

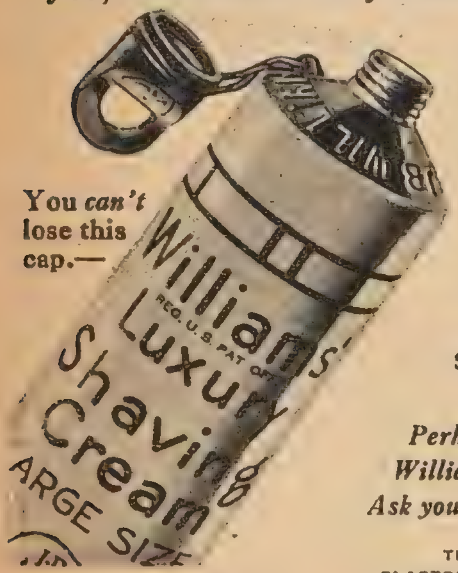
MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STS.
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

Makes the beard fit for the razor—
the face Fit for the day!

Fit for the razor—
Yes, a beard softened thoroughly . . . every hair of it. The skin prepared . . . completely. For the Williams lather is lather for the skin as well as for the beard. Rising quickly. Cool as morning. Mild as real Cream.

Fit for the day—
Yes, the Williams shave is an *all day* shave Beard cut close. Pores cleansed. Tissues freshened. Williams makes your face look well groomed and Fit!

Product of 90 years of specialized study. Pure. With no touch of doubtful dye. Good in any water. Good in any weather. Good for any skin. Why shouldn't the drug clerk say: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams."*



Then Aqua Velva—*for after-shaving.* Scientifically blended to give proper care to the newly shaven skin.

Perhaps you'd like the novelty of Williams Shaving Liquid. Very new. Ask your dealer.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA

Just notice the fine skins of men who use
Williams
SHAVING CREAM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

Sally parked her roadster around the corner from the Pioneer office and went in to report.

The case was at a standstill the rest of the day, the afternoon editions merely adding to the Galveston telephone operator's disclosures the fact that a warrant had been sworn out for the arrest of Terence O'Toole, "a convicted bootlegger and said to be a friend of both the Blair sisters," as a material witness. As yet, there had been no report made public on the complete autopsy over the two bodies. O'Toole apparently had vanished off the edge of the earth in his car, although the police and county authorities of the two cities and counties predicted his early apprehension. Late in the afternoon, Lomax offered two hundred and fifty dollars reward for news leading to O'Toole's arrest, and the chief of police in Galveston announced that city would give a like amount.

The collapse of Alice Blair after viewing her sister's body was told in a story in the Pioneer written by Sally, and imparted hastily by Lomax to the other papers. The district attorney added to his statement that she was in seclusion under the care of a nurse from her sister's hospital, and that no one was allowed to see her "under orders from her physician." That no physician had been called in was a minor matter to Lomax; he had to appear to be shielding the prostrated girl.

Johnny Rorke was off on a secret errand of his own. He had returned from Galveston early in the afternoon and asked for the afternoon off. Andy, used to his star reporter's more or less mysterious methods of getting news, readily consented.

"You'd better wait around the office," Andy told Sally. "Something may turn up."

SOMETHING did turn up. At a quarter to five, Belle Stockard telephoned to Sally.

"This is my regular night off, and I've got to go back to Galveston," the nurse said. "Could you come out and spend the night with Miss Blair? She's all right, but I don't want to leave her alone, you know. All she needed was sleep, and I think she'll sleep the clock around. I talked with the superintendent in Galveston and she thinks it will be all right, if you can come out. I'll be back early in the morning, and we won't say anything about my being away."

Sally would be pleased to be of any assistance to Miss Stockard and Miss Blair. She would be right out. No, she hadn't had supper. All right, she would eat before she came. Would Miss Stockard call her brother and assure him that Miss Blair would sleep all night, and then no one would be bothered. Miss Stockard would be glad to do so.

"You carry a rabbit's foot, kid," chuckled Andy, when Sally told him of the arrangement, after swearing him to secrecy.

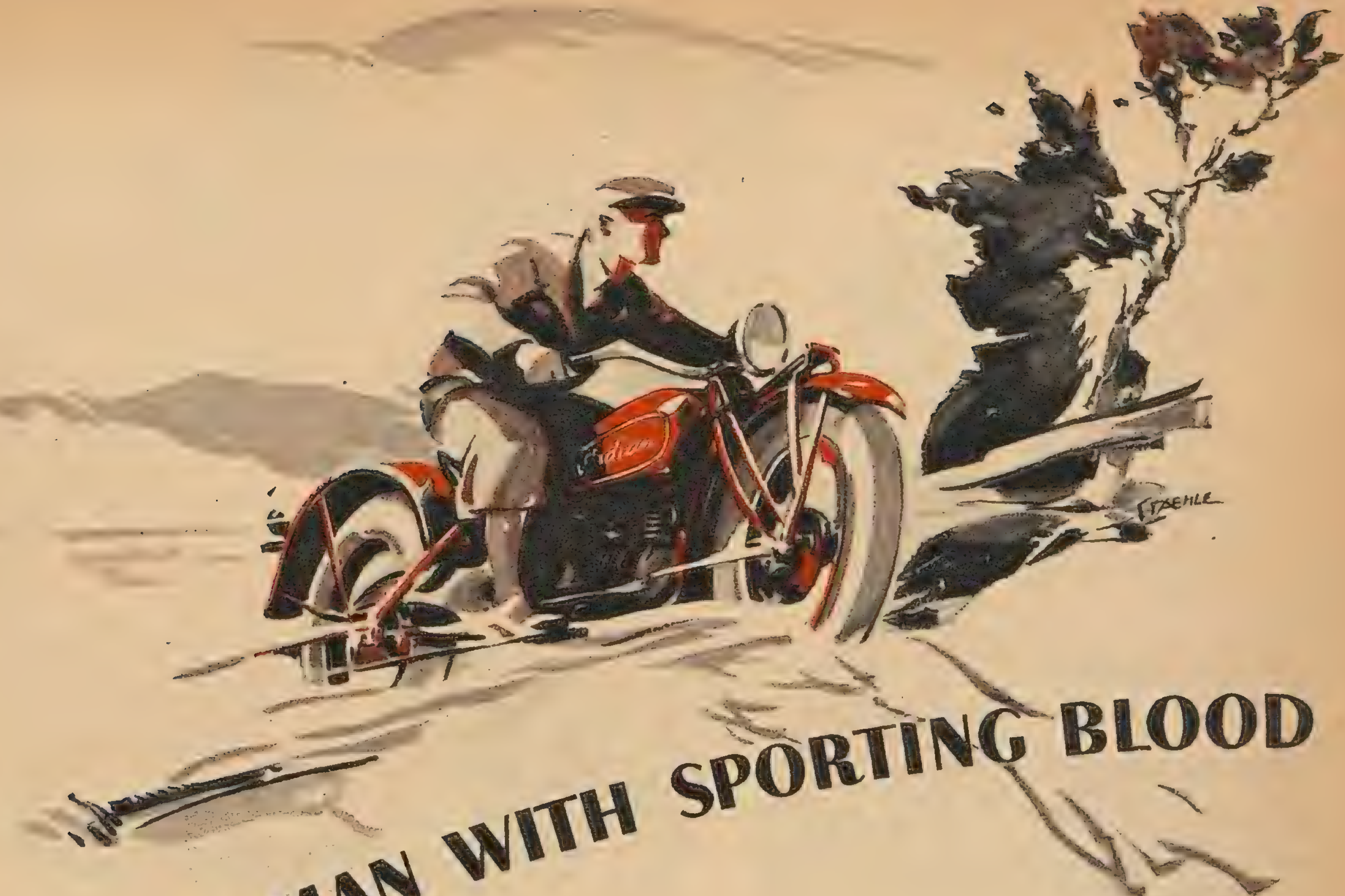
"Oh, I reckon this nurse has just got a heavy date in Galveston, and then Dick made her mad this morning," Sally said. "If I get anything tonight, I'll take care to write it so this Stockard girl won't get in bad."

"That's the stuff! Never betray a news source," Andy approved. He solemnly shook hands with her. "If you can contrive to make a little racket and wake up the Blair girl and get her to talking . . . well, let your conscience be your guide, and remember that a reporter needs a collapsible conscience. If she will spill anything about O'Toole . . . um . . . Good luck, kid!"

When Sally arrived, the nurse was ready to leave. Alice was still sleeping soundly.

Once the nurse had gone, Sally prowled around the apartment. Suddenly she remembered that she must telephone Lulu that she wouldn't be home that night. She decided to say that she was going to Galveston on an assignment from the paper. She closed the door between the bedroom and the living room and called her home. She lied like an old hand at it, blushing a bit at the old housekeeper's admonition to take good care of herself and not drive too fast, and not to go "messin' around Galveston without a good man or a *po*-lice along with you."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTY]



FOR A MAN WITH SPORTING BLOOD

. . . for him who revels in the rush of the wind, the warmth of the sun . . . an Indian . . . the sportsman's steed . . . a lithe, live companion of the highway. It's the outdoors man's way to go places . . . swiftly, smoothly, *safely.* No waiting in traffic delays . . . no crawling up hills behind "Sunday drivers."

Get astride an Indian . . . feel the thrill of the surging power between your knees . . . feel your blood tingle as you slip through traffic like a cat—out to the open highway, with the breeze in your hair!

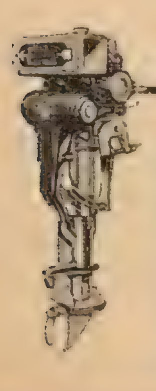
An Indian is Safe

And remember—Indian has a reserve of power to pull you quickly out of danger, yet it is light enough to stop in half the space a car needs. Indian's a tough machine, too—a stock model holds the world's record of 497 hours continuous running, beating the famous "St. Louis Robin" plane endurance record. That's stamina—one of the things twenty-seven years successful motorcycle making puts into every Indian. That's why New York City's great motorcycle squad, and those of many other cities, are *exclusively* Indian equipped. Thousands of merchants, too, use Indians for quick, economical delivery service.

Visit your local Indian dealer . . . See the *Improved Indians*—CHIEF 74, SCOUT, and FOUR, and the new Indian Silver Arrow Outboard Motor. Or write Indian Motocycle Company, Dept. C7, Springfield, Massachusetts.

INDIAN goes nautical, too!

Now you can enjoy on the waterways famous, dependable *Indian* power in the new



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OUTBOARD MOTOR

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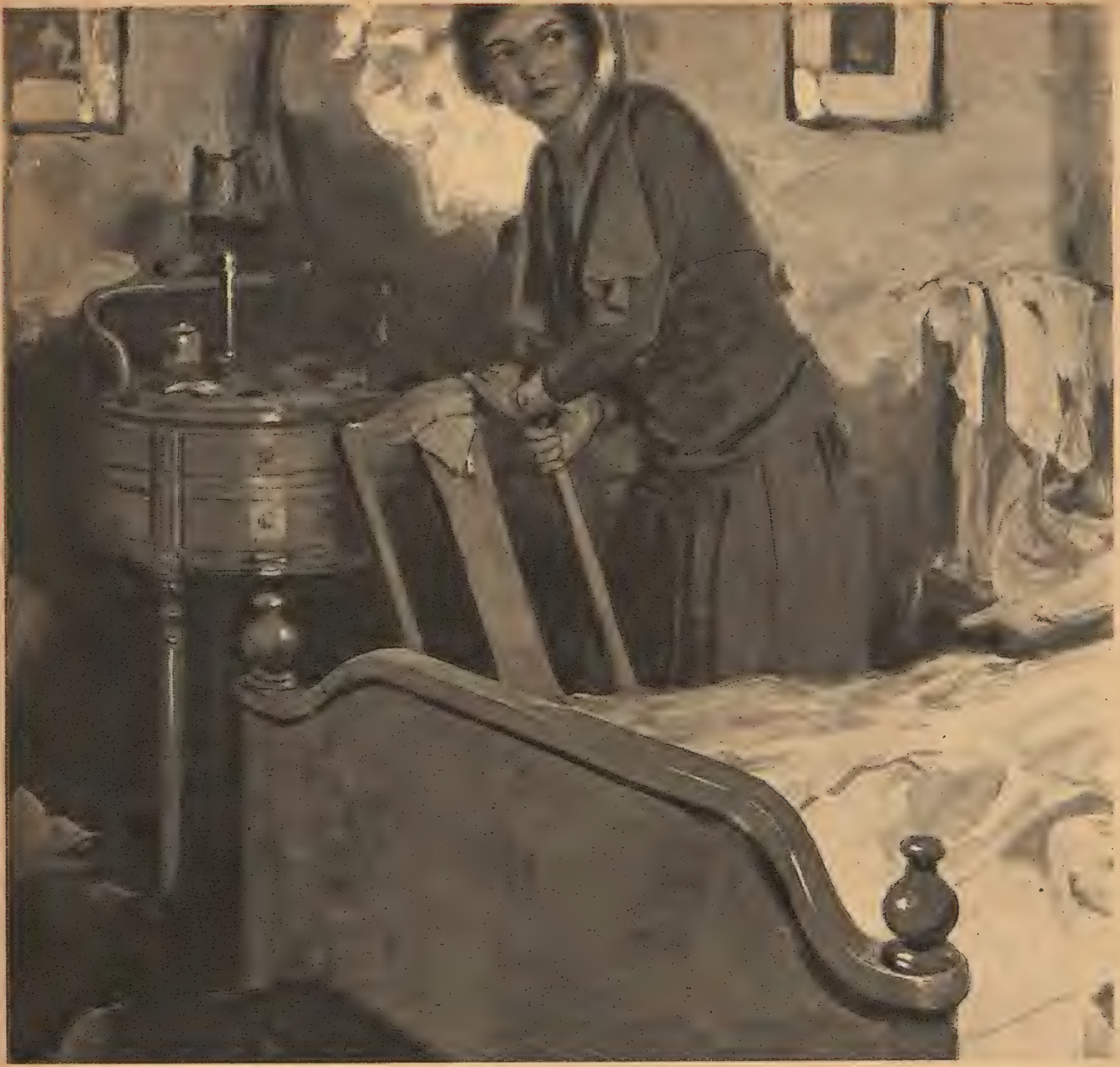

In the semidarkness she stumbled into a chair, barking a shin, creating an incredible noise.

[SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page seventy-eight]

The desk upon which the telephone stood, like everything else in the small apartment, reflected its owner's good taste and sophisticated daintiness, but on it was a gaudy, heart-shaped candy box of five-pound size, much too ornate. Sally had noticed it before when she had sat there to telephone; now it irritated her even more. She took off the lid. On the half-eaten top layer of candies was a lace-paper valentine. She idly opened that to the second page, on which was written in a large, clumsy hand: "To the little Copperhead from her big Rattler."

She replaced the valentine guiltily, and closed the box. Under the edge of it now was showing a corn-colored envelope. She pulled that out. It was addressed to Miss Alice Blair, at the apartment, in a woman's neat, vertical handwriting. It was postmarked at Galveston, Feb. 14, 6:30 A. M. That was Tuesday, Sally counted back, the day before the fire on Wednesday morning.

Sally debated: Should she be a lady and replace the letter, or a reporter and read it? She put it down, undecided, and looked around for her purse to get a cigarette. It held none; she had left the packet on her desk at the office. She wandered about the living room, looking for Alice Blair's supply, tiptoed into the bedroom, opening the door carefully and closing it behind her. In the semidarkness of the curtained room she stumbled into a chair, barking a shin, creating an incredible noise. The girl in the bed sat up.

"Who's that?" she whispered hoarsely.

SALLY'S heart was in her mouth. She was a little frightened, sympathetically sensing the fear in the other girl's voice.

"It's—it's just me—Sally Lomax," she said softly. "I'm so sorry I woke you." She went to the bed and put an arm about Alice Blair's shoulders. "Try to go back to sleep. I'm just staying here with you while Miss Stockard is away for a little while, and I stumbled over a chair."

"Miss Stockard?" Alice was not fully awake.

"The nurse who is staying with you," Sally supplied. "But you go back to sleep, honey."

"How long have I been asleep?"

"Since before noon."

"What time is it now?"

Sally glanced at her wrist in the half light. "A quarter after six. You'd better try to get some more sleep, honey." This was half honest, half hypocritical, Sally knew, but she did want to do the right thing.

"I'm all upset inside. I think I'll fix a cup of tea. My mouth is terribly dry."

"I'll make it," said Sally eagerly. "You just lie down. Wait a minute. I'll bring you a glass of water." She pushed Alice gently back on to the pillow.

But while Sally was reaching for the tea canister, with the water on to boil, Alice appeared in the kitchen doorway, a lavender quilted robe over her nightgown, lavender satin mules on her absurdly tiny feet.

"My head is so fuzzy," she complained. "I think I'd rather have coffee than tea. Do you mind?"

The reporter and the good Samaritan struggled again within Sally. The reporter won. "Coffee it shall be," she agreed, grinning.

They drank it, black and strong, in the living room, and ate bread-and-butter sandwiches which Sally had made while the coffee brewed and Alice took a bath. After her second cup, Alice, wandering about nervously, paused at the desk and picked up the big candy box. She opened it, put its lid down on the desk, laid the gaudy valentine in it, and came over to Sally with the box.

"HAVE some candy?"

Sally took a piece as casually as she could. She was glad she didn't have to face that valentine. Alice took out a piece, then replaced the sentimental lace-paper atrocity and the lid. As she did so, she noticed the corn-colored envelope beside the box. A bit too quickly for the action to appear as casual as she evidently wished her guest to consider it, if Sally happened to be looking, she stuffed it into a pigeonhole of the desk. Sally had missed nothing of this.

She was curled up in a low modernistic chair. Alice went over to the chaise longue and stretched out.

It was a strange situation, the reporter reflected as she lighted a cigarette. They might be any two girls in college, with their cigarettes and a box of candy, ready for a long gossip. She had to force herself to realize that they were in the shadow of a great tragedy, each waiting for the other to start a discussion of how it had happened, why it had happened, and what might come of it. Sally was embarrassed; she didn't know what to say first. Alice spared her the trouble.

"Will you tell me just what has happened since I went to sleep this morning?" she asked. "What have they found out?"

"Mighty little. Really, almost all we know is that your sister came to Houston the other night in a car with a man named Terry O'Toole, and that no trace of him can be found now, although they have offered a five-hundred-dollar reward. What's the matter?"

Alice was bolt upright, her face stricken with a new terror.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Grown people, too, prefer its flavor

Mothers will tell you that children very willingly learn the habit of oral hygiene when it is associated with Lavoris. They like Lavoris' flavor—the cool, fresh feeling that follows its use.

Children deserve the safety and health-protection that daily use of a good mouthwash provides. It is easy to teach them this beneficial habit with an agreeable flavor, such as Lavoris'.

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To Members of the Dental and Medical Professions:

The claims for Lavoris are never extravagant, or designed to exploit the credulity of the public. Lavoris prints its formula with every bottle.

The purpose of Lavoris is to provide an accurate and stable zinc chloride solution of real therapeutic value meeting every requirement of a scientific oral detergent. It (1) is noncaustic (2) nondecalcifying (3) nonpoisonous (4) does not interfere with salivary action, or alter reactions (5) favors recovery of inflamed membrane (6) is stimulating (7) highly penetrating (8) deodorant (9) agreeable in taste, aroma, and color (10) mildly astringent.

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These characteristics of Lavoris encourage public attention to oral care. And in all Lavoris advertising, the public is admonished to take advantage of professional dental advice.

.... DO AS YOUR
LAVORIS
DENTIST TELLS YOU

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SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page eighty-one

"Terry doesn't know anything about it! Terry didn't have anything to do with it!" The words tumbled out.

"Was it he who telephoned you before midnight at the Galvez—that night?" Sally asked, as easily as she could manage to say it.

"How did you know that?" Alice was almost in a panic.

"A telephone girl listened in. But don't be alarmed. Why don't you tell me all about Terry? There's no reason to be afraid of my knowing. Maybe you'll feel better if you talk it all out."

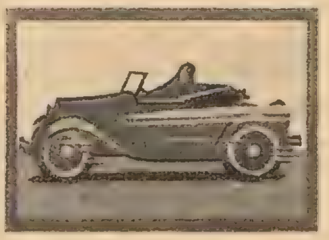
Sally felt like a sneak; but maybe it would help the girl. She had heard it helped people to talk their troubles out at a time like this.

Alice pondered, biting her lips. Suddenly she turned to look Sally in the eyes.

"Maybe you're right! I'll tell you."

She gulped the last of the coffee, and settled back a little more easily.

"Terry and I are in love with each other; we have been for some time. But I've been afraid to tell sister; she always has objected to my having any men friends—any friends at all who might be called intimate, even girls. She was an awful prude about men. Just as soon as I got interested in some boy, or he got interested in me, sister scared him off. . . . But Terry doesn't know anything about—about this horrible thing that happened to her. I *know* he doesn't!"



"DID you know that he drove your sister up to Houston in his car Tuesday night?"

"Of course I did! That's why he telephoned me at the Galvez. He was coming up here, and she said she had an engagement here, and wanted to talk to him anyway, and so they came up together in his car. He told her on the way up that we were in love with each other and he meant to give up his—his business that he was in, and marry me and go to California to live. She got white hot and went at him like a snake, he said.

"He called me up at the hotel to ask me what to do about it, and to warn me she was on the warpath. I told him not to do anything until I could see him, and then he said the best thing for us to do was for him to close out his business and for us to get married right away and go away until she cooled off. He said he would go back and tell Angela—wherever she was—he didn't say—and tell her we were going to do that. I told him, for God's sake, not to do any such thing. But he laughed and said he liked to hear her rave. I told him to see me first—be sure to wait until he saw me."

SALLY felt a little thrill. That was what the telephone girl had overheard them say. This was a true story!

"Terry didn't know anything about handling sister when she got angry," Alice was going on. "I have always been a little afraid of her when she got very mad; I have sometimes felt she might do something dangerous. I wonder—do you suppose she could have gotten angry at someone who set fire to that house to kill her while she was angry? Miss Lomax, I'm going mad with this! If I only knew what happened after Terry left her—wherever he left her."

The girl's hands were shaking. Sally knew she must get her off that line of thought.

"Your sister was a good deal older than you, wasn't she?"

"Nearly eight years older. She was the most wonderful sister and friend in the world, except for her funny attitude about my men friends. When our mother died, I was about fourteen. She came to Longleaf and sold the house we lived in and took me off with her. First she put me in a convent in San Antonio, and then the next year in a college in Virginia. When I graduated there, she sent me to Paris for more than a year, and when I came home

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Chew DENTYNE . . and smile!

she gave me enough money to start my shop."

"Did you see her often after you came here?" Sally prompted.

"No, I didn't. She seemed to want to keep our relationship as quiet as she could. She had come to Galveston as a nurse just before mother's death. She started her hospital down there partly on the money from the sale of our old home, and she always told me that my education was only her payment of my share. I didn't care; she was older, and I always felt she had a much better business head than I had.

"Then, after I came back from Paris, she already had the plan for this shop, and I was awfully busy getting it on its feet. We didn't see each other oftener than once a month. Was that odd? I never thought of it that way. You see, we had never been much together. I had been away to school, and before mother's death she had been away from home. Sister was more like a very, very dear friend, but one of the kind you don't see much of."

"Do you know anything about her husband? Is he dead?"

"I think so. Before mother died, we knew she had been married. She wrote us that she had, and a little later she wrote that she had left her husband. She only said his name was Browning. I don't believe I ever heard her mention his first name. When I left Longleaf with her, she said she didn't want to talk about her marriage. She made that statement casually one day, as though she was afraid I might ask questions about him. So I never pried into it.

"I don't know a great deal about sister's life after she went off to study nursing. I didn't even know that she had started a maternity hospital, or why, except what she wrote me, that first year I was in Virginia in school, about it. She said, 'You know my keen interest in mothers and children.' I thought that was funny, because I didn't really know what her interests were, except in me."

ALICE lighted a cigarette. Her hands were steadier.

"After I came here and started the shop, I learned that her chief interest actually was in what she called 'unfortunate girls.' She usually had two or three unmarried girls in the hospital. I met some of them. The nurses have told me all those girls thought sister was a saint. Well, I suppose she was." Alice sighed. "A curious mixture of saint and devil. In some ways she was the red-headedest woman I ever knew."

"How did you happen to meet Mr. O'Toole? Through your sister?" Sally was carefully casual.

"Yes. They had known each other several years, and sister and I met him on the beach one day, and she introduced him to me." For the first time Alice seemed to be keeping something back; her tones were not so easy as they had been.

"It's perfectly senseless for anyone to suspect Terry of doing this thing—or even being mixed up with it. In the first place, I'm *sure* he wasn't even in Houston when the—the fire happened. I'm sure he came back to Galveston just after he talked to me over the telephone."

"Why are you sure of that?"

"Well—he said he was starting back right then. And I know he told me the truth. Terry always tells me the truth. Besides, he wasn't angry at sister; he was just amused. I tell you, he didn't realize the danger in her rages. It just made him laugh!"

The girls sat silent. What Alice was thinking she kept to herself. Sally was deep in new theories of the crime. Could Terry have been an old lover of Angela's? Was Angela really a man-hater? How did she and old Fox, a man without a woman in his life, happen to be out there together? Perhaps, after all, this was just an accident, as they had at first thought it was.

WELL, it would be a tragic joke if this should turn out to be nothing but an accident. Suppose Angela Blair had gone up to Houston on some harmless mission, had met old Fox, and they had sat down over a bottle of whisky to talk about the old home town. They had got drunk and he turned the lamp over. But— Sally sat up with a start. She must be getting woozy. What about all those kerosene-soaked newspapers in the stair closet? All that kerosene spread over the carpet and upon the bed? No! No!

"No, what?" Alice had jumped at Sally's exclamation.

"No. No, I didn't mean anything. I was just thinking so hard I talked aloud. My dear! Don't you want to go to bed? I've been thoughtless. You must be tired!"

"I'm not in the least sleepy. Remember, I slept all day." Alice smiled sympathetically. "Are you tired?"

Sally shook her head.

"Well, then, if you are sure." She paused, pondered, went on: "Miss Lomax, have you heard anything more about those whisky glasses they found in that house?"

"No, I haven't." Sally hesitated. "Did your sister drink—I mean, could she have been drinking too much out there?"

"I don't know." Alice's face was troubled. "I know she hated prohibition. I've heard her say it was worse than the open saloons had ever been. I've seen her take a drink now and then, as most people do nowadays. But I never heard of or saw her taking too much. You see, my sister was such a careful person in other ways, I can't imagine her drinking enough liquor to make her stupid. That's the thought that comes back to me all the time. Because of that I can't believe it was an accident."

"If it was foul play, what do you think could have been the motive?"

"If I only knew! If it was murder—but it couldn't have been! Who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The Sad Tragedy of Passing Youth

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WHY tolerate the needless sorrow of Gray Hair? Now a simple, easy way is found. Already hundreds of thousands of women and men have used it. Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the beautiful color come. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid that leaves the beautiful luster of your hair unchanged. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown or black.

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An unusually frank article in Liberty *Next Week*

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SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page eighty-three

would want to kill her? She was such a useful person; so kind!"

"Have you any idea where that husband of hers could be?"

Alice looked up suddenly.

"Why— Do you mean he might have murdered her? Oh, he's dead. At least, she always spoke of him as though he were dead, the few times I ever heard her mention him. I'm sure he is."

"Well, of course, that was just an idea of mine. Another thing I'd like to ask you, and I hope you won't think I'm impertinent: Where do you suppose Mr. O'Toole is? Why doesn't he get in touch with you?"

"If I only knew! If I could only see and talk to Terry! Why doesn't he call me? Why doesn't he come here?" She broke into racking sobs.

Sally knelt and put her arms about the weeping girl.

"There, there," she soothed. "He has a good reason for not coming. You know that, don't you?"

Alice nodded and clung tighter.

"It's so terrible! So terrible! And I'm so afraid! I don't know what to do! I must do something!"

The storm subsided. Sally got a cigarette for Alice.

"I SUPPOSE they will let me bury my sister up home, won't they?" Alice spoke timidly, as though she feared the law might keep her sister's body from her. The question wrung Sally's heart more than anything that had happened in all the evening.

"Of course. That can all be attended to for you, Miss Blair. Why don't you talk to my brother about it—or would you rather I'd ask him in the morning?"

"I'll do it. I'll have to do all those things tomorrow. I'll go down to the bank in the morning and ask them to look after the hospital; sister always told me to go to my bank and have them see about such things if anything happened to her. The bank has her will, I know. I don't know what to do about that hospital. I can sell a woman a dress, but I wouldn't know how to go about running a maternity business." Alice smiled ruefully.

This was a good beginning, and Sally seized upon it. She started a discussion of clothes; of the Paris conception of dressmaking as a fine art; of the distinctive manners of each great Parisian *couturier.* Alice met her effort gallantly. They talked until Alice's eyes drooped wearily. Sally made her go to bed; it was long after midnight. Sally spread a blanket for herself on the chaise longue, as Miss Stockard had done the night before. More exhausted than she had realized, presently she was sound asleep.

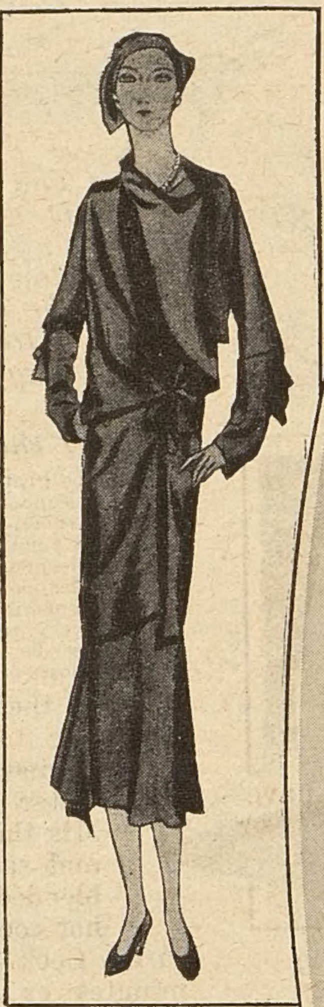
Sally couldn't have slept if she'd known the grim event that was just around the corner. You'll see what destiny was concealing when you read next week's Liberty.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 35

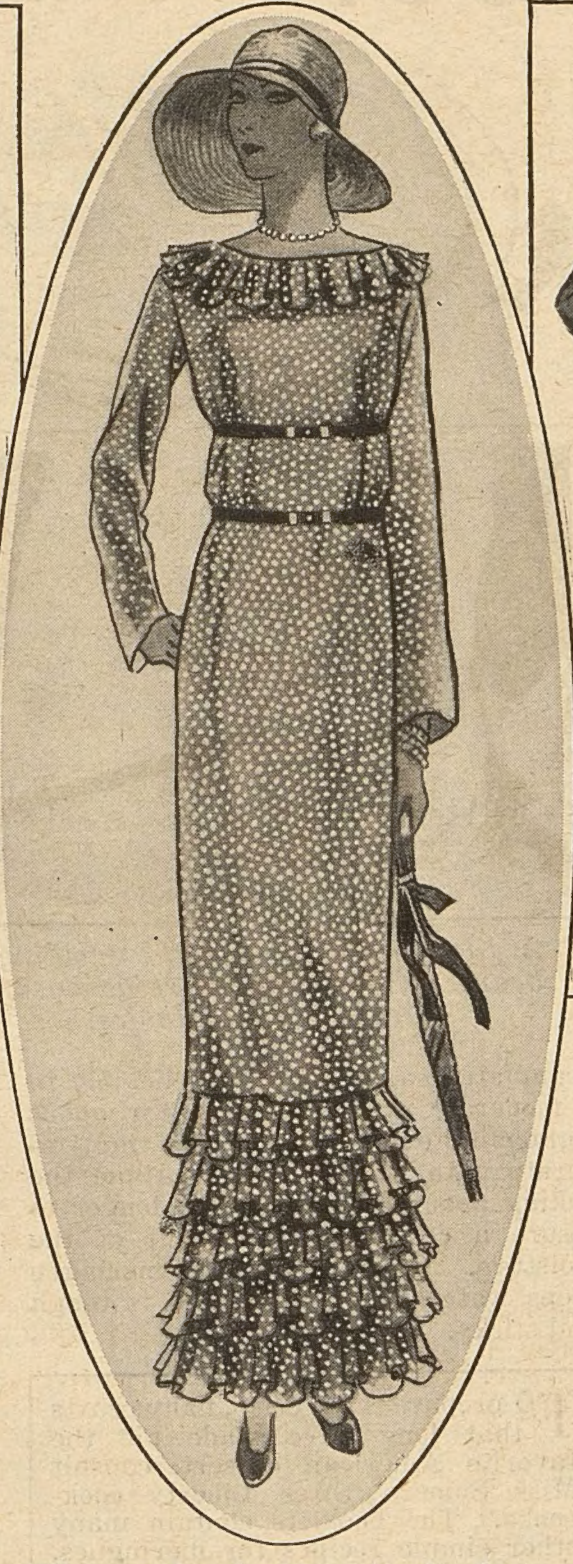
1—Before the war.
2—The Moors.
3—A French cardinal and statesman (1585-1642).
4—London and Paris.
5—Dutch.
6—Malachi.
7—A large fish hawk.
8—Thomas Jonathan.
9—Walla Walla.
10—Ten thousand.
11—In southern Palestine.
12—The Ancient Mariner (Coleridge).
13—Rhodesia.
14—The diamond.
15—Washington and Baltimore.
16—A writ commanding one's presence in court.
17—Twelve gross.
18—Merry Wives of Windsor.
19—Ursa Major.
20—Primo de Rivera.

Spring Style Statistics

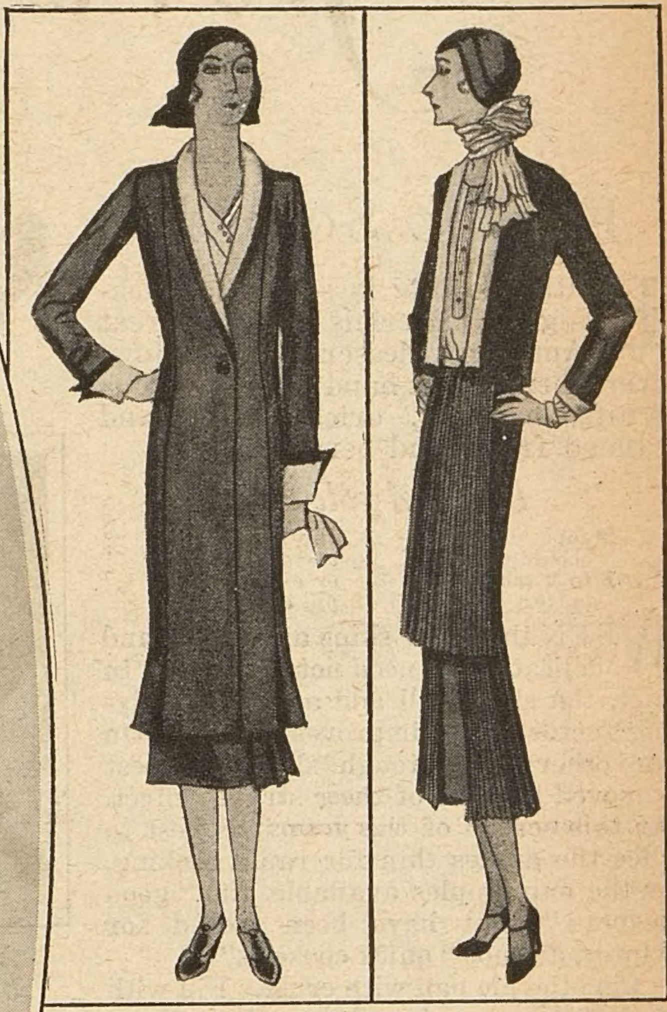
By BETTINA BEDWELL



A Chantal ensemble of black georgette with the new draped coat.



This red-and-white frock from Suzanne Talbot goes Greek to the extent of a double waistline.



Above, at the left, an O'Rossen marocain suit, ermine trimmed. At the right, a blue crêpe suit with a bolero lined with white handkerchief linen.

Paris.

OUT of the thousands of dresses, wraps, and ensembles that Paris is now releasing in her spring fashion shows, the following style statistics are compiled:

Tailored suits will have their biggest run of the decade. They will be made of cotton, silk, or smooth wool, of printed or plain material.

Jackets will be more varied than ever before.

Everybody's boleros, etons, Chanel's fitted and flared wrist-length jackets, everybody's hip-length, three-quarter-, and knee-length jackets, Patou's fitted and finger-tip-length jackets will be outstanding types. Sleeves will sometimes be short, sometimes cape. Skirts reaching a hand's breadth or length below the knees will have soft lines due to unpressed plaits, plaited godets, and modified drapery. Blouses will be keynotes of the chic of these costumes, and will be soft, with plaits, smocking, jabots, boleros, drapery, and scarfs. They will be made of silks or cottons, printed or plain, in pastel colors or white. Many will be short-sleeved or sleeveless. Draped separate scarfs and cape scarfs of flat fur or fabric will replace fox scarfs.

A new kind of ensemble, forecast in Liberty, October 26, 1929, will flourish in smart highways and byways. It will be the one-piece dress, tailored or softly draped, made of silk or delicate wool, with a cape of self-material, or a sleeveless jacket. Patou's printed cotton ensembles will flourish.

FORMAL afternoon ensembles will come back. Dresses for these will be much longer, sometimes to the ankles. They will be draped on blouse or at hipline, and the skirts will be ample but limp, falling in graceful folds. Wraps of such ensembles will be of many lengths and types, and both coats and capes. Their sleeves will be of particular interest, and many of them will flare. Others will be short or seven-eighths. Few of the afternoon coats will be full length. Brimmed and draped hats, often transparent, will be worn with such ensembles.

Waistlines will be normal, or just barely subnormal, for all hours of the day and evening. On practical clothes they will be marked by belts, and there will be many sashes on more formal clothes, or bolero or blouse draping will show the waistline location. Some evening gowns will have Empire waistlines, and others the double Greek line. Many will merely hint at a high waistline in cut and drapery.

THE newest of evening dresses will often be wrapped around. The evening mode will be a draped one, and bodices will be the center of interest with very long, full skirts (sometimes tiered or ruffled) that keep to a slender silhouette line. Evening hemlines will quit their zigzag course and be long all around, from ankle-length evenness to slight trains at the back. Most evening wraps will be short capes, shawls, or draped coats, and made of the same material or in the same color as the dress.

Lingerie details will be paramount. Scarfs will belong to the garment, and bows will really tie. Costume jewelry and artificial flowers will be abundant.

Chanel's Pompeian and lacquer red, her emerald green, and her bamboo green, old gold, soft coral pink, and delft blue will be extremely smart. Lelong's young-leaf green and his deep firmament blue will be great favorites, his off-whites will be exclusive and chic, and his pale blue, tint lemon, and shell pink will be important. Schiaparelli's pink and burnt orange will give distinction to sports and practical clothes. Gray will serve as ground for many pastel prints. Patou's opaline rose with navy and black will be among the chosen colors, and so will turquoise and coral.

Pies *Go On Forever*

By

ETHEL SOMERS

The perfect meringue is delicate, light, and fluffy. It is baked in a slow oven — not, like the one at the left, in a too hot oven, which toughens the meringue.

EARLY spring is somewhat lacking in materials for the great American dessert—pie. However, there are at hand apples, citrous fruits, bananas, dried fruits, and canned fruits and berries.

Plain Apple Pie

2 cups sliced tart cooking apples
1 to 2 tablespoons butter
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon
2 pie crusts

WHEN the apple skins are tender and delicate they need not be pared. In fact, the skins will add a certain jellying factor which improves the pie. On the other hand, tough skins are best removed because of their stringy effect. At this season of the year it is best to slice the apples thin for rapid cooking, as the only apples available, the "good keepers" that have been stored for winter, are not "quick cookers."

Line the pie pan with crust. Fill with the apples, loosely piled so that there will be plenty of room for the sirup collected during the baking. Sprinkle with the sugar, spice, and butter. At this season, when the drier types of apples are in the market, it is wise to add two to three tablespoons of water sprinkled over the top. Dampen the outer edges of the lower crust, and after lifting the top crust in position, pinch the two crusts firmly together. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) from twenty-five to thirty minutes or until browned. If at this time the fruit is not clear and tender when touched with a fork, reduce the temperature to that of a moderate oven (375° F.) and bake until the fruit is tender—perhaps thirty-five to forty minutes in all.

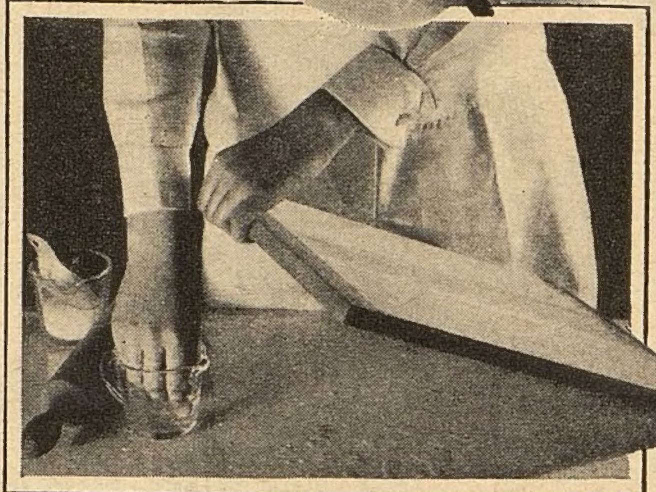
Tart Apple Pie

IF tart apple pie is desired, add from two to three tablespoons of lemon or orange juice in place of the water recommended for the plain apple pie. One-half teaspoon of either rind grated increases the tartness.

Apple Pie with Meringue

1 baked pie shell
2½ cups cooked apple sauce
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 egg whites
4 tablespoons powdered sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

FILL the baked pie shell with the apple-sauce mixture. Top with meringue made by beating the sugar and egg whites together with a rotary egg beater until the mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape. Lightly fold in the flavoring and pile attractively on top of the pie. Top with a light sprinkling of granulated sugar. Brown delicately in a moderate oven (300° F.) for about eight minutes and then reduce the temperature to 275° F. and continue the baking about fifteen minutes longer to insure a complete drying out of the moisture. Quickly browned meringue seeps water on standing and is tough and sticky.



A little water under the molding board will prevent its skidding on porcelain-topped tables.

TO prepare those crisp, flaky crusts that long have made pie the favorite American dessert, consult Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. The booklets contain many other simple recipes for meringues, fresh fruit, berry, and cream pies. The cookbooks, with these dessert suggestions ample enough to satisfy any menu requirement, cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Order them now. And please use the coupon.

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Pineapple Pie

3 cups grated pineapple
3 tablespoons cornstarch
⅓ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar
1½ tablespoons butter
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind. (If a very tart pie is desired this may be increased up to 1½ tablespoons.)

COOK the raw pineapple in water to cover, or merely heat canned pineapple over water in a double boiler. Mix the sugar, cornstarch, and salt until thoroughly blended, and stir into the hot cooked pineapple mixture. Cook and stir about five minutes or until the mixture thickens. Cover tightly and continue to cook at least fifteen minutes longer. Stir in the other ingredients and let cool. Pour into the baked pie shell and cover with meringue or marshmallows, baking as for meringue. Or top with whipped or ice cream.

Prune Pie

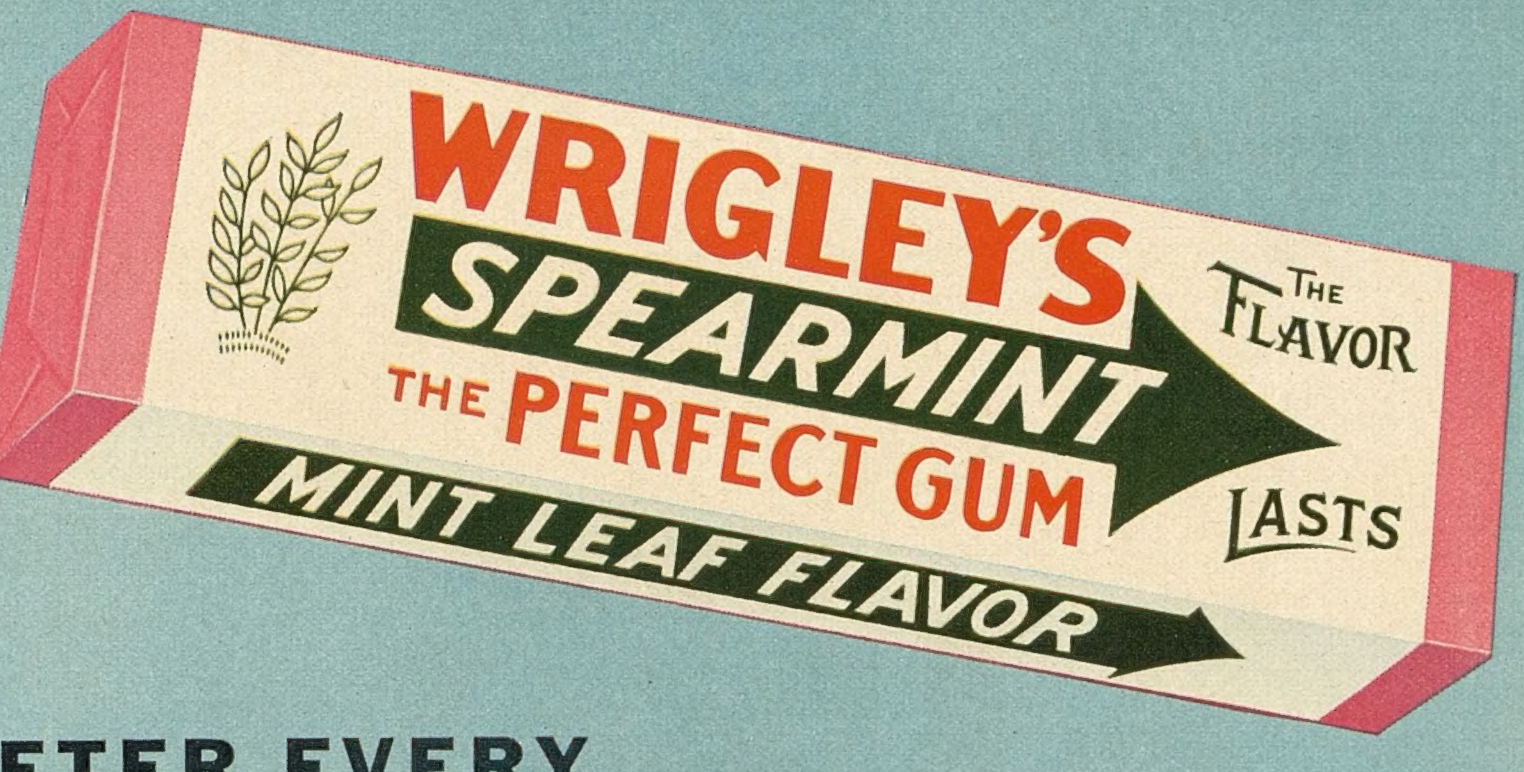
1½ cups cooked pitted prunes, unsweetened
1½ cups prune juice or water
1½ tablespoons flour
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
⅔ to ¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 lemon (juice and grated rind)

HEAT the prepared prunes and liquor in the top part of a double boiler. Blend the flour, cornstarch, and sugar, and stir the hot prune mixture into the mixture. Stir and cook at least fifteen minutes over hot water. Stir in the lemon, cool, and pour into an unbaked pie shell. Dot with the butter and cover with the top crust. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) until well browned.

Raisin Pie

1 cup raisins, chopped or whole
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons grated rind or ¼ lemon peel minced and cooked in water to cover } or 2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter

BLEND the sugar, flour, and salt. Mix the raisins with the other seasonings, except the butter, and place loosely in an unbaked lower crust. Sprinkle with the blended flour, salt, and sugar and dot with the butter. Place the top crust in position and pinch the edges together. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) until browned.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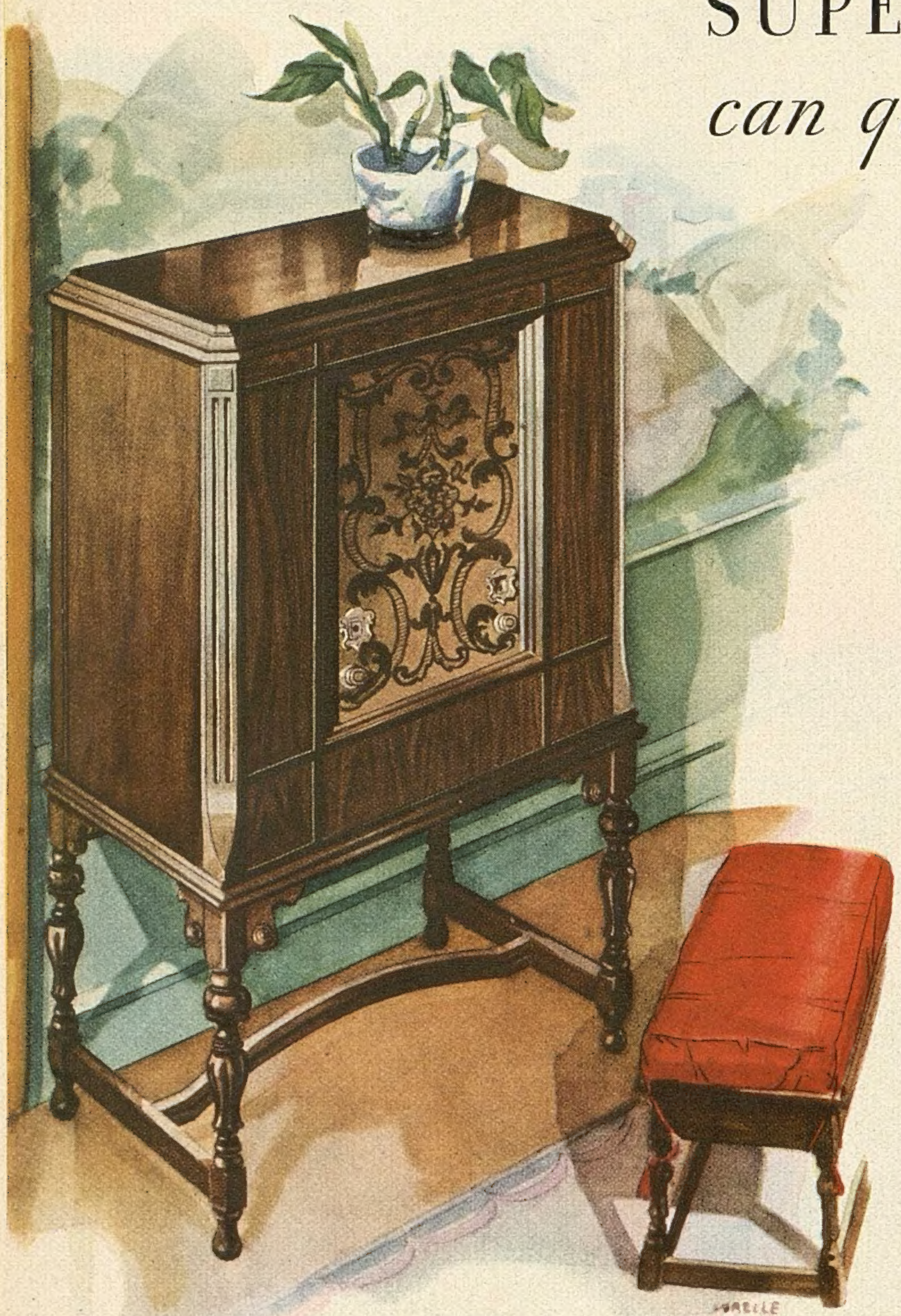

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